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GERMAN LITERATURE.

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GERMAN LITERATURE.

BY

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&c. &c.

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PREFACE.

THE object of the present volume is to give, in a concise and popular form, a general view of the Literature of the German people from the earliest to the latest times. Though the study of this literature has rapidly advanced during late years in England and Scotland, it has been confined chiefly to the works of a few modern authors. Many readers may still inquire concerning the characteristics of writers before the time of Herder, Goethe, and Schiller. We employ every day, in our household language, the words of the oldest Teutonic or German ballad-singers who sang of the exploits of Tuisco before the Christian era; the words into which Bishop Ulphilas translated the Bible for the Goths of the fourth century; and which were afterwards employed by the writer of the old epic poem, 'The Nibelungen-Lied,' and the minstrels of the time of Frederick II.: yet our schoolboys can give a better account of our longest compound words, derived from Greek and Latin roots, than of the most simple and familiar which form the staple of all our ordinary conversation, and which give energy and beauty to our most popular literature. It is hoped that this little work may serve in some degree to direct attention to the language and other characteristics of our Teutonic forefathers.

Though many critical remarks may be found in the following pages, the character of the book was intended to be chiefly descriptive, and for this purpose numerous specimens of authors have been introduced. In the translation of these extracts, a condensed style has been employed. It is well known that diffuseness is the prevailing fault of many German authors. In specimens where considerable abridgment has been made, the marks . . . . refer to the omitted passages. Where the original style is marked by great simplicity, it has not been falsified by any attempted decorations. It may be added, that all the translations are entirely original. In a former work on German Literature, by the present author, a few

exceptions to this rule were admitted, and consequently the whole volume was erroneously described by some reviewers as a 'compilation.' With a view to reference, great care has been taken to insure accuracy in the printing of names and dates.

While we hardly need say that the opinions offered on the merits of various authors have been impartially formed, we readily admit that the general bias of a writer must in some degree be apparent in every book. In the present case, it will be seen that all the characteristic faults of German literature are freely acknowledged, and sometimes censured; while we have endeavoured to show that amid all these defects there is a store of valuable ideas and tendencies of mind of vast importance in the present age, when the intellectual productions of various nations are so freely interchanged.

J. G.

September 1849.

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GERMAN LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.

Central Europe, from the Adriatic to the Baltic, is occupied by a people, who, however divided politically into states, form socially, and as respects race and language, but one nation. The name *Germans*, which we assign to this great people, is that given to them by the Romans: the distinctive appellation which they apply to themselves is *Deutsch*, a term derived from *Teutones*, by which they were generally known, as also by the name Goths, in the early history of Europe. A section of this Teutonic or Gothic people from Saxony settled in England, and hence an affinity between the speech of the English and their German ancestors.

Some words in the language of the Germans are traced to the Sanscrit, one of the most ancient forms of speech, from which it is reasonable to conclude that the Teutones have an eastern origin. In its vast prolificness of words, however, in its independence of Greek and Latin, or any modern tongue, and what may be called its bold originality, the German language is exceedingly remarkable. French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, are all broken dialects of the Latin; English is a compound of Latin and Anglo-Saxon, with modern draughts from Greek and French. The German is one and indivisible; excepting for its remote connection with the ancient Sanscrit, and for certain mediæval improvements, it might be called, as it stands, a purely original tongue. It is of the literature—the written thoughts—of the great people who speak this language that we now propose to treat—a literature which has become one of the most varied and extensive in Europe.

The History of German Literature may be conveniently divided into Seven Periods. The first, extending from A. D. 360 to 1150, includes all the remains of the Gothic Language and the Old

High-German Dialect. The second (1150–1300) contains the romances and other poems of the Age of Chivalry, which were written in the Middle High-German Dialect. The third period, including the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries (1300–1517), was chiefly remarkable for the popular and satirical versification which it produced. The time from 1517 to 1624 may be styled the Lutheran Era, and was chiefly occupied with ecclesiastical controversies. It was followed by a period of great dulness in literature, extending from 1624 to 1720. In the eighteenth century, or in the time between 1720 and 1770, many writers improved the tone of literature, though they displayed no great and original genius. Lastly, the seventh period, extending from 1770, or the time of Herder, to the present day, includes the voluminous modern literature of Germany.

It would have been inconvenient, in this short and unpretending treatise, to have referred to all the authorities which have been consulted. In a majority of instances critical opinions of authors have been founded on an entire or partial perusal of their writings; while among the secondary authorities to whom this little book is indebted, Jacob Grimm, Wilhelm Wackernagel, George Gottfried Gervinus, and Gustavus Schwab, may be named.

FIRST PERIOD.

FROM 360 TO 1150.

Ulphilas (born in 310, died in 388), the bishop of the Western Goths, translated the greater part of the Scriptures into the Gothic Language between the years 360 and 380. It is said that he omitted the books of Kings, because he feared that their accounts of wars would stimulate the martial spirit of the Germans or Goths. A considerable portion of this translation remains in the present day, as a solitary and invaluable relic of the Ancient Gothic Language. This book tells indeed a wondrous tale of the world's history. Seventeen hundred years ago, when the Roman world was falling into decay, a rude and primitive people were living amid the forests, mountains, and marshes of the north of Europe. During peace, they were engaged in hunting deer, bisons, and wild boars; but war was their favourite occupation. Yet their barbarous condition was attended by such virtues as prepared them to become the founders of a new world. They possessed health, vigour, and great powers of endurance in body and

mind. Their religion was a worship of nature; yet they were destined to spread the doctrine of Christianity over the world. They had no literature, but the hours of peace were sometimes employed in the recital of rude songs of battle; and these old ballads contained the primitive words of languages which have spread their literature over the whole of the modern civilised world. The same root-words which were employed, before the Christian era, to celebrate the exploits of the German deity *Tuisco*, are now spoken by millions of civilised men, from the boundaries of Austria to the western shores of North America. For the clearest evidence of this great fact we depend on the work of Bishop Ulphilas.

The history of the preservation of this venerable relic is curious. After the ninth century, it disappeared from the field of history, leaving no trace of its existence, excepting in the pages of some Greek ecclesiastical writers, who preserved the fact, that 'Ulphilas, a Gothic bishop, had translated the Scriptures in the fourth century.' At the close of the sixteenth century, Arnold Mercator, the geometer, heard a rumour of a very old and unintelligible version of the four Gospels which had been preserved in an abbey. The rumour was confirmed, and this portion of the work of Ulphilas emerged into light after a burial of six centuries. It was then preserved at Prague, until the city was taken by Count Königsmark in 1648, when the relic was removed to Sweden. Here it was bound in massive silver, and preserved at Upsal. In 1818, another part of the work, containing the Epistles of St Paul, was discovered in a monastery in Lombardy.

The language employed by Ulphilas was not a poor and barbarous dialect, but possessed copiousness and versatility. Many interesting philological speculations are suggested by the study of this mother tongue. An English reader may observe the Gothic roots of some of our most simple and indispensable words—such as, *landa* (land), *nahts* (night), *qvath* (quoth), *baŭrg* (burgh, a town), *táikns* (token), *Goth* (God), *háuhistjam* (highest), *mannam* (men), *gôdis* (good), *viljins'* (will)—in the following short passage:—

Extract from the Gothic Version of the Gospel.—*Luke* ii. 8—14.

8. Jah haîrdjôs vêsun in *thamma samin landa* thaîrhvakandans jáh vitandans vahtvôm *nahts* ufar haîrdái seínái. 9. Ith aggilus fráujins anaqvam ïns, jah vulthus fráujins biskáin ïns, jah ôhtêdun agisa mikilamma. 10. Jah *qvath* du ïm sa aggilus 'ni ôgeíth, untê sái spillô ïzvis faheíd mikila, seí vaírthith allái manageín; 11. thateí *gabaŭran* ïst ïzvis himma*daga* nasjands, saeí ïst Christus fráuja ïn *baŭrg* Daveídis. 12. Jah thata ïzvis *táikns:* bigitith *barn* bivundan jah galagith in uzêtin'. 13. Jah anaks varth mit thamma aggilaŭ *manageí* harjis *himinakundis* hazjandanê *Goth* jah qvithandanê: 14.

'Vulthus în *háuhistjam* Gotha, jah ana *airthái* gavaírthi, in *mannam gôdis viljins*'.*

This language appears to have been understood down to the ninth century, when we find it metamorphosed into that dialect which has been styled the Old High-German, in which OTFRIED, a monk, wrote a 'Gospel Harmony,' or 'Life of Christ,' A. D. 863. It may be noticed that this was the first German work composed in rhyme. Another metrical version of the Gospel narrative was written during the ninth century, in the Low-Saxon Dialect, under the patronage of Louis the Pious. These two works, which have been preserved, are most valuable specimens of the formation of Teutonic dialects. NOTKER, a monk, who died in 1022, translated the Psalms of David. His version of the first psalm may serve as a specimen of the Old High-German:—

PSALM I.

1. Dër *man* ist sâlig, dër in dëro argôn rât ne *gegieng*, *noh* an dëro *sundigôn uuëge* ne *stuont*, noh an dëmo *suhtstuole* ne *saz*; 2. nube dër ist sâlig, tës *uuillo* an *Gotes* êo ist, unde dër dara ana *denchet tag unde naht*. 3. Unde dër gediehet alsô uuola sô dër boum, dër bî dëmo *rinnenten uuazere* gesezzet ist, dër zîtigo sînen uuuocher gibet, noh sîn loub ne riset, unde framdiuhent alliu diu dër boum biret *unde* bringet. 4. Sô uuola ne gediehent aber die argon; sone diehent sie; nube sie zëfarent alsô daz stuppe dëro ërdo, daz tër uuint fëruuahet. 5. Pëdiu ne ërstânt arge zë dëro urteilido; noh sundige ne sizzent danne in dëmo râte dëro rehtôn.

In this extract we may easily recognise the roots *man* (man), *gegieng* (going), *noh* (nor), *sundigôn uuëge* (sinners' way), *suhtstuole* (sitting-stool), *saz* (sat), *uuillo* (will), *Gotes* (God), *denchet tag unde naht* (thinks, day and night), *rinnenten uuazere* (running waters).

Even a modern German, who had paid no attention to the old dialects, would find little difficulty in understanding the above version. In the twelfth century, we find another transition-dialect, styled the Middle High-German, in which the 'Nibelungen-Lied' was written. This dialect was gradually changed in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, until Luther, by his translation of the Bible, established the Modern German Language.

As already stated, one of the striking characteristics which this language has preserved in all ages is its originality or independence. Instead of borrowing words from the Greek, the Latin, and other languages, to find expressions for new combinations of ideas, it has developed its own resources by manifold compositions of its own root-words and particles. Consequently it is a self-explaining language; so

* TRANSLATION.—'And there were in the same country shepherds, abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night.' See *Luke* ii. 8—14.

that the modern German, who has had no classical education, can easily trace the etymological formation of the longest compound words which he employs. The Englishman, in order to express one idea in its various modifications, employs Teutonic, Greek, and Latin roots, while the German unfolds all the varieties of the same idea by a series of compositive words founded upon one Gothic or Teutonic root. If we take a series of some twenty English words, all related to the same subject, we may find that, to explain their etymology, we require a knowledge of almost as many distinct roots, while the corresponding series of German words springs from *one* root. Thus we have a Gothic name of the Supreme Being, and another Gothic root to *learn* or *lore;* but we cannot unite these two roots so as to express that idea of religious knowledge which is conveyed by the use of two Greek roots in the word *theology*. This contrast may be observed throughout the whole history of the two languages. The German language, therefore, while it is far superior to our own in originality and flexibility, does not admit the wide varieties which may be found between some English authors who have cultivated a Latinised diction, like Gibbon and Johnson, and others who have adhered chiefly to Saxon phraseology, like Dean Swift and Bunyan.*

The literary remains of this ancient period are, as we have seen, rich in philological interest; but they give only scanty glimpses of the characteristics of their times. Yet we must not suppose that the monks, who were the chief writers of this period, were generally idle in literature. A great part of their time was spent in copying Latin books on religion. During the reign of Charlemagne (768–814), and that of his son, Louis the Pious, which extended to 840, about one hundred writers of Latin flourished; but the Teutonic dialects were generally neglected by ecclesiastics. Otfried the monk, who has been mentioned as the author of a 'Life of Christ' in German rhymes, complains of the neglect with

* This distinction between the English and the German formations of language may be made plain to young readers by the following literal translation of a passage in Jacob Grimm's *German Grammar*:—'Meanwhile it now stood before my eyes that without the Gothic tongue, as a *groundwork*, nothing could be done well; and also that even the *knitting together* of the tongue spoken by the *High-Deutsch* poets of the thirteenth *hundred years* and that spoken to-day must fail, if the *inflowings* of the *Lower-Deutsch way of speaking* were not thought of in my plan.'

Another version of the same sentence may show that several Latin words are required to give its meaning in modern English:—'Meanwhile I *perceived* plainly that I could not well *execute* my *design* without *respect* to the Gothic *language* as a *foundation;* and also that I could not fairly *explain* the *connection* between our *present language* and that employed by the High-German poets of the thirteenth *century*, if I *neglected* to take into *consideration* the *influences* of the Lower-German language.' All the simple and indispensable words, such as 'father,' 'mother,' 'brother,' 'house,' 'home,' 'bread,' 'water,' which form the basis of the English language, are Teutonic. As several Swiss writers will be mentioned in this treatise, we may observe that Switzerland was originally a German country, though now the French language is spoken on its borders.

which the vernacular language was treated, and says, 'Some scholars call this language coarse and boorish, but they will not endeavour to cultivate it. When they write Latin or Greek, they take care even of particles; but if they ever condescend to write German, they write randomly, and care nothing about the greatest mistakes.' In fact the vernacular dialects were only used in the intercourse of common life, and all who possessed literary ambition were engaged in writing Latin. This fact serves to explain the poverty of German prose literature, even down to the period of the Reformation (1517).

The literature of this ancient period consisted of the works of the monks and a few popular ballads, which give us some indication of the character of such productions before the Christian era. Tacitus informs us that the Germans celebrated in songs the god *Tuisco* and his son *Mann*, and mentions also their battle-songs, which were rudely chanted before engagements. We have not, however, any evidence that the culture of poetry was under the care of any select class of bards or priests, as it was among the Celtic tribes. If we had no direct evidence of the nature of the ballads mentioned by Tacitus, we might still fairly conclude, that among a people divided into many tribes, and often engaged in conflicts, the only poetry would be such as chronicled the names and exploits of celebrated chieftains. But some specimens of the ancient ballads have been preserved. One of these tells the adventures of *Hildebrand and his Son Hadubrand*. It was found written upon the blank pages of a religious book of the ninth century; and its reduction to this written form appears to have been the work of two monks, who found it necessary thus to study old legends in order to gain an acquaintance with the use of vernacular dialects. In this rude ballad, the father, Hildebrand, returns to his home after an absence of sixty years, and recognises a warlike man, Hadubrand, as his son. But the son refuses to acknowledge his father; a quarrel ensues, and a violent duel is the result. This ballad is a fragment, and breaks off, leaving the father and his son in the heat of their contest. In another ballad, of *Walter of Aquitaine*, we find strong marks of a barbarous age. Several heroes, after a battle, sit down and jest about the wounds which they have received. A third remnant of this early period is the tale of 'Beowulf,' which belongs to the history of English literature, and is well known by students of the Anglo-Saxon dialect. The partial destruction of the oldest traditions of the Teutonic tribes may be assigned to two causes. The first we find in the migrations and conflicts of these tribes which attended the fall of the Roman Empire. These great movements, which extended over five centuries, were sufficiently important to

throw into oblivion all the comparatively insignificant records of old ballads. The Goths, who had entered Rome with Alaric, and had witnessed the wonders of his career, naturally forgot the old tales of battles with which they had amused their leisure in their native forests; for the realities which they had seen were more wonderful and impressive than all their ancient legends. A second cause of the loss of the old ballads may be found in the influence of the Church. Bishop Ulphilas and many monks zealously endeavoured to put Christian traditions in the place of tales of battles. In a later period, we find the Emperor Charlemagne collecting and preserving these Teutonic tales; but his son, Louis the Pious, who was devoutly attached to the Christian religion, again consigned them to neglect. Yet it is not probable that they were entirely forgotten. We may reasonably suppose that they were still sometimes recited at the courts of princes, as well as in the cottages of the people; and that thus they were preserved, at least in fragments, until they were reproduced in the form of the 'Nibelungen-Lied' by some unknown writer in the twelfth or the thirteenth century.

The Emperor Charlemagne was the greatest patron of literature during these times. He chose as his friends such men as the historian Eginhard, and the learned Englishman Alcuin; and not only encouraged learned men, but also recommended the spread of knowledge among the people. As an instance of this, he commanded the monks to preach, or at least to read sermons, in the vernacular dialects of Germany. His zeal in the service of literature is shown by the fact, that even in advanced age he occupied himself during the sleepless hours of night in endeavouring to acquire the art of writing.

The prose written by the monks does not claim any particular notice, as it was neither original nor national, but consisted chiefly in versions and compilations of prayers, hymns, and sermons. A curious version of a Latin book on the nature of animals has been preserved. It was written in the eleventh century, and is full of fabulous accounts of 'sirens,' 'mermaids,' and other imaginary creatures. The most important works of the monks are those upon which we depend for our historical knowledge of this period. GREGORY, bishop of Tours, who died in 595, was the principal historian of his times. The monk JORDANIS, a Goth, who lived about the middle of the sixth century, wrote a 'History of the Goths;' and PAUL, another monk, wrote a 'History of the Longobards.' EGINHARD wrote a 'Life of Charlemagne,' which contains many interesting notices; and THEGANUS, bishop of Treves, wrote the 'Life of Louis the Pious.' These few Latin works are mentioned here as specimens of many similar productions of mo-

nastic historians, and because they may serve to explain the late development of a German prose style.

We may, in conclusion, remark, that this period was generally marked by the gradual prevalence of Christianity, as expounded by the monks, over the traditions of the German tribes. During these ages, two opposed elements—the martial spirit of old Germany, and the pacific doctrine of Christianity—were living together; elements which, we might suppose, could never unite: yet we shall find their union accomplished in the subsequent era of the Crusades, when the influence of Christianity, strangely mingled with romance and a martial spirit, gave to chivalry its peculiar character.

Next to Ulphilas, if any name in this early period deserves to be remembered, it is that of the monk Otfried, who wrote the narrative of Christianity in a style adapted well to the wants of the people. If this important example had been generally followed, the progress of German civilisation and literature would in all probability have been more steady and satisfactory than that which we have to describe. But even in this earliest period we find the beginning of that separation of learned men from the general sympathies of the people, which was more remarkable in a later period. Literature was regarded rather as a world in itself than in its relation to the real world. Scholars, proud of their enlightenment, concentrated it in monastic cells. Learned men studied and wrote for their compeers, rather than for the people. While the uneducated hardly understood the simplest rudiments of moral truth, the scholastic divines of the middle ages multiplied subtleties, and exercised their intellects in the finest distinctions of doctrine. A barrier of language was raised between these two classes. Latin was the language of all respectable literature for some centuries. The romances and other poems produced during the age of chivalry form exceptions to the rule; but it was maintained, on the whole, so strictly, that even at the close of the seventeenth century the prejudices of the middle ages remained, and the German language was then only beginning to assert its capabilities as a vehicle of elegant and refined literature. These remarks may prepare the reader to meet with intellectual barrenness in some of the following periods.

SECOND PERIOD.

1150—1300.

This period begins with the reign of Frederick I., or Barbarossa, and extends some few years beyond the death of Rudolphus I. of Hapsburg, or almost to the time of William Tell. We cannot estimate fairly the literary remains of these times without some notice of their general characteristics. To understand the singular romances of the period, we must refer to the order of chivalry from which they arose; and to give due praise to the didactic writings which inculcated pure moral doctrine, we must know something of the gross ignorance and superstition of the times to which they were opposed. Though the literary remains of this period are numerous, we are surprised when we observe the poverty of its literature, as contrasted with its political and social events. This portion of the middle ages, which, if judged by the poetry which it produced, might be regarded as dull and monotonous, was in reality full of the stir and enterprise of life. The public measures of Henry I. had encouraged the growth of cities and the progress of civilisation. The Crusades filled Germany with religious and martial excitement. The order of chivalry was in the height of its lustre. Frederick II., of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, flourished as a patron of science, literature, and the fine arts. The grand specimens of Gothic architecture produced during this period—such cathedrals as we see at Ulm, Strasburg, and Cologne—speak of great ideas, and great powers called into exercise to fulfil them. These works in stone, which reduced piles of ponderous matter to forms of beauty, may indeed be regarded as the great poems of the period; for, in contrast with them, all the written poetry appears small and feeble. Men were now engaged rather in performing than in writing romances, and realities became more wonderful than all the poet's fictions: it may be fairly added, that they were often more absurd. A German crusader of this time was as singular a mixture of opposite elements, and a creature of imagination as strange as any that can be found in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.'

Men are seldom, like Cæsar, at once the agents and the historians of great events; and thus the social activity of these times may explain their literary poverty. The commercial wealth of Germany was now rapidly developed: thousands of serfs had become freemen: large cities were arising, and threatening the

institutions of feudalism: mines had been discovered: a taste for luxury and ornament prevailed. Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., says of the riches of German cities in this time, 'The kings of Scotland might envy the state of the meaner citizens of Nuremberg. Where is there a tavern among you where you do not drink out of silver? What married woman (I do not say of rank, but even the wife of a simple citizen) do I find not decorated with gold? And what shall I say of the neck-chains of the men, and the bridles of their horses, which are made of the purest gold? Or of your spurs and scabbards, which are covered with jewels?' There was probably some exaggeration in this picture, but it was founded on facts. Now when we turn from reality to poetry, hoping to find here some vivid pictures of the life, adventure, and splendour of a remarkable era, we are disappointed. The monks, who were the literati of this period, lived in an ecclesiastical, rather than a real world; and the knights who wrote romances were interested in the affairs of a fantastic world, the creature of their own invention. Consequently, for our historical knowledge of this time we depend upon chronicles written in Latin, which cannot be noticed here as literary productions.

The German literature of the period may be conveniently divided into four sections: the first will contain the 'Nibelungen-Lied' and other ballads of ancient times, which are collectively styled the 'Heldenbuch,' or 'Book of Heroes;' the second class will comprise all the romances of chivalry which were not of German origin, but derived from foreign traditions; the collection of songs and other short poems styled the 'Lays of the Minnesingers' will occupy the third section; and the fourth may comprise all the comic, satirical, and didactic productions of this period. All these writings are in verse. Prose forms an insignificant portion of German literature during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

THE NIBELUNGEN-LIED.*

During this period there was a wide difference between the minstrelsy patronised by the nobility and the old ballads preserved by popular memory. Hence a remarkable contrast appeared in the twelfth or the thirteenth century, when the 'Nibelungen-Lied' was reproduced by some writer or rhapsodist, whose name is unknown. It is not in any degree probable that this singular epic poem was an original work of this period; but several circumstances were favourable to its reproduction in an improved form. As the minstrels and romancists had excited an interest in

* *Nibelungen*, the name of an ancient royal race, who possessed great treasures of gold and gems; *Lied*, a song or ballad.

the art of versification, the writer of the 'Nibelungen' probably thought that the old ballads might be arranged in a new dress, and reduced to one epic poem. Accordingly, he collected them, and wrote connecting passages, which may easily be distinguished in some manuscripts. The 'Nibelungen-Lied' may therefore be regarded as a series of ballads belonging to several ages, but united so as to form one plot. We have good proofs of the antiquity of these ballads in the morals and manners which they describe. We find in them no vein of sentiment which can be called distinctively Christian, though the fact of heroes attending mass in a cathedral is now and then mentioned. Feudal loyalty and martial courage were the great virtues of these heroes. The poem contains a tale of revenge; but all the plot turns on the principle of loyalty, in obedience to which thousands lost their lives in a quarrel which had at first involved only two or three leading characters. Though this singular poem contains many traits of a warlike age, and closes with terrible scenes of carnage, it displays hardly a trace of such a motive as personal hatred, except in the character of the heroine.

Several other national traditions were reproduced about the time of the reappearance of the tale of the 'Nibelungen,' to which they are all related, as the Greek dramas are to the Iliad. One of these legends is entitled 'Gudrun,' and is marked by simple and graphic accounts of the times to which it refers. The 'Expedition of Ecken,' the tale of 'King Laurin,' and another poem entitled 'Rosengarten,' might claim some notice here; but instead of giving fragmentary specimens of these and similar legends, we prefer to give a short summary of the 'Nibelungen-Lied.' This epic poem tells the following tale:—

In the old times there lived, in the land of the ancient Burgundians, at the castle of Worms on the Rhine, a princess of wonderful beauty named Kriemhilde. In another castle, lower situated on the same river, there flourished a brave young prince named Siegfried. His fame was widely spread, for he had slain a dragon, had overcome in battle the race of the Nibelungen, and had taken away their vast treasure of gold and gems. It was also reported that he was invulnerable, excepting in one spot between his shoulders. This prince went to Worms to win the hand of the princess. Here he was received hospitably, and was entertained with martial games and spectacles; but a year passed away before he was allowed to see the princess:—

'The ladies of King Günther's court inquired the hero's name,
And whence the bold and noble knight, and why he hither came,
So beautiful in person, and so splendid in array—
"'Tis the hero of the Netherlands," the gallant courtiers say.

At every game and spectacle the hero was displayed,
Who carried in his heart the image of the maid;
And the maiden, still unseen, though he came her love to win,
Had kindly thoughts for him her secret bosom in.

For when, within the court, the knights and squires would play,
With lances, spears, and swords, in battle-like array,
Kriemhildè, through her window, would watch the pastime long;
No better pastime needed she if *he* was in the throng!

And had he known that she whom he carried in his breast
Was looking from her window, and marked him from the rest,
Or had he met her eye there, I verily believe
He would have been as happy as a man may be and live!'

At the end of the year the hero recommended himself to the Burgundian king by vanquishing a formidable enemy. After this exploit, he was introduced to Kriemhilde:—

'She came out from her chamber; so comes the morning red
Forth from the gloomy clouds; upon her dress were spread
Bright gems; her glowing cheeks her secret love confessed;
Of all the maids on earth she the fairest was and best.

For as among the stars the full moon clearly gleams
And scatters every cloud with her bright and silver beams,
So 'mid the other ladies Kriemhildè's beauty shone;
The hearts of many heroes beat high as they looked on.

The chamberlains before her walked, in costly garments dressed,
To see the lovely maiden the warriors onward pressed;
As Siegfried stood expecting to look upon her face,
By turns, despair and love found within his bosom place.

Thus said he to himself—"How could I ever deem
That I could win the maid?—'twas but an idle dream;
But if I cannot win her, then I were better dead."
And with his thoughts his cheeks by turns were pale and red.

The servants found the hero bold, Siegfried of Netherland,
And bade him boldly come in front of all the warriors' band;
"King Günther to his presence is pleased to summon you,
That his sister may salute you, and give the honour due."

His soul rose high within him when he saw Kriemhildè there,
And rosy flushed his cheeks as spoke the maiden fair;
"I bid you welcome, Siegfried, a warrior good and brave!"
The kindly salutation new strength and courage gave.

To thank her for her kindness the hero bowed his head,
And all that he had longed to say was in a moment said;
For, as he bowed his head, a stolen glance was cast,
And suddenly from eye to eye the tender secret passed.

In all the summer season, or the pleasant month of May,
He never had such pleasure as on that happy day—
When he walked beside the maiden whom he came to make his bride,
When Kriemhildè whom he loved was walking by his side!'

After this introduction, the hero performed another service for King Günther, by winning for him the hand of a powerful queen named Brunhilde. There is something of obscurity in this part of the poem, which allows us to suppose that Siegfried had, by his services to the king, offended the pride of Brunhilde, now queen of Burgundy. Whatever the first cause of displeasure may have been, the queen expressed her enmity against Siegfried soon after his marriage with the Princess Kriemhilde; but some years passed away before this ill-will produced open dissension in the court of Burgundy:—

'The two queens sat together at the vesper hour of day,
And watched the warriors in the court engaged in martial play;
Then said Kriemhilde, the beautiful, "If Siegfried had his right,
All the people of this kingdom should be subject to his might."

But then spoke out Queen Brunhilde, "Why say you such a thing?
If none but you and he were living, *then* he might be king;
But long as lives King Günther it shall never be,
But Siegfried must be vassal to the court of Burgundy."

And then again said Kriemhilde, "But do you see him stand?
Not one so stately there amid all your warriors' band:
He steps before them all, as the moon in full array
Stands in front of all the stars; and his beauty makes me gay."

And thus replied Queen Brunhilde, "However brave and fair,
He cannot, for a moment, with the king himself compare:
To the king, your noble brother, give the highest honour due;
He ranks above all other kings, and that you know is true!"'

The quarrel thus begun between the two queens was carried to such an extremity, that Brunhilde secretly determined that Siegfried must die. She therefore made an appeal to the loyalty of Hagen, the most notable hero under the king. This hero undertook to revenge the insult which he believed the queen had suffered, and in order to prove his loyalty he practised treachery. Having professed an intention to defend the life of Siegfried in an approaching battle, he persuaded Kriemhilde to mark the vulnerable spot on her husband's coat. 'Thus,' said he, 'I shall know how to protect him when he is in danger.' Kriemhilde trusts in the good intentions of her uncle, Hagen, and fixes the mark upon Siegfried's coat. Soon afterwards, King Günther, with Hagen,

Siegfried, and other followers, goes to hunt wild boars in a forest. Kriemhilde had a foreboding of evil, and intreated the hero not to join in the chase:—

'Then said the hero Siegfried, "Kriemhildè, do not mourn;
No evil thing shall happen me, and soon I will return;
Of enemies about the court I know not I have one;
Your brother owes me kindness sure for all that I have done!"

But then again said Kriemhilde, "Oh, Siegfried, keep away!
I had another dream just before I woke to-day:
Two rocks fell down upon you as you walked along the vale,
And hid you from my sight as I woke, with weeping, pale."

Then Siegfried folded closely Kriemhildè in his arms,
And kissed her many times, to banish her alarms;
Till she gave him leave to go; then he hastened to the chase—
But never more saw Kriemhilde her husband's living face!'

After slaying several wild animals, the heroes went together to slake their thirst at a spring in the forest, and here Siegfried was treacherously slain:—

'The spring was clear, and cool, and sweet: King Günther stooped to drink
Beside the hero Siegfried, who kneeled upon the brink;
And when the king had quenched his thirst, he rose and stood again,
But Siegfried, while he bowed his head, by Hagen's hand was slain.

First, Hagen took the hero's bow and falchion from his side,
And carried them away 'mid the forest leaves to hide;
Then, with javelin in hand, he looked upon the coat
Where the fatal spot was marked, and then suddenly he smote.'

After this event, Kriemhilde lived in deep melancholy at Worms for thirteen years. Hagen, during this time, fearing that, by her wealth, she might raise a powerful party on her side, carried away all her Nibelungen treasure, and buried it in the Rhine. At the end of the thirteen years, Etzel (or Attila), the king of the Huns, sent one of his heroes, Rüdiger, into Burgundy to ask for the hand of Siegfried's widow. After some deliberation, Kriemhilde resolved to take a second husband, in order to avenge the death of Siegfried. Her marriage with Etzel soon took place in the land of the Huns, where it was accompanied with great pomp and festivity:—

'King Etzel heard that Kriemhilde, in rich and proud array,
Accompanied by Rüdiger, was hastening on her way;
Then he gathered soon around him a brave and noble band,
And rode to meet his chosen queen in Austria's pleasant land.

Before him rode gay companies of warriors brave and true,
Who spoke in many languages; to pay the homage due
To the queen of all the Huns, in a martial glittering throng,
Christian knights and heathen warriors together rode along.

Heroes were there from Greece; from Russia others came;
From Poland and Wallachia rode knights of noble fame;
Every knight led on his followers, a bold and splendid band,
And every one was dressed in the costume of his land.

There's a city on the Danube; it stands on Austrian ground;
Its ancient name is Tulna, and here the queen was found;
How little Kriemhilde thought, when the host of men came nigh,
That so many heroes for her sake would soon be doomed to die!

The vanguard of King Etzel first rode into the town;
Here were four-and-twenty heroes and princes of renown;
Ramung, duke of the Wallachians, pressed forward in the throng,
And the mighty prince Gibécke led another host along.

Hornbog, surnamed the Swift, soon hailed the noble dame;
From Denmark noble Hawart and fearless Iring came;
There was Irnfried of Thuringia, a great and noble man;
And now a shout of joy arose from every martial clan.

For now rode on King Etzel (with Dietrich at his side,
And a countless host of followers) to greet his chosen bride.
Thus to herself said Kriemhilde, when she saw the endless throng—
"Tis well! I shall have warriors now who will avenge my wrong!"

Then to the queen spake Rüdiger:—"My lady, here we stay—
King Etzel comes; of followers, lo! what a vast array!
I will name to you the warriors most worthy of a kiss;
For you cannot give to all in a company like this!"

So saying, noble Rüdiger gave to the queen his hand,
And from her steed she lighted down upon the Austrian land;
All the heroes stood aside, while through the glittering throng,
To meet the beauteous Kriemhilde, King Etzel walked along.

And now her veil is lifted, and her subjects all behold
Her beauty shining out, as from a shrine of gold;
The beauty of her countenance a general pleasure spread:
"Queen Helkè was not fairer!" all the Hunnish warriors said.

When Etzel had saluted her, she turned, at Rüdiger's sign,
And gave a kiss to Blödel, who was in the royal line;
And twelve most noble princes of such favour had a share;
But she looked with grace and kindness on all the heroes there.

And now the king commanded, for the pleasure of his bride,
That o'er the plain of Tulna his companies should ride;
Christian knights and heathen warriors, in many-coloured dress,
To make a martial spectacle, together onward press.

And now arose loud clangour from meeting spear and shield,
Soon many splintered lances were scattered o'er the field;
How many colours glittered together in the air!
What sounds of arms and battle-cries were loudly ringing there!

To see the splendid tournament forth went both king and queen;
In the centre of the plain their pavilion was seen;
It was decked with glorious colours, and on the grassy ground
A hundred tents for noble knights were stationed all around.

So with many noble tournays they passed the merry day,
And the heroes went to rest in the evening cool and gray;
There was stillness on the plain until morning clear and bright,
When King Etzel soon devised for his queen a new delight.

In procession to Vienna he bade his heroes go,
With all their clans in full array—they made a wondrous show;
But more beauteous was the view of Vienna for the queen—
Here Austria's fairest ladies all in dresses gay were seen.

Of people out of many lands the crowd was now so great,
They could not all be entertained within the city-gate;
But Etzel's knights and warriors, at Rüdiger's command,
Dispersed their various companies o'er all the neighbouring land.

And here, in gay Vienna, on the feast of Whitsuntide,
Kriemhilde, who hid her sorrows all, was once again a bride;
When she beheld the thousands who were all her subjects now,
Though sorrow still was in her heart, pride gathered on her brow.

So costly were the jewels which to many knights she gave,
So many were her gifts to Etzel's heroes brave,
They disbelieved the story of her loss so often told;
"Our queen," said they, "has surely brought the Nibelungen gold!"

A festival of seventeen days was in Vienna held;
The pageantry of every day all former days excelled;
I cannot tell you half of the pleasures that were planned;—
'Twas remembered as a wonder long in all the Austrian land.

Now Kriemhilde was a queen again! With Etzel at her side,
She looked upon the host of men, her followers, with pride;
And thus she whispered to herself—"O'er such a mighty band
Even Siegfried, in his day of power, did never hold command!"

Yet in the midst of all this festival-array,
The thoughts of Kriemhilde often would wander far away,
And to hide the tears upon her face her head she would incline;
For her heart was still with Siegfried, in his castle on the Rhine.'

Several years passed away, and then Kriemhilde determined to carry her plan of revenge into execution. Accordingly, she persuaded Etzel to invite Günther and his heroes; 'for,' said she, 'what will our subjects say of their new queen if none of my powerful kinsmen visit me?' When this invitation was received at Worms, Hagen had a foreboding of gloomy consequences, and said to the king, 'Be assured that the wife of Etzel will revenge the death of Siegfried.' Again there were bad omens at the castle of Worms. The aged mother of the king dreamt one night that 'all the birds of Burgundy lay dead in the fields.' But defying this omen, King Günther, with a splendid retinue of knights and other followers, proceeded on his journey into the land of the Huns. When they came to the banks of the Danube, Hagen saw two Sirens (or water-nymphs) bathing in the river. As these creatures were able to predict the future, the hero required them to tell the fortune of his journey. The first flattered him; but the second said, 'Only one man of all your company, the king's chaplain, will return to Burgundy.' At last boats were found; and as the heroes crossed the river, Hagen, in order to falsify the siren's words, seized the chaplain, and threw him overboard. The chaplain, however, proved himself a vigorous swimmer, soon reached the shore, and wandered back alone into Burgundy. The heroes, after journeying for some days, arrived at the castle of Bechlarn, which belonged to Rüdiger, the powerful friend and ambassador of King Etzel. Rüdiger received his guests with warm hospitality, which is pleasingly described in the poem. Giselher, the youngest brother of King Günther, was here betrothed to the daughter of Rüdiger. When his guests departed, the host presented his own sword to Gernot, and the hostess gave to Hagen the shield which her father had borne in many battles.

'"Welcome, my friends!" said Rüdiger to Günther and his band;
"It gives me joy to see the king of the Burgundian land,
And to hail once more bold Hagen, a hero brave and true."
Then Hagen gave to Rüdiger the thanks and homage due.

"Alight and taste at once, my lords, my castle's heartiest cheer!
For all your steeds, your arms, your gold, you need not have a fear:
I have servants true and honest, and such numbers at my call,
That if your host was greater, they could wait upon you all."

And now into the castle-yard all Günther's heroes pass,
While their followers sat down to rest upon the pleasant grass;

The servants of the Margrave came to lead the steeds away;
For none of Günther's company must travel on to-day.

The noble wife of Rüdiger led out her daughter fair;
Their dress was shining silk; gold and gems were in their hair;
And all their maids beside them stood, in beautiful array,
While with their golden ringlets the gentle breezes play.

And as Rüdiger gave orders, his daughter gave her hand
To Giselher, the youngest of the princes of his land;
While the noble Margravine led King Günther toward the hall,
Where a banquet was prepared for the brave Burgundians all.

Here many costly goblets were filled with rosy wine,
And the ladies of the castle in silks and jewels shine;
In the midst of that gay company the Margrave's daughter fair
Was praised by the Burgundians as the brightest jewel there.

But when the feast was ready, she departed with her band
Of young and beauteous maidens ('twas the custom of the land);
She took away the light of her beauty from the place;
All Günther's heroes longed to see once more her smiling face.

But when the feast was over, with her maidens she appeared;
The hearts of all the company with rosy wine were cheered;
Then thus to noble Rüdiger the hero Volker said:—
"We thank you for the banquet so hospitably spread;

"Right happy are you, Margrave, and heaven has blessed you well;
Within your noble castle in a pleasant land you dwell;
And if you had not such estates, yet such a noble wife,
And such a daughter, are enough to make a happy life.

"But (let me dare to tell you) if I sat upon a throne,
You should not call this maiden, so beautiful, your own;
Tell me, Burgundian heroes all, if I have truly said;
Should not the Margrave's daughter wear a crown upon her head?"

Said Hagen, "Here is Giselher, the youngest of our line,
Will answer soon that question, if his choice resembles mine;
I cannot talk in wooing style, but, in the battle-field,
For such a queen I willingly would carry sword and shield."

The saying pleased young Giselher, for well he loved the maid:
Said Gernôt, "Why should the promise of marriage be delayed?"
And king Günther swore an oath—"If my brother wins her hand,
She shall have a castle and estate in the Burgundian land."

Said Rüdiger, "I cannot give like one of royal line;
But of pure gold and silver a treasure large is mine;
And more of this, I promise, than a hundred steeds can carry,
I will give unto my daughter if with Giselher she marry."

A few more words were said, and in the custom of the land,
Around the maiden and the prince all Günther's heroes stand;
A sudden rosy blush o'er the maiden's face was spread,
Her father put the question soon, and softly "yea" she said.

And then said noble Rüdiger—"When Günther and his band
Call here again, as they return into their native land,
To Burgundy my daughter as a bride shall ride away"—
——Alas! no hero lived to see the merry marriage-day!

Four days in Rüdiger's castle the bold Burgundians stayed;
All needful preparation for their journey now was made:
Their swords and shields were brought, their steeds were ready at a call,
But without gifts they must not leave the hospitable hall.

First to the bold Gernôt, a gentle prince and brave,
A sword of trusty temper the noble Rüdiger gave:
How little thought the host that, beneath a cruel blow
From the weapon he had given, he must suddenly fall low!

"Of all the armour that I see," said Hagen, "here to-day,
There is one piece which I should love to carry hence away;
If it might be, 'twould give me joy to own that splendid shield
Which the noble hero Nodung bore so often in the field."

The gentle wife of Rüdiger shed suddenly a tear;
For 'twas her father's armour, and for his sake was dear;
But she took it from the wall, and at once to Hagen gave:
Said she, "It shall not rust—let it still protect the brave!"

Now it was time to travel on, and all must ride away;
So Volker tuned his fiddle, and sang a farewell lay:
How little thought the ladies, while they listened to the strain,
They would never see that company, nor hear that song again!

Now Rüdiger was ready to lead his guests along,
And in the foreign country to shelter them from wrong.
There was sorrowing at Bechlarn when the heroes rode away;
But all had hopes of meeting in the hall another day.

And little thought the host, as they rode along the shore
Of the Danube, that his eyes would greet his home, his wife, no more!
He talked in cheerful tones as he rode along the sand,
Until he led the heroes into mighty Etzel's land.

Among King Etzel's followers the news was quickly spread
That Günther's band was coming, with Rüdiger at their head;

"Receive your friends and brothers well!" to Kriemhilde Etzel said;
"Be merry with the living, and forget for aye the dead!"

But Kriemhilde from a window looked with a gloomy face,
As she saw once more the heroes of the bold Burgundian race;
And while King Etzel smiled with joy, as all the band came nigh,
The queen looked out on Hagen with a stern and cruel eye.

Then to the Hunnish warriors who near her stood she said—
"Here come the men beneath whose hands my hero Siegfried bled:
My time of vengeance now is nigh—my story I have told—
And all who fight for me shall share the Nibelungen gold!"'

When the queen received her kinsmen, it was noticed that she gave a kiss only to the youngest, Giselher, who had taken no part in the death of Siegfried. 'When Hagen observed this, he bound his helmet more tightly on his brow.' After coldly welcoming her guests, the queen inquired if her kinsmen had brought with them the Nibelungen treasure. 'No,' said Hagen; 'we have had enough to do to bring our swords and shields.' The queen next proposed (according to the custom of the times) to take the weapons of her guests and give them into faithful custody; but Hagen refused to surrender his sword, and advised all his companions to keep their armour on. 'Some traitor has warned them!' Kriemhilde exclaimed. 'Yes,' said Dietrich; 'I forewarned these heroes that they would find an unfriendly reception here.' Some days passed over without an outbreak of war, when the queen persuaded her knights to make an attack on the Burgundians. A dreadful engagement followed, and the Huns were defeated. Meanwhile Rüdiger, the faithful ally of King Etzel, had arrived at the royal castle, expecting to find here a scene of festivity. Great was the surprise and sorrow of Rüdiger when King Etzel turned to him and requested him to go with all his followers and put an end to the contest by taking the life of Hagen. There was a severe strife in Rüdiger's heart; for loyalty to the king now demanded the sacrifice of many friends. The following passage from this part of the story may serve as a fair specimen of its style:—

'Then said the queen to Rüdiger, "Think only of your vow
To serve and to defend me: I claim that service now."
And thus replied brave Rüdiger, "I know I must be true;
But oh, that I am here to-day, how bitterly I rue!"

Then said he to the king, "Take back into your hand
Whatever you have given to me, my castle, and my land,

And let my life in poverty and sorrow have an end,
Before I go to draw my sword against my guest and friend!

"I hailed them in this land with hearty cheer and wine;
Believing they were Etzel's friends, I treated them as mine:
To Giselher of Burgundy my daughter fair I gave,
And I was glad to win a son so loyal, true, and brave."

But now again spoke Kriemhilde, "All that has passed away:
Think only of the duty which ye owe to me to-day!
Go summon all your followers, and end at once this strife;
Or take (and that will be enough) my uncle Hagen's life!"

Then said the hero Rüdiger, "This is a fatal day!
For all the king has given to me my life I now must pay.
My daughter and my wife to your kindness I commend;
Remember them, for I forebode that now my life must end."

So saying, from the queen he went, and called his followers round:
Five hundred men and twelve brave knights were in his service found.
They buckled on their armour soon, and on to battle pressed;
But Rüdiger before them walked with sorrow in his breast.

When Giselher beheld the band, he smiled with joy, and cried,
"A friend is coming! Rüdiger is surely on our side."
But Volker turned to Giselher, and bade his triumph cease;
"These men with swords and shields," said he, "come not to talk of peace!"

Now Rüdiger came slowly on, and halted, with his band,
Before the hall, and bade his men prepared for battle stand.
"I come," said he, "to Günther's friends no words of peace to bring:
Defend yourselves, Burgundians! I must obey my king!"

"But Heaven forbid," said Günther then, "that I should lift my hand
Against the friend who welcomed me into this foreign land!"
"Ah! that I ever welcomed you I bitterly repent,"
Said Rüdiger, "but Etzel's wife refuses to relent."

Then said Gernôt to Rüdiger, "I loved you as a friend;
But if you fight against my king, our friendship has an end;
And with the sword you gave me I must take away your life,
However I may sorrow for your daughter and your wife!"

"Heaven pity us!" said Rüdiger; then turning to his band,
Who lifted up their swords and shields, he gave the stern command
To rush on the Burgundians within the castle-hall;
But Hagen stayed the onset with a loud and sudden call.

"One moment wait!" said Hagen; "you see this battered shield
Has stopped the blows of many swords, but now begins to yield.
I brought it to this country as the present of your wife—
Had I the shield you carry, I could well defend my life!"

"Then I give it you," said Rüdiger; "and yet, if this is known,
I fear that I shall seem unfaithful to the throne;
But here at once, brave Hagen, I place it in your hand,
And may you live to carry it to Burgundy's fair land!"'

In the combat which followed this conversation, Gernot, Rüdiger, and many other heroes fell. When Dietrich of Berne heard that Rüdiger was slain, he sent his ancient warrior Hildebrand to attack the Burgundians. A sanguinary engagement took place, and lasted until none remained of all the Burgundian company save Günther and Hagen, who stood at the entrance of the castle hall, which was filled with the dead bodies of their friends and followers. Dietrich of Berne now asked the Burgundian king and his hero to surrender; but they replied with scorn, though they were now exhausted, and almost fainting. Dietrich then challenged each of them to single combat. He overcame them, and bound them fast, as he wished to spare their lives. When he led his prisoners to the queen, he earnestly intreated her to let them live. The poem concludes with the following verses:—

'The queen went first to Hagen, and looked on him with hate:
"Receive my terms at once," said she, "before it is too late.
My Nibelungen treasure to me at last restore,
Then Günther and yourself may see fair Burgundy once more."

Then spoke the fearless Hagen, "Your talking is in vain;
For I have sworn that buried deep your treasure shall remain,
While one of Günther's family still lives to claim the throne;
So cease to ask—do what you will—my secret is my own."

Then turning to a follower, Queen Kriemhilde bade him go
To the cell where Günther lay, and strike the fatal blow;
And Hagen cried with sorrow when he saw the servant bring
The head of Kriemhilde's brother, the brave Burgundian king.

He looked on it a moment, then with bitterness he said,
"Günther, Gernôt, and Giselher, thy brothers all, are dead;
But never shalt thou know, destroyer of thy race,
What I alone can tell—thy treasure's hiding-place."

"Then be it so!" said Kriemhilde; "you have at last restored
To me one costly treasure, my Siegfried's noble sword."
She drew it from its scabbard, struck off the hero's head,
And Etzel cried aloud to see the mighty Hagen dead.

"Without revenge he shall not die!" said ancient Hildebrand;
"I will not see a hero fall beneath a woman's hand!"
He drew his sword against the queen, and smote her in the side;
So Kriemhilde fell beneath the blow, and, 'mid her kinsmen, died.

Thus vainly was the life-blood of many heroes shed;
Dietrich and Etzel, left alone, lamented o'er the dead;
And in dismal wailings ended the banquet of the king:
Thus love doth evermore its dole and sorrow bring.

I cannot tell you more—how, when the news was spread,
Fair ladies, knights, and squires, were weeping for the dead:
What afterwards befell 'tis not my task to say,
For here my story ends—the Nibelungen lay.'

At the time of its reproduction, this poem, like the romances and the lyrics of the same period, was written in that Teutonic dialect which has been styled the Middle High-German.*

* We append a specimen of the original, with a translation into Modern High-German, and a literal English version:—

I.

'Vor einer vesperzite huop sich grôz ungemach,
daz von manegem recken ûf dem hove geschach.
si pflâgen riterschefte durch kurzwile wân.
dô liefen dar durch schouwen manic wip unde man.

Zesamne dô gesâzen die küniginne rich,
si gedâhten zweier recken, die wâren lobelîch.
dô sprach diu schœne Kriemhilt: "ich hân einen man,
daz elliu disiu riche zuo sînen handen solden stân."

Dô sprach diu frowe Brünhilt: "wie kunde daz gesîn?
ob ander nieman lebete wan dîn unde sîn,
sô möhten im diu riche wol wësen undertân:
die wîl daz lebet Günthêr, sô kund ez nimmer ergân."'

II. Modern High-German.

'Es war vor einer Vesper als man den Schall vernahm,
Der von manchem Recken auf dem Hofe kam:
Sie stellten Ritterspiele Kurzweil halber an.
Da eilten es zu schauen viel Frauen und mancher Mann.

Da saszen beisammen die Königinnen reich
Und gedachten zweier Recken, die waren ohne Gleich.
Da sprach die schöne Kriemhilde: "Ich hab einen Mann:
Alle diese Reiche wären ihm billig unterthan."

Da sprach Frau Brunhilde: "Wie könnte das wohl sein?
Wenn Anders Niemand lebte, als du und er allein,
So möchten ihm die Reiche wohl zu Gebote stehn:
So lange Günther lebet, so kann es nimmer geschehn."'

Karl Simrock.

III. Literal Translation.

'Before the vesper hour there was a great movement
Of many knights who came into the courtyard,
To engage in a tournament as their pastime.
Many women and men hastened to behold it.

THE ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY.

While the people were interested in ballads of German origin, the patrons of romance and poetry among the nobility found materials for their amusement in various foreign traditions. This was not an age of historical criticism; all legends were accepted with admiration if they contained extraordinary and wonderful adventures. Consequently the mixture of the stories of many distinct epochs, the confusion of facts and fables — of Christianity and heathenism, and of the beautiful with the absurd—which we find in the romances of chivalry, makes a critical analysis impossible. The characteristics of these strange fictions would be unintelligible in the present times, if the genial satirist Cervantes had not, while employing his humour upon them, preserved some of their features in his 'Don Quixote.' Yet these romances—which were celebrated in England, Spain, and France, as well as in Germany—must not be represented as wholly ridiculous, though they are remote from a modern taste. The character of chivalry itself had two sides—one serious and lofty in purpose, the other a caricature; and the romances of this period may be regarded in the same way. Some had a symbolical purpose and a religious meaning, while others were gay and licentious. But with regard even to the best of these fictions, it must be observed that the legends of the Middle Ages, upon which they are founded, are so remote from the apprehension of modern readers, that it is difficult to explain the interest which some German admirers of the antique and the mystical still find in them.

The two favourite legends with which these romances interwove innumerable adventures, were the legend of 'Prince Arthur' and that of the 'Holy Gral.' The former had probably a British origin. Prince Arthur, we are told, reigned at the castle of Leon, by the river Usk in Wales. To his court hundreds of knights repaired with their ladies, and twelve elect knights of the brightest reputation formed the centre of a brilliant assembly. From this home of chivalry many knights went out to seek adventures—to contend against tyrants, to dissolve enchantments, and to fight with giants and mysteriously-powerful dwarfs. It may be remembered

> And there sat together the two wealthy queens,
> And thought of two heroes who were worthy of praise.
> Then said the fair Kriemhilde, "I have a husband
> [So noble that] all this kingdom should be placed in his hands."
>
> Then said the lady Brunhilde, "How can that come to pass?
> If none were living save you and your man,
> Then this kingdom might be placed under him;
> But while Günther lives that can never be."'

that even Milton, in his youth, loved to read such fictions, and some traces of the old romancists may be found in his poems.

The legend of the 'Holy Gral' had a religious meaning, but its origin is involved in mystery. We may, however, find some analogies to its meaning in the legends of many countries. The 'Gral' was a symbol of the highest perfection to which man could aspire. All nations have had traditions, or imaginations, of a lost paradise; of a land where all wishes rest, all hopes are fulfilled, and happiness is realised. The American Indian dreamed of the 'happy hunting-ground far away in the west.' Arabian and Persian legends say that some glimpses of a glorious garden, watered by unfailing springs, filled with delicious fruits and never-fading roses, but surrounded on all sides by a vast wilderness, have been seen by some pilgrims when perishing amid the sands. The Hindoos have their legend of the sacred forest of *Cridavana*, the home of wise and happy men. The favourite representation of this paradise on earth during the Middle Ages was the 'Gral,' of which we gather the following description from a romance entitled 'Titurel:'*—

THE GRAL-TEMPLE.

'A stone of inestimable value was made into a goblet by Joseph of Arimathea; this was the cup used in the Last Supper of Christ with his disciples. On this occasion it received miraculous powers; and in following years, angels descended from heaven on every Good-Friday to renew the sanctity of the wonderful cup. To be elected as one of the guardians of the Gral was the highest honour which could be attained by a knight in ancient times, but it demanded the greatest purity and nobility of character. For some ages none on earth was found worthy of this office, and therefore angels hovered in the air bearing the precious cup, until the religious knight Titurel founded a temple and an order of templars for the preservation of the Gral on the mountain called Montsalvage in Biscaya. The slopes of this mountain were of polished onyx, and shone with a mild splendour like the moon. The temple was situated on the summit, and had a circular form, being one hundred fathoms in diameter. Around this central temple stood seventy-two octagon chapels, with a tower for every two chapels; and the central tower of the great temple was twice the height of the others. The interior roofs of all the chapels were constructed of blue sapphires, and each roof had in its centre a smaragdus, on which was engraved the emblem of the Lamb bearing the Cross. All the altar stones were made of blue sapphire, with coverings of green velvet, and all precious gems blended their rays in the decorations of pillars and altars. In the interior cupola of

* Verses 311–415. See also Boisserée 'On the Description of the Gral-Temple.' Munich: 1834. This quotation is borrowed from Dr Vilmar's 'Lectures on German National Literature.' Second edition. 1847.

the temple the sun and the moon were represented in diamond and topaz, which glittered so, that there was day in the shrine even during night; for the lamps were always burning. The windows were of crystal and beryl; the pavement was also transparent crystal, and beneath it the fishes of the sea were represented in onyx. On every tower stood a cross of crystal, and on this a golden eagle with wings outspread. On the summit of the main tower was fixed a large carbuncle, which threw out its radiance over a wide circle, and served by night as a lamp to guide pilgrims to the Sanctuary. Lastly, in the centre of the great temple, just beneath the cupola, the whole of the building was copied in miniature, and formed of the most resplendent gems; and in this inmost shrine the Holy Gral was preserved.'

Wolfram of Eschenbach, and Gottfried of Strasburg, the two most celebrated authors of romances during this period, were entirely opposed to each other in style and sentiment. Wolfram, in his 'Parcival,' related the adventures of an earnest and religious hero, who passed through many years of pilgrimage in search of the Sanctuary of the Gral. Gottfried, in his 'Tristan,' took a part of the legends of Prince Arthur, and wrote a romance in a light and licentious style, but with fluency of versification, and considerable power of poetic expression. These two romances were written before the year 1220. The opposite characteristics displayed in them were found in the institution of chivalry which they celebrated. 'Parcival' represents its religious aspect, while 'Tristan' exposes its secular corruption. The light style of Gottfried was continued and deteriorated by his followers, until all the serious character of chivalry disappeared, and the adventures of knights were related only to excite laughter. Wolfram's romance is still regarded with admiration by some German antiquaries, who find in it, as they suppose, a deep religious meaning. A slight sketch of its outlines may be given here.

Parcival, who was a descendant of the first king of the Gral-Temple, Titurel, was destined to hold the office of his renowned ancestor; but of this high destination he remained wholly ignorant for many years. He was educated in deep solitude, so as to be kept remote from all the follies of the world, until he determined to devote himself to the profession of chivalry. He passed several years in various adventures, and gained renown by the purity and bravery of his career, but vainly endeavoured to find satisfaction in worldly splendour and applause. He felt that he had some high destination, and yet could not determine its exact nature. At last he was led, by apparent accident, to the castle of his ancestor, the Gral-King. Here he was suddenly introduced to a scene of the greatest splendour. He was led into a spacious hall, lighted by a hundred chandeliers; and here four hundred knights

were sitting on richly-embroidered couches, while incense was burning before them in four censers. Preparation appeared to have been made for some solemnity; but the mystery was as impressive as the splendour of the scene; for all who were present seemed to be waiting for some event which did not take place. At last a door at one end of the hall was opened, and a brilliant procession entered. First four princesses walked in, clothed in scarlet robes, and bearing lights in golden candlesticks; behind these walked eight noble maidens, dressed in green velvet, and bearing between them a costly table made of transparent hyacinth; next followed six maidens in brilliant silken dresses, who carried various richly-ornamented articles of silver-plate to deck the table; and lastly, the queen of this fair company came, bringing in her hands the precious glittering cup, the Gral, which she placed on the table before the king, who gazed upon it, but said nothing. In the midst of all this splendour there was deep grief and solemnity; for it appeared that the king had been fatally wounded, and was now kept alive only by looking upon the sacred cup. For some reason he was now no longer worthy to be its preserver, but was waiting for the arrival of the destined knight to whom he might deliver up the guardianship of the Gral. Parcival, however, was lost in amazement, and did not venture to address to the king, or any of the company, an inquiry concerning the meaning of the ceremonies which he beheld. He received no invitation to remain in the castle; but as, on the next morning, he found preparations made for his departure, he rode away to find further adventures. After this, he wandered far, and was engaged in various enterprises for four years, endeavouring to find some worthy object of ambition; for his destination still remained a mystery. In the course of his travels, he was reminded several times by various persons that he had failed in the true object of his life, had neglected to perform a religious duty, and had involved many persons in deep sorrow on account of his neglect. Such reproofs only served to bewilder more and more the mind of Parcival. At last he finds an aged hermit, who undertakes to explain to him all the mystery which had attended his reception in the Gral-Castle. Trevrizent, the hermit, confessed that he himself belonged by birth to the royal race to whom the custody of the sacred cup was confided, but that he had made himself unworthy of the office by worldly ambition, and had therefore retired into solitude to spend his days in penance. He then related that the present king of the Gral-Castle had forfeited his place by having engaged in a worldly adventure, in which he had received a fatal wound; and that now he lived only to await the arrival of the descendant of Titurel, to whose hands he might confide the sacred cup. But it

had been predicted that this destined guardian would make himself known by an inquiry respecting the health of the king, and the future preservation of the Gral. Parcival now understood that all the doubts and mysteries which had attended his career were the results of his having neglected to make an earnest inquiry respecting the meaning of the ceremonies which he had seen in the castle. He is now taught by the hermit that he must prepare himself for his office, not by martial courage and earthly ambition, but by deep repentance and humiliation. In the end of the story, Parcival goes to the castle, where he asks the expected question, and is soon installed in his office as the 'Guardian of the Gral.'

This singular and mystical legend may serve as a specimen of the serious romances of chivalry. In some parts it may receive a moral or religious interpretation; but it would be difficult to trace through all its adventures any consistent purpose. The same remark may be applied to other romances of this period, which are full of long descriptions, numerous digressions and complications of incidents, without an intelligible plot.

Some of the writers of romances found their materials in ancient history and poetry. Thus HEINRICH VON VELDEKIN made a romance out of Virgil's 'Æneid' (1184–88), but it contains no Virgilian taste or elegance. KONRAD VON WURZBURG, who died in 1287, wrote a romance on the 'Trojan War' in a superior style. LAMPRECHT, who lived probably in the twelfth century, wrote (or perhaps translated from some French original) a 'Life of Alexander the Great.' In this work we find some invention, but no consistency of plot. Some of its traits are amusing. The extensive parts of the world still left undefined by geographic science, afforded, for the romancists, convenient theatres wherein to display the adventures of supernatural knights, fairies, and enchanters. Lamprecht could safely tell the wonders of remote India, where he prudently placed his hero beyond the reach of contradiction. In this romance of 'Alexander,' the hero gives, in a letter to his old tutor Aristotle, an account of some prodigies which he has seen. This letter contains the following passage of beautiful fancy:—

INDIAN WOOD-NYMPHS.

'We entered here a shady wood,
Where trees of spreading foliage stood,
And twined their branches so together,
As to shut out the sultry weather.
Below, cool fountains bubbled out,
And, winding playfully about,
Moistened the mossy roots, and then
Together flowed into a glen

Beside the pleasant wood, and here
Was spread a lake as crystal clear.

Shining birds, with tuneful throats,
Cheered the forest with their notes;
And on the mossy turf there grew
Large rose-buds, beautiful to view—
Some as white as mountain-snow;
Others had a ruddy glow.
We gazed with wonder there, beholding
Each its fragrant leaves unfolding;
For out of every flower-cup there
Stepped a maiden rosy-fair,
Rosy as evening skies, and bright
In youth and joy as morning-light!

Among the forest-trees they played,
And danced together on the glade;
And when these fairy-damsels sung,
Within the wood their carols rung
More tunefully than any bird,
Or instrument we ever heard;
And lulled by their melodious strain,
We all forgot our toil and pain:
Our life was like a pleasant stream,
Or like a sweet, enchanting dream;
We longed for ever there to stay—
Alas, that joys should pass away!

Our forest-brides, who rose from flowers,
Faded with the fading bowers;
Buds that were so bright in May,
Died when summer passed away;
And, like the flowers that once were bright,
Our fairies faded from our sight:
'Mid withered leaves the breezes sighed,
The crystal fountains all were dried,
The merry birds were dead or banished,
And all our forest-pleasures vanished!'

This romance does not conclude without a moral. Alexander, having conquered all the nations on earth, is represented as arriving with his army at the gate of Paradise, which he intends to take by storm! But an angel appears, and tells the hero that Paradise cannot be won in such a way, and exhorts him to go back into his own country, and there to practise humility and other virtues. The romance is here more favourable to the victor's character than history has been. Alexander returns to Macedonia, where he rules his people with justice and clemency for twelve

years, and then dies. 'And of all his dominions,' says the poet, 'there remained for him, at last—

'Seven feet of earth, and not a span
More than for a common man!'

In addition to these foreign romances, the legends of the Church supplied materials for many versified narratives; but of these it would be difficult to quote any suited to a modern taste. Among a few stories of popular origin and moral purport left by this period, 'Der Arme Heinrich' ('Poor Henry'), which was written by HARTMANN, may be noticed, on account of the simple pathos of some passages.

LYRICAL POETRY.

The practice of versification was exceedingly fashionable during this time. Many knights, and noblemen, and even kings, were competitors in this exercise of ingenuity. Two kings of the Hohenstaufen House, one king of Bohemia, Duke Henry of Breslau, and the Margrave Otto of Brandenburg, are included in the catalogue of one hundred and sixty minstrels, or Minnesingers. Yet some of these titled minstrels could neither read nor write. We find one of them, Ulrich (whose autobiography has been preserved), carrying about a letter from his lady for a week, and complaining that he could find no learned clerk to explain it. The lays of these Minnesingers were recited or sung in courtly assemblies of knights and ladies, and several courts were engaged in rivalry for the honours of poetical genius. Such was the prevalence of the fashion of versification, and so ready were royal and noble patrons to reward munificently even feeble efforts in poetry, that Stricker, a satirical writer of this period, tells us how some of the kings of Austria made themselves bankrupts by their love of minstrelsy. The short lyrics, or 'Minnelieder,'* which won such high prizes, are generally devoted to the praise of fair ladies. Few of them have remarkable poetical value, though they are interesting as literary curiosities. The authors of these amiable and harmless little songs were military men; yet they did not write one martial lyric. They lived in a picturesque and romantic epoch, and had witnessed or heard of such events as the coronation of Frederick I. at Rome, the conquest of Milan, the reconciliation of the Pope and the Emperor at Venice, and the Crusades; yet of all these movements we find scarcely a trace in their lyrics, which are generally sentimental. Their lyre had only three strings: one was tuned to the praise of spring and pleasant weather; an-

* *Minne*, love; *Lieder*, songs.

other thrilled to celebrate the beauty of noble ladies; and the third was devoted to the laments of disappointed affection. The same degeneracy which took place in the romances of chivalry may be observed also in its lyrical poetry.

NITHART, who died before 1246, and whose verses show some metrical tact; FRAUENLOB (1250–1318); FRIEDRICH VON HAUSEN, who fell in a crusade in 1190, and many other minstrels, might be described here, but we find little that is original or distinctive in their verses. The feminine tone of their lyrics, when contrasted with their martial profession, must be regarded as one of the singular caprices of fashion; but it may be partly explained by the fact, that these lyrics were not composed to be read, but to be sung or recited with a musical accompaniment. It is probable that the music of these lays was esteemed as of higher importance than the meaning. Modern operas show that verses written for music seldom rise above mediocrity in poetry. We find a curious instance of the taste of this period in a controversy which was raised among the Minnesingers on the question, whether the word *weib* (woman) or the word *frau* (lady) was the more worthy to be used in poetry. Frauenlob gained his name by the part which he assumed in this contest, and, as a reward for his services, his body was carried to the grave in 1318 by the ladies of Mayence, who poured copious libations of wine upon his tombstone. It is only fair to add to this brief sketch, that some part of the delicate respect still paid to ladies in Germany and England may be fairly ascribed to the influence of the romancists of chivalry and the Minnesingers.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE (1170–1227) must be distinguished from all his contemporaries, on account of the moral and religious purport of his lyrics. He probably accompanied Frederick II. in a crusade, and passed the remainder of his life as a wandering minstrel, visiting several German courts. He wrote some sentimental songs, but was more remarkable as the author of some short poems of a religious and didactic purport, in which he often ventured to direct his satire against the Pope. Two or three specimens of Walter's poems may be subjoined. The first seems to allude to the troublous times which followed the death of the Emperor Henry VI. in 1197, when the conflict of the Guelfs with the Hohenstaufen party produced great social miseries in Germany for several years. The second poem is curious, as it appears to be a sincere personal confession of the motive which led many knights to engage in the Crusades. The third translation is a favourable specimen of Walter's lighter lyrics.

A MEDITATION.

'I sat, one day, upon a stone,
Rapt in a musing fit, alone,
And resting on my hand my head,
Thus to myself, in thought, I said—
"How, in these times of care and strife,
Shall I direct my fleeting life?
Three precious jewels I require
To satisfy my heart's desire:
The first is honour, bright and clear;
The next is wealth; but (far more dear!)
The third is Heaven's approving smile."
Then, after I had mused a while,
I saw that it was vain to pine
For these three pearls in one small shrine;
To find within one heart a place
For honour, wealth, and heavenly grace;
For how can one, in days like these,
Heaven and the world together please?'

A LAMENT.

'Ah! my best years have fled away,
Like dreams, or like a minstrel's lay;
I see, once more, my native ground,
And wonder as I look around;
For now I seem a stranger here,
Where many faces once were dear:
My playmates all are gray and old;
The land itself seems drear and cold:
They've felled the trees on yonder hill;
The river flows beside it still;
But my best years have passed away
As on the sea the drops of spray,
Or like the waves upon the shore—
I say "alas!" for evermore.

Time, like the earth with flowers bespread
In youthful spring, is dark and dead
When age and cares are coming on,
And friends and pleasures all are gone.
One consolation now remains—
To combat on the holy plains,
Not for riches, nor renown,
But for an everlasting crown;
For absolution, for release
From all my sins; for rest and peace.
May I but tread that sacred shore!*
Then will I say "alas" no more!'

* Palestine.

GERMAN LADIES.

'German Ladies! I will tell
What will surely please you well.
'Tis a minstrel's sweetest task,
And for no reward I ask:
Only, when my song is done,
Smile, and so my prize is won!

In many countries I have been,
And noble knights and ladies seen;
But here alone I find my rest;
Old Germany is still the best!
Some other lands have pleased me well;
But here—'tis here I choose to dwell!

German men have virtues rare,
But German maids are angels fair!
If a noble knight would find
A lady pure, and true and kind,
Let him come to our fair land,
And win a German maiden's hand.
Now reward me for my song;
And may I live to praise you long!'

One of the pleasing features in the lays of the Minnesingers is the genuine delight with which they hail the return of spring, and the beauties of summer. One stanza from a song for May-day, by Count CONRAD of Kirchberg, is a fair specimen of many similar lyrics:—

MAY-DAY.

'May comes, after April's rain,
Chasing wintry cares away;
Hasten, children! o'er the plain,
See young Spring his gems display.
From his rosy hand he showers
O'er hill and valley lovely flowers,
With herbs and pleasant grass between;
And all the woods again are green;
While, in the bosom of the vale,
The nightingale pours out her tale.
Boys and maidens! in a ring,
Dance in honour of the day;
While all who will not dance, must sing;
"Be blessings on the month of May!"'

The minstrelsy which, in its early period, was devoted to such pleasant themes, was in later times changed into satire. The followers of Walter wrote moral and satirical verses, which give some

glimpses into the character of their age. Thus REINMAR VON ZWETER satirises the mixture of secular with sacred offices in the following lines:—

'Monastic beards and shaven crowns,
And capes and hoods, and friars' gowns,
I find enough; but must confess
Few men are worthy of their dress.
I do not like, upon one dish,
A mixture strange of fowl and fish;
Nor can I understand aright
A knightly monk, or monkish knight.'

To explain the censure of Reinmar, we must refer to such a character as Christian, the Archbishop of Mentz, who lived in the twelfth century, and of whom it is recorded that 'he wore, under his sacerdotal robe, a coat of mail,' and that 'in various battles he had slain nine enemies with his own hand.'

DIDACTIC VERSIFICATION.

The moral and satirical verses of Walter produced an effect extending far beyond the circle of courtly minstrels, and established a school of didactic versification, which had some important results. Walter was the first among the nobility who wrote for the people; who, forgetting the distinctions of rank and fashion, spoke as a man to his fellow-men.

It is probable that he was the author of one of the earliest and most popular of didactic books, which was entitled 'Freidank's Moderation,' and was written, as we are told, by a Crusader in Syria in 1229. At least we are certain that the pure ethics of this manual accord well with the sentiments found in Walter's lyrics. This little book, quite unpretending as a literary performance, served as a model for several other writings on morals, which maintained their popularity down to the time of Luther. Indeed almost the only interest which can be found in German literature from 1300 to 1517, consists in the didactic purport of a series of popular manuals which followed 'Freidank,' and were powerful enough to hasten such an event as the Reformation. The writings of Walter, Tirkler, Stricker, and Hugo, undoubtedly prepared the people to receive the doctrines of Luther.

Next to the work of 'Freidank' (or Walter), a little book entitled 'Der Winsbeke' (1250) may be mentioned. It professes to contain the advice of an aged king of Tyrol addressed to his son. WIRNT, one of the writers of romances, is supposed to have been the author of this didactic work. Though written in verse,

it has no poetical pretensions, and therefore, for the sake of conciseness, we may reduce its doctrine to a summary in prose:—

THE KING OF TYROL'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

'My son, remember that, in order to bear your sword and shield honourably, you must have wisdom and virtue, and must not be guided wholly by the fashions of society. You have now bright hopes; but the world will in many ways disappoint you; yet never be discouraged in your pursuit of what is good. Be not imposed upon by appearances. Pay no respect to rank or high birth alone; for nobility without virtue is like good grain thrown away on the water. Bestow all due care upon your possessions, and avoid all prodigality: I would rather bury you than see you become a gambler; yet you must not worship your riches. Exercise reasonable hospitality, and give bread to the poor. Respect your own word. Learn to say and mean "Yes" and "No." Do not be afraid of difficulties. On the other side, do not waste your powers on objects too great for you. Do not act like a young bird who leaves his nest before his wings are fledged. If a stone lies in your path, and is too heavy to be lifted, let it lie still, and step over it or beside it. You will find perhaps, even in high rank, some ladies who are hardly worthy of their titles; but I warn you not to follow the example of those who rail against women. Honourable ladies are the brightest ornaments of our life. In their society we find our best solace; and all the cares and toils of our worldly life are forgotten. The good wife and mother, seated in the centre of her family, is the best jewel in the crown of society. He who does not honour such a woman, has no honour in himself. In your religion you must not be offended by the inconsistencies of its teachers. If they say what is true, respect and obey their doctrine, leaving them to give an account of their own practice.'

This kind of moral lay-teaching was developed further by THOMAS TIRKLER, who seems to have been, by birth, an Italian, and who wrote a book entitled 'The Italian Guest' in 1216, which gives a code of ethics for the use of 'unlearned men.' The following summary will convey the purport of this work:—

PLAIN TEACHING FOR THE PEOPLE.

'The people have too long been bewildered by strange legends and romances, which, if they contain any good moral, have it wrapped up in such an obscure dress, that common readers cannot find it out. I have no objection to some good stories as an amusement for young people; indeed I must give praise to Master Wolfram for his romances; but the plain people can find no safe guidance in such books; and I think it is time that they should be instructed in a clearer style, not by fables and allegories, but by direct arguments and precepts. Let it be understood that my intention is to address

the common people, the laity.* It is evident now that the people cannot safely follow the examples of their superiors. We have had, indeed, too much following of fashion, but too little clear moral teaching. We must no longer worship rank. As to the pretensions of high descent, we are all noble enough in this respect if we would live in accordance with our ancestry; for we all have one Father, "who is in Heaven." To do right is the true badge of nobility.

But to proceed to my principal topic. After considering long the numerous faults to which men are prone, I have found that they all proceed from the want of one, the greatest of all virtues—*steadfastness*. This is indeed the mother of all the other virtues. We are to rule the world, and not to be governed by it; for the world is full of changes; but virtue is firmness itself. What are deceit, double-mindedness, avarice, arrogance, luxury, gambling, and many other vices, but so many expressions of an unsteadfast mind? On the other hand, do we not admire even the heroes of our Nibelungen-Lied, in spite of all their carelessness of human life, on account of their *steadfast* good faith to each other? The man who is not steadfast in his purpose, can bring no good action to perfection. He plays with the surfaces of things like one who runs his eye over a long line of books; while the scholar, who is determined to learn something, fixes his attention on one book until he has mastered it. Many men of an unsteadfast character soon become weary of the practice of virtue, because it does not always appear to have an immediate reward in this life. Some will even say that the careless and vicious enjoy life more than the virtuous; but this is a hasty and false conclusion. The virtuous man derives good both from pain and pleasure; the vicious man derives real good from neither. Even the attacks of evil men on the good are overruled for the benefit of the latter. Yet let it not be supposed that this forms any excuse for the evil. That will be judged by its intention. It was a just and wholesome punishment for David when Absalom revolted; nevertheless the young man was guilty in that rebellion. Besides, let us not exaggerate in our views of life. Even the vicious men whom we find in prosperity may have some virtues, and their temporary welfare may be the result of these virtues. For instance, a selfish man may be industrious, and may prosper, not because he is selfish, but because he is industrious. But what are all the riches of vicious men when contrasted with the true inward prosperity of the good man? Affliction makes him acquainted with patience; impoverishment leaves him in possession of his dearest property; when banished from his home, he has a home in his own soul to which he can retire, and even the darkness of a dungeon will be relieved by the light of a good conscience. He cares not how *long*, but how *well*, he may live; and he cares not where he may die; for out of every country there is a straight path to heaven. There is a wrong notion abroad that the common people cannot be wise and good, because

*The word *Laie* (layman) is still understood in Germany as the opposite of *Gelehrter* (a scholar).

they are not learned clerks. Now I deplore the neglect of learning. I fear that if Aristotle were living now, he would find no Alexander to reverence him. But I say there is a sort of learning which every man ought to have. He who directs his life well, understands the best sort of grammar: to speak from the heart, and tell the truth, is very good dialectic, and it will serve very well for rhetoric also: he who runs up a long score of good actions, succeeds well in arithmetic: and the man whose life is *starry* with virtues, is a famous astronomer. This is the kind of education which all the people ought to have.'

STRICKER wrote a series of short tales and fables, connected by moralising passages, in 1230. To this book he gave the title 'Die Welt'—('The World'). It is marked by a popular and democratic tendency, and is full of severe censures upon the aristocracy. Another book of a similar character, but of greater harshness of satire, was entitled 'Der Renner,' and was written by HUGO of Trimberg at the close of the thirteenth century. The writer appears to have been a man of some learning. He tells us that he called his book 'Der Renner' ('The Runner'), because he intended it to run through the length and breadth of the country, and this intention was fairly fulfilled; for Freidank's little book and 'Der Renner' retained their places as favourites among the German people down to the sixteenth century; and SEBASTIAN BRANDT, a congenial writer, reproduced Hugo's satirical work in 1549. This book is characterised by the greatest independence of thought and freedom of expression. The only moral authority which Hugo will admit is in the Scriptures, and he complains that many of the higher classes in his times knew 'more of the adventures of Prince Arthur than of the Bible.' We can hardly present one literary extract from this earnest little book; for it is so full of violent satire and invective against the aristocracy and the clergy, that its unimpeded circulation and popularity is a curious instance of the lenity or the oversight of the ecclesiastical authorities. If Hugo had addressed his discourse *vivâ voce* to a congregation of a few hundreds, he would probably have been silenced; but, through his book, he was allowed to address tens of thousands in the most effectual manner. And such was the influence of 'The Runner' and similar books, that we may clearly trace from 1300 to the era of the Reformation the progress of a school of lay-doctrine which was opposed to a great part of the teaching of the Church, and yet was allowed to prevail among the people. The didactic contents of Hugo's book were varied by many humorous and satirical fables, of which the following is a specimen:—

CONFESSION.

'Sly Reynard, with the Wolf, one day,
Travelled to Rome, and on their way

They overtook the Ass, and so
All three to Rome together go.
And when they saw the city near,
The Wolf said to his cousin dear—
"Reynard, my plan I'll name to you:—
The Pope, we know, has much to do:
I doubt if he can spend his time
To hear our catalogues of crime.
'Twill spare some trouble for the Pope
(And also for ourselves, I hope,
As we may 'scape with penance less),
If to each other we confess:
Let each describe his greatest sin—
So, without preface, I'll begin.
To notice trifles I disdain;
But one fact gives my conscience pain.
'Tis this:—there dwelt beside the Rhine
A man who lived by feeding swine.
He had a sow who rambled wide,
While all her pigs with hunger cried.
At last I longed on pork to dine—
I killed and ate that cruel swine.
Her little ones, deserted now,
Oft moved my pity, I'll avow;
I ended all their woes one night—
Now let my punishment be light!"
"Well," said the Fox, "your sin was small,
And hardly can for penance call;
For such a venial transgression
You've made amends by this confession.
And now I'll do as you have done;
Of all my sins I'll name but one:
A man such noisy fowls would keep,
That no one near his house could sleep;
The crowings of his chanticleer
Disturbed the country far and near.
Distracted by the noise, one night
I went and stopped his crowing quite;
But this feat ended not the matter;
The hens began to crow and chatter;
And so (the deed I slightly rue)
I killed them and their chickens too."
"Well," said the Wolf, "to hush that din
Was surely no alarming sin.
Abstain from poultry for three days,
And, if you like, amend your ways.
But now the Ass must be confessed—
Donkey! how far have you transgressed?"

"Ah!" said the Ass with dismal bray,
"You know I have not much to say;
For I have toiled from day to day,
And done for master service good,
In carrying water, corn, and wood;
But once, in winter-time, 'tis true,
I did what I perhaps must rue:—
A countryman, to keep him warm
(We had, just then, a snowy storm),
Had put some straw into his shoes—
To bite it I could not refuse;
And so (for hunger was my law)
I took, or stole, a single straw."

"There! say no more!" the Fox exclaimed;
"For want of straw that man was lamed;
His feet were bitten by the frost;
'Tis probable his life was lost.
What shall be done to such a sinner?
The Wolf must have you for his dinner."'

Such simple and humorous fables, often conveying some sly satire against the clergy and the nobility, were the most popular productions of the Middle Ages. But the most remarkable satire of this period was the epic fable of 'Reynard, the Fox,' which had a very early origin, and has remained as a favourite of the German people for several centuries. There is even some reason to suppose that this long fable was popular in some form among the Franks in the fifth century. The heroes of the tale are all animals: *Isengrim* (the wolf), *Reginhart* (the fox), and *Brûno* (the bear); and many others were added as the original was altered and enlarged. It is impossible to assign the authorship of this fable to any particular name or date. A Latin version, styled 'Isengrim,' was written in the beginning of the twelfth century. About the middle of the same period, HEINRICH DER GLEISNER of Alsace reproduced the tale in an extended form in German, and afterwards it passed through several other versions. In the fifteenth century it was translated into Low-German, or Dutch, by BAUMANN, and this version was for some time erroneously regarded as an original work. Again 'Reynard' reappeared as a popular work at the era of the Reformation. Even Goëthe amused his leisure by writing a modernised version of this old fable. German artists have bestowed upon it many illustrations. The nature of the story may be easily imagined: Reynard's tricks involve him in many perplexities, out of which he escapes by ready wit: at last he is tried at the court of King Lion, where the wolf, the bear, the ass, the dog—in short, almost the whole family of quadrupeds

—appear as witnesses against him, and their testimony is so conclusive, that he is condemned to be hanged immediately. The executioners—the bear and the cat—hurry the prisoner away to the scaffold, where a great crowd is impatiently waiting to be edified by the final scene. Reynard mounts the platform solemnly, but does not even now despair of life. 'I now see death immediately before me,' says he, 'and I only beg permission to address a few words of simple truth and penitence to the people. They may possibly serve as a warning to other offenders.' 'If he is allowed to speak five words,' says the bear, adjusting the cord on the prisoner's neck, 'he will escape even now!' But the king grants the request of Reynard, who thus begins his very humble confession:—

REYNARD'S LAST TRICK.

'I see not one in all this throng
To whom I have not done some wrong;
And now, upon the scaffold here,
I wish to make my conscience clear.
I will not even one sin conceal:
When but a cub, I learned to steal.
How well I recollect the day
When first I saw young lambs at play,
And carried off my earliest prey!
From little crimes I passed to great.
The Wolf soon chose me as his mate:
"Our compact," so he said, "was fated,
Because our families were related."
I cannot tell our murders all—
He killed the great, and I the small;
But this (with death so near) I'll say—
He never gave me half the prey!
With selfishness and hunger keen,
He often left the bones too clean.
Yet hunger I have never known:
I had a pantry all my own;
Of booty such a plenteous store,
'Twould serve me for my life and more:
All stolen! 'Twas a wicked thing;
And yet—THAT THEFT PRESERVED THE KING!
For there was at that time, you see,
A very foul conspiracy
To kill the King! (With death so near,
I'll tell it all!) These traitors here—
(Yet what for me will it avail
To tell it? 'Tis a frightful tale!)''——

The curiosity of the queen is excited by these dark insinuations, and she begs a respite for Reynard, who descends from the scaffold

in sly triumph, to give to the king full particulars of the fabulous conspiracy. During the consequent investigation, Reynard makes his escape with impunity.

Collections of jokes and burlesque anecdotes were very popular during this and the following period. STRICKER, already mentioned as a writer of satirical fables, was the author of a favourite book entitled 'Parson Amis,' which relates the exploits of a travelling impostor, who is said to have been an Englishman, and whose career was a continuous triumph of ready wit and cunning. For instance, a bishop, having heard of the tricks of Parson Amis, pays a visit to the delinquent, and the following conversation takes place:—

THE TRIAL OF PARSON AMIS.

Bishop. You profess to have great cunning; but for your roguery you deserve to lose your living. Now I shall put two or three questions to you, and if you do not answer them correctly, you must lose your parish.

Amis. Very well, my lord; I hope I shall be able to reply so as to please you.

Bishop. How many days have passed away since the time of Adam?

Amis. Only *seven*, my lord, but repeated many times.

Bishop. Where is the middle of the world?

Amis. My parish church is situated exactly on the spot, my lord. If you do not believe me, you can send your servants to measure the world; but of course I shall keep my living until they have done it.

Bishop. You shall not escape in this way, sir. How far is it from earth to heaven?

Amis. It is exactly as far as my voice can be heard, my lord. If you will go up, I will stand here and shout; and if you do not hear me, of course I shall forfeit my church.

Bishop. I am determined to puzzle you, sir. You have boasted that you could teach an ass to read: now, if you do not prove that assertion true, you shall lose your place. Now, sir.

Amis. Very well, my lord. I will do what I have said; but even a clever man requires some twenty years to master any science: now, to teach an ass to read, I must have thirty years allowed, and then I shall be ready to leave my parish if the task is not done.

Such were the jokes of the thirteenth century. All the productions which have been mentioned in this section were written in short and familiar verses. Of German prose during this period little can be said, for it hardly existed. The remains which have been preserved are chiefly found in a collection of sermons remarkable for their simplicity and warmth of style. In these times missionaries of the orders of Mendicant Friars travelled through

the country preaching with zeal and great effect, sometimes in cathedrals, and at other times under a tree in a village, or on a hill-side. We read of BERTHOLD, one of the Franciscan friars, that thousands of the people followed him from one place to another, and that his congregation was sometimes numbered at twenty thousand. It is curious to find in one of the sermons of this friar, who died in 1272, a passage like the following, which may remind us of the style of Jeremy Taylor:—

'I will show, by an example, how little we can say worthily of the glory of God. What can a child unborn know of the glory of this world in which we dwell? Of the bright sun, the sparkling stars, the splendours of jewels, or the virtues of plants and trees; of the music of various instruments, or the melodies of many birds; or of the splendid array of gold and silk produced by the skill of men? What can the child say of these things? And thus we are incapable of speaking worthily of the wonderful pleasures of Paradise. As the moon, the stars, and the planets, borrow all their light from the sun, so all the heavenly hosts of saints and angels, from the highest to the lowest, receive all their gladness, brightness, honour, majesty, and beauty, from the countenance of the Lord. It is because they look upon Him that they become so beautiful.'

A short extract from another of Berthold's sermons may serve to show the popularity of versification during this period:—

'I exhort you, my hearers, to be on your guard against these heretics. But you say, "Brother Berthold, how shall we discover them, as they are so much like good people?" Well, I will tell you how to find them out by seven words; and I should like these seven words to be made into a song, that so you might all sing it, and remember it until your death. Now, if there is a ballad-maker in my congregation, let him mark these words, and put them into a song, and let it be short and sweet, and ring so prettily, that even the little children may learn it and sing it. There once lived a bad heretic, who put his false doctrines into songs, and taught the children to sing them about the streets: and I should like now to use his own plan against him and all who are like him.'

In concluding these notices of German poetry in the age of chivalry, we must observe that our specimens of vernacular productions do not give any just notion of the learning of this period. Frederick II. was the patron of many scholars, and favoured the progress of universities. In his address which accompanied a present of the works of Aristotle to the university of Bologna, he wrote:—'Science (or literature) must always attend the progress of legislation and the pursuit of war; for without that learning which enlightens and strengthens the mind, all our plans of conquest and government may lead only to ignorance, sensual indolence, and barbarism.'

THIRD PERIOD.

1300—1517.

This period, extending from the reign of Rudolphus I. to the beginning of the Reformation, was crowded with events of social importance, while its literature was remarkably poor. Some of its movements might have supplied choice materials for novelists and dramatists; but it was especially a time of decay in poetry. Some attempts were made to continue the series of national legends; but they are hardly worthy of notice. The palmy days of the minstrels and romancists were now passing away. Rudolphus was an economical prince, who mended his own doublet to spare money, and as he had no taste for minstrelsy, the composers of songs who went to his court found no rewards there. Still some inferior princes encouraged versification; but the prizes were now so much reduced in value, that many knights and noblemen left the field in favour of inferior competitors. Chaplains, doctors, schoolmasters, weavers, blacksmiths, and shoemakers now endeavoured to mend their fortunes by rhyming. A versifying mania pervaded all classes of society. There is no exaggeration in this statement, though it may read like a caricature. It is worthy of notice that in this time, as poetry sank rapidly into dulness and commonplace, the so-called poets rose proportionally in conceit and arrogance. The worst versification claimed the highest reward; and Rudolphus was most bitterly satirised because he would not patronise poetasters like Beheim and Suchenwirt. The vocation of minstrelsy in these times was frequently connected with the profession of heraldry, and was generally venal and adulatory.

Michael Beheim may fairly represent the writers of verse during this period. He was born in low circumstances in 1421, and learned the trade of a weaver; but some nobleman unwisely encouraged him to leave this trade, and try the profession of minstrelsy. Accordingly he visited various courts, where he recited verses on such topics as ancestry and heraldry, and was ready to celebrate in verse the virtues of any gentleman who would pay. The venality of the times appears without any disguise in the adventures of Beheim as related by himself, which present a sad caricature of the profession of such minstrels as Wolfram and Walter. When turned away with contempt by several courts, Beheim lamented that he had ever left his loom. We shall not

wonder that he failed as a poet, when we have read the following specimen of his verses:—

'I mean to weave fine linen-cloth no more;
Yet I am not ashamed of my old trade:
It served me very well in days of yore,
Ere, as a minstrel, from my home I strayed.
But now (I hope it will not starve me quite)
The other trade (of rhyme) I have to ply;
To make good verses now is my delight,
And must be, I suppose, until I die.
Yet 'twould be well to throw all rhymes aside:
With poverty I have continual strife;
In search of friends I wander far and wide—
I never was so ragged in my life!'

Another poor minstrel of this time, named REGENBOGEN, makes a similar confession; but pleads that distress first excited him to make verses. He says:—

'I, Regenbogen, was a smith, and in my trade I toiled,
But poverty upon me fell, and all my efforts foiled;
Therefore I sought another trade, and turned to making rhyme,
But heartily I now repent such wasting of my time!'

These notices show to what a low condition minstrelsy was reduced. But some versifiers who understood the tendency of their times, and wrote comic, didactic, and satirical pieces, to suit the popular taste, found considerable success. A monk named BONER, for instance, wrote, in 1330, a book of short stories and fables, which became very popular. It was one of the first books of which copies were multiplied by printing, as it was issued from the press in 1461. The following is a specimen of its contents:—

THE PARISIAN STUDENT.

'I've read about a certain knight,
Whose son's poor wits were never bright;
But still the father was resolved
The difficulty should be solved,
And that his son, so dull and dark,
Should prove a very learnèd clerk:
John, he determined, should be sent
To Paris:—so the darling went,
And there succeeded very well
In—spending more than I can tell.
He drank and played; but there's a doubt
Whether his books were well worn out.
Some years (and florins) passed away,
And then the son returned one day.

The father spread his daintiest cheer
For friends who came from far and near,
Congratulating sire and son
For all the lore at Paris won.
John drew a long and studious face
(For every dunce may learn grimace):
He nodded well, and shook his head,
And, wisely, very little said.
Then, when the dinner-time was o'er,
He stood beside an open door,
And studiously beheld the sky—
The moon was shining, full and high.
Then whispered some good friends together:
"He knows the laws of winds and weather.
Astronomy!—he knows it all,
And what to-morrow will befall."
The father was a happy man
Until the son to talk began;
For opening wide his mouth, he said—
"One thing *does* puzzle my poor head;
'Tis this:—the moon that you see there
And that at Paris make a pair
So much alike, I cannot see
Their difference in the least degree!"—
At this the father shook his head,
And to his friends, in anger, said:
"Be warned by me—don't send to school
A boy predestined for a fool.
My florins now I dearly rue—
He comes, a dunce, from Paris too!"'

Some knowledge of this very dull period is necessary, in order that we may form a just estimate of the Lutheran era; for all the events of that era were consequences of the state of society in Germany during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The unhappy domestic condition of the country had been neglected during the enthusiasm which had attended the Crusades; but when this excitement had passed away, discord, enmity, and violence began to prevail between the clergy, the nobility, and the lower classes of society. National literature from 1300 to 1517 consisted in a great measure in bitter satires. Indeed we might, in accordance with facts, proceed farther, and say that, from the beginning of the fourteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, the most remarkable literature was of a satirical description. These three centuries and a-half of satire were also times of severe political and ecclesiastical contentions. The intellectual world truly represented the condition of society. When we read the violent and unpolished invectives of any one of the countless satirists of these times, we are

disposed to suspect exaggeration in his censures; but after reading the same complaints expressed by many writers, in various times and places, we must be convinced that they had real grounds for their discontent. WALTER, the minstrel, began the satirical style. His moral poems are full of such passages as the following: —'Faithlessness is in all our ways; violence is in our streets; peace and justice are wounded. If I look through creation, I find signs of hatred and strife among all creatures; yet order is preserved; but among men we have anarchy.' REINMAR, another minstrel, employs similar complaints. HUGO says:—'Robberies, murders, and burning of houses, are the sacrifices we offer to Heaven. Our laws are all venal: a righteous judge is a white raven.' KONRAD, a monk, wrote on the necessity of new regulations between the peasantry and their lords. SUCHENWIRT says:—'The valour of our knights is now displayed in the cruel extortions which they practise on the Jews and others.' Regenbogen, the rhyming blacksmith, not only complained bitterly, but suggested a remedy for the evils of his times. He says:—'The clergy, the nobility, and the peasantry, should unite for the good of the country; but these three classes are now living in enmity.' Lastly, ROSENPLUT wrote a satire in which he introduced the 'Grand Sultan' as the 'reformer' of Christendom.

Among the minstrels of this period, one named OSWALD may be noticed, as his verses contain many curious details of a life of strange adventure, and also of the manners of his times. There may be some exaggeration in his statements, but, on the whole, they present a fair view of the career of an adventurer in the fourteenth century. Oswald von Wolkenstein, descended from a noble family in the Tyrol, was born in 1367. He tells us that, during his boyhood, he learned 'to ride, to sing, to play on the violin, the harp, the drum, and the trumpet,' and also 'the science of cookery.' His imagination was so excited by the perusal of romances, that, when ten years old, he followed a company of knights who were travelling from Austria to Prussia. He was employed as a squire, and gained favour by his talents in minstrelsy. Subsequently he wandered over Germany and other parts of the continent; then travelled in England and Ireland; and, in 1388, was engaged in warfare in Scotland. After his return to the north of Germany, he accompanied a mercantile expedition to the peninsula of Crimea, and visited Armenia and Persia. He then earned a passage to Candia by acting 'as a cook in the vessel.' After shipwreck, battles, and many other adventures, he returned to his home when twenty-five years old; but his friends did not know him, as his face was sunburnt and wrinkled, his hair was partly gray, and he had lost an eye. These misfortunes,

however, he regarded as proofs of 'bold knighthood,' and now paid his addresses to 'a fair lady named Sabina.' This lady did not esteem his services as sufficient to merit her hand, but bade him win it by making a pilgrimage to Palestine. Long before Oswald arrived at Jerusalem, Sabina was married to another knight. In 1401, Oswald was fighting against the Moors in Spain. To reward his merits as a knight and a minstrel, the queen of Arragon, with her own hand, pierced his ears, and 'decorated them with costly rings.' Soon afterwards he was in France, where 'the queen suspended a fine diamond on his beard.' He then accompanied the Emperor Sigmund in a campaign against the Hussites in Bohemia, and made satirical verses on John Huss. Oswald was, in fact, a wandering, mercenary soldier, like 'Dugald Dalgetty,' and would either fight, sing, or play the harp, or dress a dinner, for any master who would pay. In one of his verses he sums up all his adventures and accomplishments, telling us that he had travelled over Europe and many parts of Asia, and 'had talked in ten languages, including French, Latin, Italian, German, Spanish, and Arabic.' He died in 1445. Such was the life of one of that class of wandering minstrels which fell into decay during this period.

Many productions which passed under the name of poetry in this time are not worthy of particular description. Doctors now wrote the rules of health, and prescribed medicines in proper metre and rhyme. The peasant despised his almanac if it did not contain a fair proportion of verses. PETER SUCHENWIRT advertised the fact, that he was ready, for a 'consideration,' to make any number of verses upon any gentleman's coat of arms! One writer reduced all the laws and stratagems of the game of chess to rhyme, and another wrote a poem on Crockery!

In the fifteenth century, versifying clubs were established in many towns, such as Mayence, Nuremberg, and Ulm, and became very popular. Mechanics united themselves to serve the Muses as well as they could. At Colmar, for instance, the shoemakers formed a club or singing-school for the exercise of pious versification; while in another town, the weavers, after putting aside their shuttles in the evening, repaired to the singing-school, and there recited and sung the verses which they had composed while employed in their looms. The motives of these good and honest men may screen even the homely poetry which they produced from ridicule; for they appear to have devoted their services to religion. In a collection of the verses of one club which has been preserved, we find the following simple lines:—

'By making pious hymns we strive
Coarse ballads from our streets to drive;

For every night we hear with shame
Such songs as we refuse to name;
To silence all these idle lays,
We meet and sing our Maker's praise.'

There is, indeed, something very pleasing in the conduct of these poor people of the Middle Ages, who, in dark times, when there were few wholesome intellectual excitements, met thus together, and found solace, after their toil, in reciting and singing verses. Devotional music was cultivated in these schools, and the production of new psalm-tunes amused the leisure of many mechanics. Strict rules were observed with regard to the composition of these tunes. Thus, in one club, it was laid down as a law that 'no member should bring forward as an original composition any tune of which one line had been heard before!' In several clubs texts from the Scriptures were the only topics allowed for versification. These verses were sometimes recited in the churches after the services of Sunday. The preacher announced 'that all persons who wished to hear the poets recite their own pieces might remain at the conclusion of service.' Each club had a president and several inferior officers. The moral orthodoxy and metrical composition of the verses recited were strictly criticised; the whole business was very solemnly conducted, and the versifier to whom the prize was awarded was distinguished by a badge of honour. These societies, which supplied the want of such recreation as may now be found in our reading-rooms and literary institutions, must have been well supported by popular favour; for we find that the school at Nuremberg lived to 1770, and a singing and versifying school of considerable antiquity was solemnly closed at Ulm as recently as the year 1839.

Apart from these schools, many popular songs were produced during this period, and have been preserved to the present day. These were productions of the heart, so true and simple, and so well married to music of a similar character, that, when once heard, they could not be forgotten. Indeed they became so rooted in the memory of the people, that, after the Reformation, the writers and composers of hymns and psalm-tunes thought it expedient to employ the melodies, and, in some instances, even the words of the old popular songs.

THE DRAMA.

In this period we find the first symptoms of a German Drama in rude attempts to perform religious pieces like the old *mysteries* once popular in England. At first, these dramatic readings from the Scriptures were conducted in churches under the superinten-

dence of the priests, and the Latin language was employed; but when the people introduced burlesque digressions into sacred subjects, exhibitions of this kind were forbidden in the churches. The consequence was, the people removed their theatrical 'properties' into the open field, and here assumed greater licenses. The vernacular language was now employed, and solemn events recorded in the Scriptures were represented surrounded with grotesque circumstances. The spectacles prepared for exhibition on Shrove-Tuesday were exceedingly attractive. Students from universities delighted to take parts in them. 'Properties' of every description were collected without any regard for correctness of costume. Sometimes the corporation of a town would lend their robes to deck Scriptural characters, and thus 'Judas' might be seen in the dress of a German burgomaster, and even 'angels' did not find better treatment. These strange exhibitions were continued after the Reformation. In 1571 a great spectacle entitled 'Saul' was performed in fifty acts, requiring one hundred players and five hundred pantomimists; and in 1593 one JOHANN BRUMMER put into a dramatic form the whole of the Acts of the Apostles! The stage-directions of some pieces which have been preserved are curious. In one of them, for instance, all the performers (more than a hundred) take their seats on the stage, and begin the piece by singing a hymn. After this two angels appear and sing a response. The manager then steps forward and recites a prologue, in which he exhorts the audience to preserve silence and attention during a long series of dialogues. The pieces for Shrove-Tuesday were styled 'Fastnachtspiele,' and were generally interspersed with coarse jokes, for which apologies like the following were offered:—

> 'If aught offend you in our rhyme,
> Remember 'tis a merry time,
> And Lent is quickly coming on,
> When all our frolics will be gone.'

An immoderate love of low humour and coarse satire was one of the peculiarities of this time. The most popular tales were such as we find in 'Parson Amis,' 'Eulenspiegel,' and other story-books, in which the humour is generally of a low character. This popular taste was severely censured by SEBASTIAN BRANDT (1458-1521) in his 'Narrenschiff,' or 'Ship of Fools,' a versified satire, which contains the following passage:—

'Frivolity and coarseness are canonised in our day. He who can make the most absurd and unseemly jest (and especially if it is on some serious subject), is accounted the greatest genius. This low taste of the people may be partly ascribed to the neglect of our so-called wise men, or scholars, who study everything, and are ready to

teach anything save good morals and manners for the people. Consequently, learning itself is made to appear worthless and ridiculous; and while our scholars are studying necromancy, astrology, alchemy, and other quackeries, the multitude are left in brutish ignorance, and laugh at everything wise and good. And this great invention of printing does not mend the matter; for the power of the press is already grossly abused. The printers care not what kind of books they send into society, but circulate fortune-telling pamphlets, scandalous satires, anything that will win a penny. Amid this ever-increasing flood of books, the people are bewildered rather than educated, and, after such confusing teaching as we have, it is no wonder if all doctrine is despised.'

The numerous jest-books, comic stories, and satires, to which Brandt refers in the above passage, are not worthy of particular description, though they are curious, as they give us some insight into the democratic spirit of the times when they appeared. They also show the exclusive and prejudicial tendency of an extreme taste for comic productions and satires, which is generally found connected with a neglect of better literature. One specimen of the old jocose tales to which we refer will suffice. The 'Parson of Kalenberg,' the hero of many stories, delighted to sport with the ignorance and credulity of his parishioners, and told them that, on a certain day, he would fly from the steeple. All the rustics assembled to witness the feat, when the parson appeared, and asked 'if they had heard that such a flight had ever been made with safety?' 'No,' was the reply. 'Then,' said he, 'how could you wish your priest to do such a foolish thing?'

PROSE.

Encouraged by the productions of the printing press, men of learning were now chiefly engaged in the study of philology, and this fact will account, in a great measure, for the poverty of writings in German prose during this period. The higher classes of society were amused with romances, but these were chiefly translations of foreign stories, which were now multiplied by the press. Two of the translators of these romances, NICLAS, who wrote between 1460 and 1480, and ALBRECHT VON EYB, who wrote during the same time, may be mentioned as having done something towards the formation of a prose style. But we find more interesting remains of these dark times in the works of several monastic chroniclers, who wrote very simple but graphic accounts of public events. FRIEDRICH CLOSENER, a monk attached to the cathedral of Strasburg, finished in 1362 a chronicle, which has been preserved, and gives some gloomy descriptions of his times. In this old record we

read of the 'Brothers of the Scourge,' who travelled from town to town in dismal array, armed with whips and scourges, with which they publicly lashed themselves. This species of fanaticism spread so rapidly, that at last the civil magistrates interfered to put a stop to the practice. In the middle of the fourteenth century famine and pestilence prevailed over a great part of Germany, and these evils produced in many minds a disposition to gloomy fanaticism. Terrible persecutions of the Jews also took place; for there was an absurd popular belief that these unhappy people had produced the pestilence by poisoning all the springs of water throughout Europe! Closener records these enormities in the following style: 'In this year there was a great burning of the Jews in many of the towns situated on the Rhine. The people, believing that the Jews had poisoned the waters, set fire to their houses, and gathered round them so as to prevent their escaping from the flames.' The civil and ecclesiastical authorities endeavoured, too late, to repress these fearful outrages, which had been encouraged by unjust laws and cruel prejudices. On the whole, the title of the 'dark ages,' which has been used to denominate the Middle Ages generally, may be especially applied to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The persecutions and sanguinary contentions in Bohemia which followed the promulgation of the doctrines of John Huss, were dismal features of these times.

Even the great and good events of this period had no immediate beneficial influence on the people. Cities were improving, and commerce was rapidly extending. Physical science now produced some of its most valuable discoveries—the mariner's compass, the measurement of time by clocks, and extended navigation. But even the invention of printing did not immediately encourage the progress of humanising literature among the people, as it was at first devoted to multiply copies of ancient and classical works. John Guttenberg, who was born at Mentz in 1401, invented the use of moveable types, and communicated his discovery to his townsmen John Faust and Peter Schöffer, who afterwards contrived to exclude the inventor from all participation in the profits of his speculation. Guttenberg died in a condition of poverty and dependence in 1468. In the year 1457, Faust and his partners produced their first printed book, the Latin version of the Psalms; and in 1462 the entire Bible issued from the press. The price of a copy of the Scriptures immediately fell from five hundred to thirty florins.

The most important writings of this period are found in the department of theology. Geiler, the popular preacher of his times, who died in 1510, wrote many sermons which have been preserved. He agreed with Brandt in his condemnation of the low

taste for mockery and satire which prevailed among the people. His sermons contain many low and ridiculous images, by which he endeavoured to conciliate the taste of his congregations.

Geiler wrote a series of sermons entitled 'The Christian Pilgrimage to the Eternal Fatherland,' which was published in 1512. Another series of his sermons bears the following singular title:—'A Spiritual Interpretation of the Hare, with Instructions how to Prepare it in Pepper; giving clear Information how every Man who would become Religious, avoid Sin, and lead a Penitential Life, must imitate the qualities of that timorous, insignificant, little animal, the Hare' (1502). The comparisons employed in this series of sermons are very fanciful and ludicrous. For instance, the preacher says, 'A hare has long ears, which are very quick in receiving sounds, and these signify the attention with which we should listen to the Scriptures.' Again, 'A hare can run more nimbly up a hill than down, and this shows that a Christian should be more ready to ascend the hill of virtue than to run down the steep of vice.' Such were the materials employed by the most popular divine of the fifteenth century; but we must add, that when Geiler turned to plain moral doctrine, he presented wholesome truths to his hearers.

Johannes Pauli was by birth a Jew, but became a monk, and collected and edited the sermons of Geiler. He also wrote a book entitled 'Joke and Earnest for all Trades; a work containing many Pleasant and True Stories, Amusing Examples, and Remarkable Events; by the Venerable Father and Brother Johannes Pauli, a monk of the Barefooted Order' (1538). The humour of these stories is often extravagant, but they generally carry obvious morals. In one, an abbot is accused of being deficient in learning, and the Pope therefore examines him in Latin grammar. 'What part of speech is *papa?*' (the Pope) was the first question; and the illiterate abbot jocosely replied, 'He is a participle; for he takes a part from the clergy, and another part from the laity.' 'Go away,' said the Pope; 'you know quite enough.' The following is a specimen of the laconic and serious style of Pauli—

AN EFFECTUAL REPROOF.

'A father gave all his property to his son. After this the old man was neglected, and at last, when his coat was very ragged, he begged his careless son to give him a new one; but the son gave only a piece of rag, and said, "Patch your old coat with that." Now the little grandson of the old man, hearing these words, begged his father to give to him also an old rag. When he received it, he went away and hid it. The father, who saw the action, asked the child to explain his motive, and the boy replied, "I shall wait until you are an old man, and then I will give it to you to patch your coat, as you have

given the other rag to my grandfather." This reproof changed the conduct of the undutiful son.'

PETERMANN ETTERLIN wrote a 'Chronicle of the Swiss Confederacy,' which was printed at Basel in 1507. A short passage will show the very simple style in which the work was written:—

WILLIAM TELL.

'Hermann Gessler, the Vogt (or governor), had ordered his servants to place a hat on the top of a stick which was stuck in the ground, and a command was given that all the Swiss peasants, when they passed by this hat, must bow before it. Now there was in the country an honest man named William Tell, who had secretly joined the company of Stauffacher and other patriots. This Tell had often walked to and fro before the hat on the stick, but had refused to do homage to it. So the sentinels who guarded the hat complained of Tell's conduct to the governor. Gessler sent for Tell, and asked, at first in a friendly way, why he had refused to bow to the hat according to command. Tell said, "Gracious sir, I did not know that you intended the law to be understood so strictly: if I did, my name is not William Tell. So I hope you will impute my fault to ignorance." Now Tell was as clever a marksman as you could find in the land; and he had a family of pretty children, who were all very dear to him. So the governor, who had a cruel mind, secretly sent one of his servants to bring Tell's children: when they came, he said to the father, "Tell me which of these is dearest to you?" and Tell replied, "I love them all alike." Then said Gessler, "I have been told that you are a very good marksman. Now I must see your skill. I shall put an apple on the head of this boy, and if you can strike off the apple with your arrow, I shall say you are a good archer." Tell was shocked when he heard this, and prayed that the Vogt would not insist on such a trial; but Gessler commanded that it should be done. So Tell took two arrows, and put one in his quiver, and fitted the other on the string. Then he prayed to God and the Virgin that they would spare the life of the child. He drew his bow; the arrow struck the apple, and the boy escaped unhurt. Gessler was pleased, and said, "Tell is a good shot!" But then he asked, "Why did you put the other arrow in your quiver?" Tell said, "It is a custom among archers." But the governor would not take this answer. So now Tell was in trouble, for none of his comrades were near to defend him. Then Gessler put the question again, and said, "If you will tell me the truth, I will promise to spare your life?" So Tell replied, "As you have promised to spare my life, you shall know the truth. If the first arrow had hurt my boy, the second would not have missed you, or one of your followers!"'

The most remarkable books in German prose were the works of some monks of the mystic school, who wrote in opposition to the scholastic divinity of their times. HEINRICH SEUSZE (1300–

1365) was a Dominican monk, who wrote some sermons in a simple and earnest style. JOHANN TAULER (1290–1361) was the author of some mystical discourses, which Luther, almost two centuries afterwards, read with pleasure, and recommended. While the scholastic divines who wrote in Latin introduced abstruse metaphysics into theology, Tauler and the other mystic writers represented religion as consisting in the sentiments of the heart rather than in doctrines. Their main principle was, that piety depended not upon any ecclesiastical forms or ceremonies, but consisted in the abandonment of all selfish passions. Yet these opposed parties, the Mystics and the Scholastics, did not engage in controversy, but left their doctrines to produce contentions in another age. The sentiments of the mystic writers were collected and arranged by some unknown author, in a little book entitled 'German Theology.' Luther wrote a preface to this book, in which he expressed admiration of its contents, and asserted that he had found in it the doctrines of the Reformation. After this it became so popular, and was regarded by the Romish Church as so dangerous, that in 1621 it was placed in the 'catalogue of prohibited books.' It must be observed here, that although Luther found some principles in which he accorded with the mystic writers, he by no means maintained the exact opinions of Tauler and Seusze. The fact was, that when Luther expressed his general admiration of the views of Tauler, he did not understand their essential tendency, which was in favour of an extreme liberty of speculation and other principles which the Reformers did not tolerate. The divergency from the tenets of the Romish Church was greater among the Mystics of the fourteenth, than among the Lutherans and Reformers of the sixteenth century, and the toleration, or rather the neglect of the innovating tendencies of Tauler and his associates, can be explained only by the unpretending and uncontroversial character of their writings, which were probably contemned by all scholastic divines.

Another book may be mentioned here—the widely-circulated treatise on the 'Imitation of Christ,' which was written in Latin. Some doubts have been raised respecting the authorship of this work; but it has been generally received as the production of THOMAS A KEMPIS, a monk who died in 1471, aged ninety-two years. It has passed through numberless editions, and still maintains its place among the standard devotional works of Germany and other countries. A translation of the Bible was issued in this period, and bears marks of the style of the mystic writers, being much inferior to the subsequent version by Luther in precision and energy.

The systems of scholastic theology and metaphysics which

prevailed in the Middle Ages require no description here, as they did not especially belong to Germany, and had no connection with its national literature. They were developed in many folio volumes of Latin, full of subtile reasonings upon subjects which lay far beyond the bounds of the human understanding. There is much significance in the contrast found between the scholastic writings of the clergy, and the low, satirical literature of the people during the Middle Ages. We cannot describe wider extremes of thought than are found here.

The researches of some students of philology in the fifteenth century contributed towards the advancement of learning. As one example of this class of writers, JOHANN WESSEL (1419–1489) may be mentioned. This zealous biblical student visited Rome, where Pope Sixtus IV. offered him preferment; but Wessel said, 'I do not want a bishopric, but shall be happy if I can obtain a copy of the Bible in Hebrew and Greek.' JOHANN REUCHLIN, born in 1450, was one of the greatest scholars of this period. He wrote a lexicon and a grammar of the Greek language, and was the tutor of Melancthon, who became celebrated among the Reformers.

The preceding brief notices have shown that this period was more interesting in a social and ecclesiastical, than in a literary point of view. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were times of transition, and marked by that confusion which generally attends the first growth of democratic opinions. Many who could rudely satirise existing institutions, had no clear ideas respecting any new order of society. Low comic and satirical productions were the only popular literature of these times. Men of learning and taste were chiefly occupied with classical studies, and neglected the literature of their native country. Society was divided into two classes—the educated and the uneducated; and no wholesome communication existed between these two extremes. The literati of this period had forgotten the doctrine of Tirkler—'There is an education which all the people ought to have.' If, instead of vulgar jests and satires, such doctrine as we have quoted from Tirkler's book had been generally circulated, the Reformation might have taken place without being accompanied by the excesses of popular ignorance which marked the sixteenth century. Multitudes of the German peasantry were then found in such ignorance, that they interpreted the prophecies of Scripture in the crudest style, and attempted to overthrow all civil society in order to fulfil supposed predictions.

Yet even in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries we find marks of progress. Literature, especially familiar versification, though inferior in quality, was produced by and for the people, and not for any exclusive class; opinions in favour of liberty and

just laws began to be generally diffused, and a preparation was made for the important events which we find in the subsequent period.

FOURTH PERIOD.

1517—1624.

This may with propriety be styled the Lutheran Period; for MARTIN LUTHER (born in 1483—died in 1546) was the most prominent character in the general literature, as well as in the theology, of the sixteenth century. In several respects he may be regarded as the representative of the tendencies of opinion which had manifested themselves in Germany in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. He gave a distinct shape and utterance to thoughts and dispositions which had been previously expressed in an obscure style. His influence was felt in almost every department of life and literature; he was, in reality, the ruler of German princes; his opinions were received by multitudes as laws; the German literature of his time bears strong marks of his tastes. As he loved humour and satire, popular satirical fables were the favourite literature of this period. A few words from Luther would have put down all dramatic exhibitions in some parts of Germany; but as he looked on these popular amusements with toleration, religious spectacles and secular plays were produced even during the excitement attending the Reformation. The literary character of Luther has in some respects been estimated too highly, in accordance with his general fame; but his great merit as the founder of the modern German language, especially with regard to prose, cannot be denied. Jacob Grimm, a competent authority, says, 'The language of Luther, on account of its noble, and almost wonderful purity, and the powerful influence which it had upon his followers, may be regarded as the basis of our modern High German. The few deviations from his standard have been generally deteriorations rather than improvements.' Luther's writings are remarkable in another respect, as they show the migration of literature from the south to the north of Germany, which had for some time been in progress, but was hastened by the events of the Reformation. The poetry of the Middle Ages was produced in the south. The favourite haunts of the Minnesingers and the romancists of chivalry had

been at the courts of Austria and Thuringia; but now, in the sixteenth century, the Protestant north of Germany acquired that superiority in literature which it has maintained to the present day. The greater part of modern German literature belongs to Prussia; while the literature of Austria is remarkably poor, when compared with the extent and importance of the country. Without any polemical meaning, it may be stated as a historical fact, that the Catholic parts of Germany have made very slight contributions to general literature since the times of Luther.

The most prominent part of literature in the sixteenth century is of course found in its polemical theology, which does not claim any particular description here, as it was chiefly written in the Latin language. The poverty of German prose during this period must surprise every English reader who remembers the names of Hooker, Raleigh, and Bacon, who flourished as writers in the same time. Two causes, to which we have no counterparts in English literature, will explain the slow growth of a polished style of prose in Germany during the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries. The first of these causes may be found in the disturbed condition of religion and social life, and the civil and religious war which afflicted the country from the times of Luther to the peace of Westphalia. Some notice of the events of these times is necessary to explain the low condition of national literature. A modern historian (Gervinus) rejects the theory, that a time of war must be unfavourable to progress in art and literature, but forgets to observe that the 'Thirty Years' War' was a civil and religious contest.

On the 31st day of October, in 1517, Luther read his ninety-five 'Theses against Indulgences,' and thus opened the dispute by which all Germany was excited. In the following year he was summoned to appear at Rome, but gained permission to be examined in his native country. Accordingly, in 1519, he appeared in a disputation with Dr Eck, the Romish controvertist. This dispute lasted for sixteen days, and, at the end, the opposed parties were as far apart as at the beginning. Meanwhile Luther's 'Theses' were distributed over Germany with a wonderful rapidity, and in the course of a month were read in many parts of Europe. In 1520, Luther and his friends in Wittenberg burned the papal bull with the canon law and Dr Eck's writings; thus making all plans of conciliation hopeless. The words 'Christian liberty' and 'Reformation' were proclaimed throughout the country; but were grossly misunderstood, not only by thousands of the peasantry, but also by many of the nobility, who were ready to maintain their new faith by the use of the sword. Francis of Sickingen, a nobleman, raised an army of

12,000 men, and, in opposition to the advice of Luther, made an attack on the Archbishop of Treves. The princes of Germany were divided by the new doctrines; and the Diet of Worms, which was intended to prevent further contests, proved a failure. The emperor, Charles V., who could not understand the depth and the extent of the movement, determined to maintain the authority of Rome. Meanwhile Luther retired to the castle of Wartburg, where he was employed in translating the New Testament into German. He was soon called again into public life by the formidable insurrection of the peasantry, who had long been discontented in many parts of the country, and who now turned the new doctrine to their own advantage, and proclaimed extreme principles of social revolution. Luther now came forward, and after charging the leaders of the peasantry with a gross perversion of the doctrine of Christian liberty, exhorted the German princes to unite and repress the insurrection by the most severe measures. As Professor Ranke has observed, 'It is impossible to tell what might have been the consequences with regard to society and civilisation if Luther had sympathised with the peasantry.' As it was, the conflict between the nobility and the peasantry was frightful and disastrous. The banks of the Rhine were lit up with burning castles and monasteries, and scores of thousands of the misguided peasants perished in battle. Several of the princes now openly professed Lutheran doctrines; while the Catholic princes formed a league to stop the progress of innovation. The Diet of Augsburg, in 1530, where the emperor was present, was a fruitless attempt at conciliation. On the 16th of February 1546, Luther died, aged 63 years. The emperor now resolved to reduce the Protestant princes to submission by the force of arms; but assigned political motives for his resolution, to avoid the appearance of engaging in a religious war. General Schärtlin, on the side of the Protestant princes, marched against the royal army, and thus was begun a series of sanguinary conflicts which soon covered the country with mercenary troops, called into action the armies of Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, stopped the progress of civilisation, and spread misery, famine, and demoralisation over Germany. Such was the wretched condition of the country, until the Peace of Westphalia was proclaimed in 1648. In the midst of the war, the Emperor Charles retired to a monastery, where he passed his days in meditation and innocent recreations. One anecdote of his studies in this retreat is worthy of notice, as it gives a useful comment on the affairs of the Thirty Years' War. It is said that Charles amused his leisure by constructing two watches, endeavouring to make them keep time exactly together; but all his efforts were unsuccessful, and

at last he exclaimed, 'See—I cannot make these two watches agree, and yet (fool that I was) I hoped to be able to govern, like the works of a watch, so many nations, living under various skies, and speaking various languages.'

To explain the poverty of national literature during the Lutheran period, it must also be noticed that the best minds in Germany were occupied in Latin writings on theology; while the few who avoided polemical excitements, and found solace in quiet studies, devoted their attention to classical philology, and especially cultivated the Latin language.

The vernacular language was still regarded as suited only for vulgar purposes. In the few instances of German prose which we may select from the writings of this and the next period, we shall find proofs of the contempt with which the native language was treated by learned men. They even changed their own names into Latin and Greek: for instance, the German name of Melancthon the Reformer was Schwarzerde, which literally means (like the adopted Greek name) 'black earth.' Even as late as near the close of the seventeenth century, the philosopher Leibnitz wrote an essay to show the importance of paying attention to the vernacular language. Though the numerous Latin writers on theology and philology cannot be particularly described here, as their labours had no connection with national literature, some notice of their works may be given to explain the fact, that our scanty selections from a few writers can by no means represent the intellectual activity of this period. As instances of the industry and zeal which produced during this time an extensive library of folio volumes of Latin theology, we may quote such names as Œcolampadius (1482–1531); Johann Bulenhagen (1485–1558), who assisted Luther in the translation of the Scriptures; Ulrich Zwingle, a Swiss reformer, born in 1487, who fell in a battle; David Paraeus (1548–1622), who wrote several commentaries on the Sacred Writings; and Heinrich Alting (1583–1644). Conrad Gessner (1516–1565) was styled the 'German Pliny,' on account of his learning and his studies in natural history. Heinrich Bullinger (1504–1575) deserves to be remembered, as he was one of the most moderate among the agents of the Reformation, and attempted to reconcile the Lutherans and the Calvinists. His 'Sermons' were ordered to be read by the clergy of the Church of England. Michael Servetus, a learned physician, born in 1509, wrote in favour of the doctrines of Arius. His miscellaneous works contain some intimations respecting the 'circulation of the blood,' which was discovered in a later period by the English Harvey. It is a fact which marks the intolerant character of the sixteenth century, that Servetus, having refused to change his

creed, was, by the instigation of Calvin, seized and burned at Geneva in 1553. These few notices are sufficient to show that it would be impossible to describe with any interest the voluminous theological writings of this period, without introducing polemical discussions, which have no place in general literature. We therefore turn to the easier task of describing the works in German prose and verse produced during these times. The title of 'poetry' can hardly be given to any of these writings, excepting the hymns which Luther and others wrote for the services of the church. Other writings in verse consist chiefly of lampoons and familiar, humorous stories.

POETRY.

The old poetry of Germany was now in a great measure forgotten. Though the 'Heldenbuch,' or 'Collection of Heroic Legends,' was printed during the sixteenth century, it was regarded only as a curious relic of barbarian life, and was despised by the learned critics who contrasted it with the epic poems of Homer and Virgil. Yet it is unfair to ascribe, as some writers have done, the neglect of ancient national literature to the events of the Lutheran period; for we have seen that everything deserving the name of poetry was neglected during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Classical studies now engaged the attention of all who loved elegant literature; and while Horace was admired, the title of 'a German poet' was generally applied as a badge of ridicule. We shall not wonder at this fact, when we consider the charm of novelty which in these times accompanied the reading of Greek and Latin authors. The printing press had revived and circulated widely the literature of Ancient Greece and Rome, and men of taste found a new intellectual world opened for their enjoyment. Consequently the vernacular language was condemned to be used only for vulgar purposes, and this sentence was, on the whole, strictly carried into execution.

A propensity to satire of the most violent and personal description seems to have been almost universal in these excited and polemical times. The first representative of the satirical writers was Thomas Murner (1475–1536), a wandering monk of an unhappy disposition. He was, in the beginning of his career, numbered among the friends of Reuchlin, the predecessor of Luther; but he became one of the most bitter opponents of the Reformers. At one time he translated some of Luther's writings, but afterwards he exhorted the people to burn them. He might have been styled a 'literary Ishmaelite,' for 'his hand (or pen) was against every man.' One of his satires was entitled 'Schelmen-

zunft,' the 'Rogues' Club,' and was written in a very low and coarse style; but he pleaded that 'the public taste would have it so.' 'Some tell me,' he says, 'to remember my sacred profession, and to write seriously on religious topics. Now the fact is, that I have written some fifty of these serious books, but my booksellers will not even look at them, as the people do not love such works; so I have locked up all my divinity in a chest. And as it is now counted as a degradation to write German rhymes, I must plead that I cannot help it; for when I try to produce a piece of sober prose, I find my pen running into rhymes before I know what it is doing.' The coarse satires of this writer are not worthy of particular description, though they mark well the character of his epoch. He spared nobody, but wrote against bishops, reformers, noblemen, ladies, monks, nuns, and lawyers, indeed against everybody, always excepting Thomas Murner. Ulrich von Hutten was also a satirist, and agreed with Murner in many points; but the monk would not spare even Ulrich. The world must have been very bad if Murner's censures were just; and his temper could hardly make it better.

Ulrich von Hutten (1488–1523) was a remarkable man, in whom many of the characteristics of his times were united. Descended from the nobility, he retained the spirit and the traditions of chivalry, and was ready to maintain the new doctrines which he had embraced by the use of the sword as well as the pen. He shared in the general excitement of the age, took a part in the revival of classical literature, warmly defended the views of Luther, and wrote some of the 'Letters of Obscure Men' which were celebrated in these times. The parents of Ulrich, after giving him a classical education, desired him to devote himself to a quiet and studious life remote from the conflict of the age; but his temperament was too fiery to accept this prudent advice. He says in one of his German poems—

> 'The truth I never more will leave,
> However all my friends may grieve;
> Although my parents weep at home,
> While forth to fight for truth I roam;
> (Heaven comfort them!) till truth is free,
> No weapon raised shall silence me!'

He wrote against the characters and manners of the nobility, and declared that his country required a *true* aristocracy, composed of men distinguished by virtue, genius, and benevolence. His activity was remarkable; for in the course of a short life he made a considerable progress in classical studies, revised and edited ancient authors, wrote some controversial works in Latin, and

addressed many satirical pamphlets in verse and prose to the German people. He complains in one of his writings that he was compelled to flee from one city to another, his life being always in danger, on account of the numerous enemies excited by his satires. He appeared never to have settled, in his own mind, the question whether the work of social reformation should be advanced with the sword or the pen.

Hans Sachs (1494–1576), a rhyming shoemaker, was the favourite versifier among the people. His name has been covered with ridicule, on account of the homely style of his productions; but if we fairly regard the times in which he lived, we may esteem him as a well-meaning and useful writer. When Sir Walter Scott said that the greatest poetical writers had been the most prolific, he probably did not remember Hans Sachs, whose productiveness was surprising. He wrote in one third of a year some thirty-five works in rhyme, some of them of considerable length, and maintained his industry to his eighty-second year. His works were published in five folio volumes. Though his style was low, he had good honest feelings and purposes, and showed modesty and self-knowledge in not meddling with questions which he could not understand. While many were engaged in writing bitter satires and invectives, Hans was contented to leave polemical topics untouched, and employed his pen in writing innumerable tales and fables, containing common morality for common people. After reading some of his versified stories, we laugh at the homely poetaster, while we respect the man. Even the learned Melancthon looked favourably on the verses of this shoemaker; for though Hans was a disciple of the Reformers, he did not write bitter satires. He must have been a diligent reader, as he borrowed materials for his tales and fables from Herodotus, Plutarch, Xenophon, Homer, Livy, Virgil, and other classical authors. Hans was without doubt a man of shrewd observation, genial humour, and graphic talent, and his good influence on his times was considerable. Yet we can hardly present any fair specimen of his tales to modern readers, for he generally contrived to draw wholesome morals from incongruous narratives. For instance, in one of his fables, he represents the apostle St Peter as being greatly perplexed by the disorder and injustice prevailing in the world. Peter longs to have the reins of government in his own hand, and believes that he could soon reduce the world to order. While he is thinking thus, a peasant girl comes to him and complains that she has to do a day's work in the field, and at the same time to keep within bounds a frolicsome young goat. Peter kindly takes the goat into custody, but it escapes into a wood, and the apostle is so much fatigued by his efforts to recover the animal,

that he is led to this conclusion:—'If I am not competent to keep even one young goat in my care, it cannot be my proper business to perplex myself about the management of the whole world.'—

'The young goat had a sportive mind,
And never liked to be confined;
St Peter, at his quickest pace,
Must follow in a desperate chase;
O'er the hills and through the briers,
The goat runs on, and never tires;
While Peter on the grassy plain
Pants and sighs, and runs in vain.
All day, beneath the scorching sun
The good apostle had to run,
Till evening came: the goat was caught,
And safely to the maiden brought.
Then with a smile his Master said
To Peter, "Friend, how have you sped?"
And Simon, with his toil distressed,
His folly with a sigh confessed:—
"No, Master, 'tis no easy play
To keep one goat for one short day;
The task my powers has sorely tried—
How could I keep the world so wide?"
His Master said, "Your words are true—
Let each his proper duty do,
And leave the world in the command
Of one Supreme, Almighty hand."'

It is curious that this epoch of grave controversies was also remarkable for its comic propensities. The learned ERASMUS, whose writings had served to introduce the Reformation, wrote a humorous satire on 'The Praise of Folly;' and Luther, who knew the depths of serious thought, possessed a vein of comic humour which he cared not to suppress. He loved a droll satirical fable, and enjoyed a broad joke even in the midst of a serious controversy. His familiar letters often show this love of humour, as we find it in the following extract from a note addressed to his wife about three weeks before his death:—

'DEAR KATE—We arrived here, at Halle, about eight o'clock; but have not ventured to go on to Eisleben, for we have been stopped by a great anabaptist (I mean a flood), which has covered the roads here, and has threatened us with no mere "sprinkling," but with "immersion," against our will. For another reason we cannot turn back; so here we have to lie at Halle between the waters. However, you may comfort yourself by being assured that we are not drinking water, but have plenty of good beer and Rhenish wine, with which

we cheer ourselves in spite of the overflowing river. Even our driver was timid; so we would not venture to try a passage over the flooded country, as we have a proper respect for the evil demon who dwells in the water floods, and we do not wish by our watery death to make a festival for the Pope and all his friends. I never supposed that the river here could be so insolent as to cover all the paths in this style. Well, no more now; pray for us, and be pious. I believe if you had been with us, you would have advised us to do just as we are doing, and I am sure we should have taken your advice.'

HALLE, *January* 25, 1546.

The humorous taste of Luther was shared by many of his contemporaries, and next to earnest invectives and satires, comic stories and fables were the characteristic productions of these times. BURKARD WALDIS, ROLLENHAGEN, and ERASMUS ALBERUS, were noted among the writers of popular fables.

The best lyrical poetry of this period was devoted to the services of the Church. In the old times, the part which the people had taken in these services had been confined to a few short responses to Latin hymns and litanies; but Luther, who loved music and psalmody, encouraged the people to take a more prominent part in public worship, and wrote for them several German hymns and psalms, which soon became exceedingly popular. The melodies and metres of many old songs were now revived, and devoted to religious services. These hymns had a great influence in promoting Luther's doctrines. The suggestion of the old friar Berthold, who wished to spread his doctrines by the aid of music, was amply fulfilled; for Luther's hymns were soon sung in many parts of the country, and affected the minds of thousands who knew little of polemical doctrines. Luther (who has been confounded by some writers with the despisers of all that is grand and beautiful in art, devoted to religion) said in the preface to a hymn book published in 1515, 'I by no means agree with the opinion of some fanatical persons, that Christianity must destroy all the fine arts; on the contrary, I wish to see all the arts, and especially music, devoted to the service of their Divine Author.' In accordance with this principle, he composed tunes adapted to the hymns he had written. RINGWALD, EBER, SCHALLING, and many other writers of hymns, followed the style of Luther. Few of these sacred lyrics will bear translation, as their merit consists not so much in the thoughts which they expressed, as in their simple and energetic style of language. Such hymns were now the favourite literature of the people. Books of psalmody were published containing sacred lyrics to be sung 'by mechanics and maid-servants while engaged in their work:' even children were lulled to sleep by the music of hymns, instead of the old cradle songs: Luther's psalms were sung

in the streets and market-places, instead of ballads; and one writer published a copious collection of short and popular hymns and verses for morning and evening, to be used before and after meals; some to be used on a journey, and many others suited to various avocations of life. In conclusion, we may observe that many of the Lutheran hymns of this period are simple, and yet powerful in their expressions; but the qualities which characterise them are such as make the attempt to translate them fairly hopeless. Their effect depends on their style, and even on the German rhymes employed in them, for which the English language can supply no equivalents.

THE DRAMA.

Dramatic writing, during this period, rose a little above the level of the preceding two centuries. Some learned men translated comedies from Plautus and Terence, which were performed by the students in schools and universities; but the people still found amusement in religious 'Mysteries' and 'Shrove-Tuesday Spectacles,' and defended such entertainments by an appeal to the authority of 'Dr Luther,' who had allowed students to act Latin plays. Some parts of the old Mysteries were now altered or reformed, to suit the new doctrines. The performances of such plays were generally conducted in the open air, and the play-bills would sometimes announce that 'the spectacle will certainly take place on the appointed day if the weather prove favourable.' A wet Shrove-Tuesday must have been a melancholy day for thousands.

In 1600, a troop of players, who were styled 'the English Comedians' (though we cannot find that they were natives of England, or had even been in England), travelled through Germany, and introduced many new secular pieces. After this innovation, the German drama was no longer confined to Scriptural subjects. Stage machinery was improved, spectacles were adorned with such varieties as 'royal processions, dances, and fireworks,' and the public were amused with many new inventions. For instance, one play of this period contains a direction that in a certain part the spectators must be astonished by 'a storm of rain,' which 'may be performed by the use of plenty of water poured through many sieves which must be suspended among the branches of the trees.' HANS SACHS was very diligent in writing new plays for the people. These productions have, as may be presumed, no literary merits. Hans was so primitive in his notions of dramatic art, that he sometimes explained the whole plot of his piece in the prologue. One of his plays opens with the following laconic and

straightforward passage, which may serve as a specimen of his easy style of versification and his dramatic taste:—

'THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF THE PRINCE CONCRETUS.

The Herald speaks.

Good-day to you, my masters all,
Assembled in this royal hall;
Mind your behaviour, and be dumb:
The King Concretus soon will come,
And hold a privy-council here,
Consulting for his daughter dear,
How she shall live in proper state;
For she has lately lost her mate,
The Prince of Capua, who died
Soon after she became his bride.
Now masters all, your silence hold,
And all the rest will soon be told.

(CONCRETUS *enters, attended by two of his Privy-Councillors.* GUISCARDO *also enters with two servants.* CONCRETUS *takes a seat, and speaks.*)

Gentlemen! what must now be said?
The Prince of Capua is dead.
My daughter, lately, as you see,
Has come from Capua to me;
For since her husband's death, her state
Has been unsafe, without her mate;
And therefore we must counsel take,
How happy we her life may make.

First Councillor.

Most gracious king, I humbly say
Your wisdom you will best display,
To find for her, soon as you can,
Another honourable man,
That she may be again a wife,
And not in sorrow waste her life.'

* * * *

JACOB AYRER, a dramatic writer, who flourished rather later than Hans Sachs, displayed a coarse taste, and introduced the most revolting circumstances into his pieces. The Duke HENRY JULIUS of Brunswick wrote, between 1602–1610, several comic pieces for the German stage.

PROSE.

The only great work in prose produced in this period was the translation of the Bible by Martin Luther. In this version Luther fused together the dialects of Northern and Southern Germany.

Though modern scholarship has suggested many emendations, this work is still valuable, and will long remain as the basis of the Modern German. The other prose works of Luther consist chiefly of sermons, which fill twenty volumes; besides some eight volumes containing 'Catechetical and Polemical Writings' on the doctrines of the Reformation. The 'Letters of Luther,' collected and published by De Wette (1825–1828), and his 'Table-Talk,' which was published in a folio volume, give a very fair view of the singular mixture of qualities found in the character of the German reformer. As extracts from his polemical writings would be unsuitable in this place, the following 'Preface to Esop's Fables' may be given. The work from which it is taken is entitled, 'A Series of Fables by Esop, translated into German by D. M. L., with a fine Preface, explaining the right use of the Book: an Amusing and Profitable Work for every Man, whatever may be his Station.—Anno Domini 1530.'

LUTHER'S PREFACE TO ESOP'S FABLES.

'This book of fables has been esteemed as a famous production even by the wisest men in the world, especially among the heathen. And with regard to maxims for our practical conduct, I will venture to say that, always excepting the Sacred Writings, I know no book superior to Esop in wisdom and utility. For here we have, in a dress of very plain words, and under the disguise of amusing fables, excellent warnings and doctrines on household management and other affairs of life, teaching a man how he must conduct himself toward his superiors and his inferiors, so that he may live prudently and peaceably even among bad people in this present evil world. With regard to the supposed author, the dwarf and jester, I reject all that has been said and written about him as merely fabulous; for in all probability no such man as Esop ever lived. I believe that these fables were invented by several wise men who lived in various times, and that they gradually received many additions, until some persons collected them in a volume. In the same way the tales and fables which have long been current among our German people might be now collected. I do not believe that all the wise men in the world at this time (not to speak of any single man) could produce such a set of fables as we have here under the title of Esop. Among these, some are probably very old; others are of a later date; and perhaps a few were added when the book was compiled. However, I daresay the authors of the old story about Esop had a good intention in their fiction, and wished to recommend the book to the notice of the common people by representing the author as a professed fool and jester. In the same way we find now that children and young people especially relish a joke or a droll story when recited by some actor in a comic dress and mask (such as are used in our Shrove-Tuesday spectacles), so as to excite laughter. And this trick of dressing up truth in a clown's motley might

suit not only children, but also upgrown people; for many of these will listen to good maxims dropped from the mouth of a jester, while they will turn away from the serious admonitions of a wise man. For nothing is more unwelcome to the world than truth, especially when it is practically applied.

So we may imagine that the wise men who wrote these fables said to themselves, "Well! what must be done in this case—when the world will not listen to plain truth, and yet must not be left quite without truth? We must garnish the truth with the semblance of a lie. We will put our doctrines into the mouths of animals; for the people will listen to bears, wolves, and foxes, rather than to philosophers. Our four-footed wolves and foxes may give some homely advice to their two-footed friends. Though such men will not hear their vices reproved by preachers, or friends, or foes, our fabulous fox may read such a lecture to the true fox in human shape as will make his cheeks burn, while he wishes that old Esop had been burned as a heretic." The fable-writers have said that Esop, after all the pains he had taken to disguise his doctrine, was put to death at last for speaking the truth too plainly. This agrees with what I have said, and I repeat it—Truth is the most intolerable thing in the world.

Therefore, as it must be presented in disguise, I have undertaken the revision of this book, and have dressed it in a better style than before. In doing this, I have especially cared for young people, that they may receive instruction in a style suitable to their age, which is naturally fond of plays and all kinds of fictions; and I have wished to gratify this natural taste without indulging anything that is bad. For we have seen what an objectionable book some writers have made, and sent into the world under the title of "The German Esop," in which the original fables are mixed with such scandalous tales, as call for punishment of their authors; tales written to please the lowest characters, and to be recited in disorderly alehouses and taverns. Esop endeavoured to introduce wisdom under an appearance of folly; but these perverters of Esop would drown all wisdom in folly and coarse laughter. These fables were not written to serve the purposes of these debased characters. They are swine, and they will remain swine, so we must not cast our pearls before them. But we request all pious and well-meaning men to endeavour to abolish utterly that scandalous old "German Esop," and to substitute in its place the book now presented to the public—a book which may be used safely and freely in every family—a book which a father may spread open upon a table in the midst of his children.'

The earnest polemical writings of this period must be passed over briefly, as they belong rather to ecclesiastical and political than to literary history. Yet these are the most characteristic productions of the times, and display the effects of controversy in a very unfavourable light. The license, personality, and acri-

mony, not to mention the coarseness, of the invectives published in the sixteenth century, can hardly be imagined by a modern reader who has not read the originals; for it is happily impossible to find a writer who would undertake to give a close translation of such writings. The bad temper found in these lampoons cannot be fairly attributed especially to any one sect or party. Rather, in accordance with a theory suggested by Bishop Butler, that nations, as well as individuals, may be subject to mental and moral epidemics, we may regard the writings in question as symptoms of a general malady. A few facts will sufficiently intimate the breadth or license of satire in this period. On one side, not only the character of Luther, but even that of his wife, was the object of bitter and scandalous reproaches. Ingenuity and malice were combined in the production of many curious 'anagrams' and 'acrostics,' which were generally written in Latin. In one of these, the initial letters of the lines, read perpendicularly, compose the name Martin Luther (in its Latin form), while each line contains five words, all having the same initial, and the whole comprises a careful selection of the most abusive terms that could be culled from the Latin dictionary. This choice production of literary skill is facetiously entitled, 'An Eulogium on Martin Luther, made out of his own Name,' and is a fair specimen of many similar 'anagrams' contained in a little book styled 'Epigrams on Heretics,' which was published in 1596. Well-known facts were seldom allowed to intercept the course of a malicious joke. Thus it was well known that the remains of Luther were interred in the vault of the royal chapel of Wittenberg Castle; but this fact did not prevent the circulation of the story that 'his body never received Christian burial, but was carried away by demons.'

Turning from these low pasquinades, not worthy to be styled satires, we find better specimens of the polemical writings of the age in the remains of Ulrich von Hutten (whose character has been described), Niclaus Manuel, and Ulrich Zwingle. As the name of Luther has been associated with that of Hutten, it is only fair to the character of the former to observe, that he earnestly endeavoured to correct the impatient military spirit which was manifested by Hutten and other German knights and noblemen, who did not understand the text, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' The bold and restless course of polemic agitation in which Ulrich von Hutten engaged, involved him in continual strife and enmities. The following passage, selected from one of his writings, entitled a 'Complaint addressed to the German People,' gives a fair specimen of many similar instances of the excited temper of the times:—

THE COMPLAINT OF ULRICH VON HUTTEN.

'I, Ulrich von Hutten, poet and orator, address this, my complaint, and present my humble respects to all classes of the German people, to men in every station, to princes, noblemen, and citizens, and to the whole body of the people. Kind masters and friends, you know that at various times, moved by a love of Christian truth, and earnest desires for the welfare of our nation, I have written and spoken things which have brought on me the enmity of all who are in alliance with Rome. . . . I have been repeatedly warned that such measures are now taken against me that my life is no longer safe in my own country. When I came to Brabant, I waited there for some days at the court of our most gracious sovereign Charles; but here I was told by good friends that if I would preserve my life, I must flee from this place without delay, as dangerous foes were watching my movements. At first, being conscious of innocence, I treated this warning lightly; but afterwards, when all my friends conspired to move me, I followed their advice, and fled from the place with all possible speed. I cannot say who were my enemies there. When I asked my friends, they told me to be on my guard against all persons in the service of Rome: and this warning was soon confirmed; for, as I journeyed up the Rhine, certain persons who had lately returned from Italy met me, and assured me that it was a common report in Rome that Leo was bitterly displeased with me, and had issued orders that I should be punished with the utmost severity. Then I came to Mentz, and here my friends and patrons received me with great joy and kindness, and expressed their wonder to see me again alive; for they had heard that I had fallen into the hands of my enemies. When I arrived at Frankfort, I received letters and messages from friends, informing me that letters had been sent by the Pope to several German princes, instructing them to send me as a prisoner to Rome, and threatening that, if they refused to obey this command, they would no longer be regarded as the friends of Leo. I had scarcely heard this news, when tidings came also from the Netherlands, telling me that there certain Roman emissaries were waiting for me, armed with full authority to employ against me the secular power. . . . . To these dangers I am exposed on account of my endeavours for the welfare of our Fatherland, and for true faith and religion; endeavours which all who love the truth must approve. And now I have to beg for my life, that I may live and continue the work in which I have been engaged; I pray you all, my countrymen, to give me help, counsel, and defence against my foes. To whom shall I flee if not to you? Gracious masters and kind friends, fellow-Germans all! I appeal to *you*. Will you allow one who has done good service to his country, to be driven out of it like a criminal? Will you stand by quietly, and see an innocent man punished? That be far from you! Never let it be said that the Germans, who have always been hospitable and kind to foreigners, were unmerciful to one of

their own kindred! Where is the honour, the virtue of our nation in these times? Where is the manliness for which they have been celebrated? Countrymen! let all unite to protect even *one*, if that one has done good service for all. I might have enjoyed the favour of Rome at this time, if I had not desired, above all other things, the welfare of my country. For this I have laboured and suffered. For this I have endured so many misfortunes; long journeys by day and night, so much want and care, and such shameful poverty; and all this in the prime of my life—in the best, blooming years of youth! Surely for all my good intentions I have some claim on your assistance. . . . . If I cannot move you by my own case, be moved with pity for my friends and relatives. My poor and aged father and mother, my younger brother, who is in great trouble about me, all my relatives, and many who love and respect me, besides several learned men, and some noblemen; all these join in my petition. If I have added something to the honour of our Fatherland by my writings—if I have endeavoured to serve my country—help me now! Must I be torn away from you my brethren; from this earth, which has supported me from infancy; from my native air; from all the friendly and familiar faces of the people; from my parental dwelling; from my German home and altar; and must I be hurried away, not to spend my life, however miserable, abroad, but to cruel tortures and a shameful death? Germans all! my brethren! help me now! Stand by the persecuted man, and do not suffer me to be torn away from you.'

Niclaus Manuel (1484–1530) may be noticed as an instance of that versatility of talents which was not uncommon in this period. Manuel was a statesman engaged in political affairs at Berne in Switzerland; but was also well known as a soldier, a poet, a painter, a sculptor, and a wood-engraver. Similar examples of versatility may be found in some of the great Italian artists: Michael Angelo wrote poems; Leonardo da Vinci was a scientific student; and Manuel resembled Hutten in his polemical character, and wrote several satires and Shrove-Tuesday plays, to expose the Romish clergy in Switzerland to ridicule. The boldness and license of these productions are far beyond the bounds of modern toleration.

Ulrich Zwingle, the leading reformer in Switzerland, born in 1487, resembled Manuel in the various engagements of his life; for he was not only a statesman and a theologian, but also studied music, and, as a soldier, fell in battle. His writings are chiefly theological and polemical, and show the earnestness of his character.

Another polemic writer, known by his Latinised name, Wolfgang Fabricius Capito, wrote in the German language a severe but just remonstrance against the selfish plunder of ecclesiastical property, of which many were guilty, who, favoured by the ex-

citement attending the Reformation in several places, committed robberies on a large scale. The remonstrance of Fabricius is well worthy of notice, as he employs argument instead of the invectives so prevalent in his time. He entirely demolishes the pretence of religious motives for the plunder of churches and other public institutions, as he argues that, however these institutions may have been abused, it is clear that their founders endowed them for public use and benefit, and not for the aggrandisement of individuals. There was a time when such an argument was urgently required in England.

It is some relief to turn from the controversial writings of this century to lighter productions; but in these we still find satire. The most celebrated writer of prose satires was JOHANN FISCHART, born at Mayence, who wrote industriously during the latter half of the period. His works are full of extravagant combinations of words, something like the verbal exploits of Aristophanes; but they seldom carry any meaning which might not have been expressed in a few simple terms. Thus, in one of his satires he describes, with condemnation, 'the innumerable-as-stars-in-the-heavens-or-as-sands-on-the-sea-shore impositions of the astrologers and prognosticators.' In this instance his satire was certainly well-directed; for the impostors, who called themselves 'astrologers,' were some of the most prosperous literary men of these times, as they established a flourishing trade, requiring scarcely any capital beyond the dense ignorance of the people. The 'Prophetic Almanac' was the selling-book at all fairs and markets, and was read with an excitement far exceeding that produced by all the modern 'novels of the season.' The poorest farmer gladly laid down his groat to carry home the wonderful book which marked all the 'lucky days' for sowing wheat, making bargains, 'hair-cutting' and 'blood-letting.' The events of the times, as well as the ignorance of the people, were favourable to this trade in imposition; for during the Thirty Years' War, the almanac-makers might safely use 'commotions in Germany' as a stereotyped prophecy. But even a thousand failures did not hurt the success of these tradesmen: preachers and divines, from the time of Luther to the eighteenth century, preached and wrote against 'the magicians' in vain. One of these absurd old almanacs ascribes all the events of the Reformation to the fact, that 'Luther was born under the planet Jupiter in Capricorn.' Fischart justly says, 'It is *too* profane and presumptuous to involve Heaven itself in our earthly disputes.' We cannot literally translate the strange title of the book in which he caricatures the productions of 'the impostors;' but it is something like the following:—'The Grandmother of all Almanacs, or the Pantagruelistic, thick-with-impositions,

Phlebotomist's Adviser, Farmer's Code of Rules and Weather-Book, suited for all times and every country; by the accomplished rat-catcher, Winhold, Alcofribas Wüstblutus.' In this caricature he endeavoured to recommend a safe style of prophesying, of which the following passage is a specimen:—

ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS FOR THE COMING YEAR.

'In this year we may expect the planets to be moveable; but they will move only in the courses appointed by their Creator. From certain aspects, we may conclude that the colic and other signs of a disordered stomach will be prevalent in the summer among people who eat large quantities of unripe fruit, especially plums, and drink plenty of sour butter-milk. Corn will be too dear for poor men, and too cheap for great landowners. Vines will not flourish in the Black Forest, nor in the Bohemian Forest; but the best vineyards on the Rhine will produce wine strong enough to throw many people down from chairs and stools. Beer also will be good this year, if the brewers will not use too much water. In short, we may expect an abundant supply of wine and corn, if the wishes of poor people are fulfilled. Dairymen may take notice that black cows will give white milk. With regard to the affairs of various nations, we may venture to say that the Bavarians and the Swabians will prosper, if nothing occur to prevent it. We have to notice dark "aspects" for the people of Morocco and other hot countries; but the people of Sweden will be tolerably fair. Also we may promise that there will be corn in Poland, many cows in Switzerland, fine oxen in Hungary, good butter and cheese in Holland and Flanders, salt fish in Norway, fresh salmon in Scotland, and a plentiful supply of ignorance and folly in all countries.'

Fischart wrote an extravagant satirical and humorous book entitled 'Garagantua' (1575), in which he borrowed some of his descriptions from Rabelais. It is full of the uncouth and far-fetched combinations of words found in his other writings, but contains many ludicrous caricatures of the follies of society in the sixteenth century.

George Wickram was a writer, or rather a collector, of popular stories and anecdotes, and would hardly be worthy of notice in a history of literature if his works, low as their style may be, did not fairly represent the popular taste of his times. One of his books bears in its title something like an anticipation of that class of very light literature which is now provided for the amusement of railway travellers. It is described by the author in the following terms:—'The Traveller's Little Book (or a Book for the Carriage), containing many Pleasant Jokes and Stories for the Amusement of Voyagers and Travellers, and to drive away Melancholy from Leisure Hours' (1555). This writer gives us a proof of the rude

taste of his times, as he assures us that he has carefully revised his book, that it may contain nothing to offend either young or old readers, though many of its jokes would be very objectionable to a modern taste. The following jocose anecdote is a fair specimen not only of Wickram's coarse little book, but of many other similar collections, such as the 'Parson of Kalenberg,' 'Peter Leu,' the 'Lalenbuch,' and especially 'Eulenspiegel,' which cannot be particularly described here, though they formed a prominent part in the popular literature of this period:—

THE NOISY MONK.

'A monk who had the cure of souls in the parish of Poppenried was renowned for his wonderful powers of vociferation; for in the pulpit he would exert his voice in such an extravagant style, that a stranger might have thought that the preacher had lost his senses. One Sunday afternoon, while the monk was shouting at the top of his voice, a poor widow amid the congregation began to wring her hands and cry bitterly. The monk noticed this effect with pleasure, and after the service he went to the poor woman and asked "what part of the sermon had affected her mind so deeply, as he wished to offer some consolation." "Alas, good father!" said the widow, "mine is a heavy affliction. When my poor husband died, he knew that a great part of his property must go to his relatives; so he bequeathed to me, to help me to find a livelihood, a fine young donkey; but not long after my husband's death the ass also died. I have endeavoured to overcome my sorrow; but oh, sir! when I heard your voice this afternoon, it reminded me so—it was just the voice of the poor ass." The monk, who had expected at least a compliment, and perhaps something more substantial, was obliged to relish the comparison as well as he could.'

The legend of 'Dr Faustus' was produced during this time, and soon became one of the most popular books in Germany. The Greek story of the Trojan war was hardly more fruitful in the literature devoted to it than this legend of magic and demonology. There are good reasons for believing that Faust, the hero of this tale, was a real character, who lived in Swabia, or some part of Southern Germany, in the former part of the sixteenth century. Manlius, Gessner, Camerarius, and the reformer Bullinger, mention Faust as a well-known character, who had gained his celebrity by the profession of magic. The reality of such a profession was admitted not only by the populace, but by many learned writers of this period. When Luther, in the note which has been quoted, alludes to 'the demon who dwells in the water floods,' such expressions are by no means to be understood as merely playful and imaginative; but indicate the general belief in demonology which was distinctly expressed in the story of Faust. 'The History of

Dr Faustus,' in prose, was first published in 1587 by Johann Spies, a printer, at Frankfort. In this book the story of the magician, who gained by unlawful arts a mastery of nature, is told with evident faith, and in a very serious style, as a warning to all ambitious minds. The writer tells us that he has omitted all the forms of conjuration used by Faust, because he feared that some imprudent readers might be tempted to employ them. Such forms, however, may be found in other books, such as the 'Keys of Solomon,' 'Arbatel on the Magic of the Ancients,' and some treatises on 'Black and White Magic.' The legend of Faust was rapidly spread, and was versified by the English dramatist, Christopher Marlowe, in 1588, or soon afterwards. Since then, it has been the foundation of tales, dramas, and puppet-show performances too numerous to be described, and, in the shape of Goethe's version, has acquired a permanent place in German literature. With all its absurdity, it appears to be one of the few books which, like 'Don Quixote,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' accord so well with certain tendencies of human nature, as to maintain a lasting popularity. It may be noticed here that the modern versions of the legend, such as we find in the opera of 'Don Juan,' debase the character of the original by representing as the sole object of Faust's researches mere sensuous enjoyment. The old story had a higher meaning, as it expressed a longing for intellectual perfection. Goethe has preserved this characteristic in his version, especially in the passage where Faust walks out into the country and receives the thanks of the poor people for his services as a medical man. 'Ah,' he exclaims, 'we deal with diseases and medicines of which we know nothing, and kill as many as we cure. How shall we gain an insight into the mysteries of nature?' This notice of Faust may suffice to indicate the character of that literature of demonology for which Germany was once celebrated.

This period produced several historical writers who employed their vernacular language. Johann Turmayr (1477–1554) wrote a 'History of Bavaria' at first in Latin, but afterwards translated it into German (1533). In the latter form it was printed in 1566. It bears marks of a patriotic spirit and a credulous disposition.

Sebastian Franck was one of the best writers of German prose on history and theology during this period. In the latter department he stood alone as a representative of the Mystic School during the Lutheran era; and opposed Luther, whom he called 'the new Pope.' It is remarkable that the extreme religious views of Franck accord in many respects with the principles of the Society of Friends in England, as we find them stated in the 'Apology' by Robert Barclay, which was published in 1676. Franck rejected

all ecclesiastical authority, and maintained that 'there is an internal light in man, which is better fitted than even the Scriptures to guide him aright in religious matters.'* He wrote a series of 'Paradoxes' (1533), which contain some extreme opinions on theology; and a collection of 'Proverbs,' with comments upon them (1541). His historical writings were generally read during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially his 'Chronicle of the German Nation,' and his 'World-Book,' or 'Manual of Universal History.' In these works he took care to convey his moral and religious doctrines, and often wrote with bitterness and severity, though he seldom used the coarse style of invective which was common in his times. The long title of his 'World-Book' may be given as an example of the crowded title-pages of many books published during this period:—'The World-Book; a Mirror and Image of the whole Earth, by SEBASTIAN FRANCK; in Four Books on Asia, Africa, Europe, and America; containing Accounts of all Countries, Nations, Provinces, and Islands, with Descriptions of their Position, Length, Width, Produce, Population, Names, Figures, Modes of Life, Characteristics, Religion, Faith, Ceremonies, Laws, Government, Policy, Morals, Customs, Wars, Commerce, Fruits, Animals, Clothing, &c. all placed plainly before the eyes of the reader: also some Description of the Newly-discovered Islands, not copied from Berosus, Joanne de Monte Villa, and such fabulous writers, but gathered out of the well-accepted and confirmed works of experienced world-describers: the whole having been collected with great pains from many diffuse works, and condensed in one compact and portable volume, forming such a work as has never before appeared in German.—"Come, behold the works of the Lord." —*Psalm*, 46, 8. Printed at Tubingen by Ulrich Morhart in 1534.' The following passages give some indications of the manners of the German people in old times:—

CLASSES OF SOCIETY IN GERMANY.

'The people of Germany are divided into four classes, of which the first contains all the monks and other spiritual men.... The second class includes all the nobility, who, in God's good order, ought to be the fathers of the people, terrors to evil-doers, the support and refuge of the good, and the defence of widows and orphans (whom they now oppress and persecute). Our noblemen ought to be the dogs to guard the flock; but they are wolves, and tear the sheep. They have lost their ancient honour (for their ancestors possessed some virtues), and are known only by their pride, their riches, their boast of ancestry, and their tyranny... The recent insurrec-

* See 'History of English Literature' (in CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE), page 97.

tion of the peasants has shown how entirely all good feelings between the nobility and their dependents have been destroyed. Noblemen in old times kept their vassals faithful to them by many acts of kindness, which formed a wall around all their property. They considered themselves rich when their dependents were in good circumstances; but now the whole business of the aristocracy is robbery and extortion: they have no professions but hunting, drinking, and gambling; and live on their rents in superfluity of wealth. This aristocracy is powerful not only in Germany, but also in all nations, being distinguished everywhere by splendid array, arrogance, conceit, and insufferable oppression. Yet these noblemen, who rule by violence, like to be called "our Gracious Masters." . . . Many of them follow their dukes and princes to warfare, that they may return with rich booty; for wealth elevates them above the common nobility: indeed some farmers and tradesmen have risen into the ranks of the nobility by money; for *pecuniae obediunt omnia*—("all things are subservient to gold.") . . . . Our noblemen are in all things distinguished from the other classes of society: in clothing, houses, gesture, and carriage, style of talk, and even in their seats in churches and their funerals. Their carriage is lofty, their talk is bold and threatening, their dress is fantastic and worldly, their faces are full of assurance, and their minds (with few exceptions) are intolerably warlike and revengeful. . . . . The third class of society includes our citizens and tradesmen; but these are subdivided into two classes. Of these the former comprehends all our common citizens who are engaged in trade; while the latter contains all the rich men who have acquired a sort of nobility by money. These latter gentlemen form an exclusive class, for they live on their rents or interest of property, and will neither associate nor intermarry with the families of common citizens who are engaged in trade, however rich these may be. However, in law both these classes are equal, and enjoy the same measure of freedom. . . . The costume of our rich citizens is always new and fashionable, as it often changes its mode. Some old men still living can remember the days when the citizens wore pointed shoes with long and tapering beaks, short and tight garments, and tasseled caps; but all these fashions have passed away, and now their clothes are wide and roomy, and their shoes are broad and short. The dress of the ladies is now costly enough, but neatly arranged; and with the exception of a few superfluities, we do not find much to blame in it. These rich citizens are very religious in their way. They attend the services of the Romish Church with great punctuality, and call up their men-servants and maid-servants early in the morning to attend matins. They are also very charitable, especially toward the monks and others of the clergy, of which we find sufficient proofs in the number of churches which have been founded, and all the choristers, canons, bishops, prelates, abbots, provosts, and deans, who are supported by the citizens. They also support hospitals, and train poor scholars for the priesthood. . . . The fourth class includes all the peasants, miners, shepherds, and other

labourers whose dress, dwellings, mode of life, and customs, are well known to all my readers.'

POPULAR CUSTOMS IN FRANCONIA.

'Franconia is bounded on the south by Bavaria, on the west by the Rhine, on the east by Bohemia, and by Hesse and Thuringia toward the north. It is a land well enclosed and defended by hills, but is level in the interior. . . . . The Franks have many singular customs, which I will describe here, in order that the facts I have related concerning the strange customs of Jews, Turks, and Pagans, may appear more credible to my readers. Why should we regard these foreigners as fools on account of their manners and ceremonies, when we find things equally strange and ridiculous at home, and among people who call themselves Christians? On the three Thursdays before Christmas-day, the boys and girls go about from house to house in the towns and villages, announcing that the birth of the Lord is near at hand, and wishing for all the people a happy New-Year. For this service they receive presents of apples, pears, nuts, and small coins. Then, when Christmas comes, they celebrate the birth of Christ in this fashion:—They place upon the altar in the church a cradle containing a wooden doll dressed like an infant, and before this cradle the young people dance and sing, while the old people gaze, and join in singing such strange songs, that the scene may remind one of the Corybantes celebrating the birth of Jove in Mount Ida. In the same festive season the men-servants and other young fellows go through the towns and villages in the night-time singing songs to the people, with the greatest hypocrisy, and covering every householder (who can afford to give anything) with praises from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head; and thus these serenaders collect a good sum of money. Other companies of singers travel through the country, announcing their arrival in every town by ringing a bell; then they go into the church, and there sing for the amusement of the people: after this they of course make a collection, and often return home with a considerable booty. On the festival of the "Three Kings," every householder makes cakes and sweetmeats; a penny is kneaded in with the dough, which is divided into cakes according to the number of the family. One cake is presented to the Virgin Mary, and each of the Three Kings has his cake; but the child who receives the cake containing the penny is styled the "King," and is then lifted up on the shoulders of the family. When he is lifted, he takes a piece of chalk and makes a cross on the ceiling, or on one of the beams, and this cross is regarded as a grand preservative against ghosts and misfortunes for the following year. During the twelve days between Christmas and the Festival of the Three Kings, the people burn incense in their houses as a charm to drive away all evil spirits and witchcraft. They also attend to the state of the weather during these twelve days, as they believe that the twelve months of the new year will correspond with them. Thus, if it rains on the second day, they expect a rainy February; and so on.

The manner in which they spend the three days before Lent shows the character of their religion. They act as if they all thought, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" or as if they expected never to have another opportunity of merriment. Some of the young people dress themselves in masks and strange disguises, to represent demons; and many of their wild tricks remind us of the ancient Romans in their "Lupercalia." At this time, in Franconia, and in many places on the Rhine, the young men yoke a number of young maidens to a plough, on which a fiddler or piper is seated, who plays a merry tune while the girls draw him into the water. In other places they draw about a plough with a bonfire upon it, until it is burnt to pieces. Another of their games is this: four young fellows take hold of a sheet by its corners, in which they toss a wooden effigy made and dressed to resemble a dead man. This game they exhibit in many towns; and I might describe many other tricks and diversions of these Romish-heathen Christians. In some places, about the middle of Lent, they make a man of straw, and lay him out like a corpse, and the young people carry this figure through the neighbouring villages. Some people take the joke well, and treat the bearers with dried fruits, milk, and peas; but others regard the ceremony as a bad omen of death or some other calamity, and drive away the procession with hard words, and sometimes blows.'

ÆGID TSCHUDI (1505–1572) wrote a 'History of Switzerland,' his native country, which was published in 1538. Tschudi was noted as a statesman and a man of a mild disposition, who employed conciliatory measures in the contests of the Protestant with the Catholic cantons of his country. He also advocated the cultivation of the vernacular language, and complained that in his times 'preachers and theologians would not write a line without using some Latin words.' His historical work is written in a very plain and unpretending style, and in modern times has been commended by the celebrated historian Johannes von Müller.

SEBASTIAN MUNSTER was the author of a 'Cosmography,' or 'Description of all Countries,' which was published in 1543, and was extensively read. JOHANN STUMPFF wrote in German a history of Henry IV., which was published in 1556. The materials of this work were collected from various Latin writers. CHRISTOPH LEHMAN, a man of some learning and ability, wrote a 'Chronicle of the Free City of Spires' (published in 1612), which contains some disquisitions on the relative merits of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. Lehman argued that democracy was opposed to reason and the order of nature, and that it could not be successfully realised even in one family, much less in a nation. He wrote in favour of aristocracy, but understood the word in a strict etymological sense, as denoting a government in the hands of the best men. Few readers will dissent from the

conclusion of his argument, where he says—'That is the best government where the best men in the nation have authority, and there we may live most happily.' Lehman's work contains several humorous anecdotes of the honest and economical German emperor, Rudolph I., who condescended to mend his own doublet.

Two or three of the theological writers who employed their mother tongue deserve notice here, as they contributed to the cultivation of the German language. BERTHOLD, a bishop of the Romish Church, wrote in a plain and good style a work entitled 'German Theology,' which was printed in 1527. One of the objects of this book was to call back wanderers from the ancient church, and to counteract the popular literature of the Protestants. Berthold says—'These times have made manifest that secret hatred of the Catholic Church and its clergy which has long remained hidden in the hearts of unrighteous men.' He argues in the usual style against all innovations of doctrine, by pointing to the variety of opinions found in such reformers as Luther, Carolstadt, Zwingle, and Œcolampadius. The practical and uncontroversial parts of the book are written in an earnest and popular style.

JOHANN MATHESIUS was a popular preacher and writer, who in some respects imitated the style of Luther. There were some pleasing features in his character. As he lived in the midst of a mining district, he adapted his ministry to the wants and the characters of the people. He wrote hymns and songs, which the miners sung while engaged in their subterraneous toil; and his sermons, which were full of popular anecdotes and proverbs, were well adapted to the practical interests and pursuits of his congregation. In one of his discourses, entitled a 'Sermon to Miners' (published in 1597), he collects all the passages in the Bible which have any real or supposed reference to mines and metals, and employs considerable learning and ingenuity to prove that miners were recognised in the Bible as an honourable class of men.

The writings of JOHANN ARNDT may be classed with the best theological productions of this period. His treatise entitled 'Four Books on True Christianity,' which was published in 1629, passed through uncounted editions in Germany, and was translated into English. It is read and esteemed in the present day. Arndt wrote on mystic or theosophic principles, in some respects similar to the views of Tauler, Franck, and other Mystics; but he stated his sentiments with clearness and moderation; and the pious and practical character of his book made it a favourite among religious men of various sects.

We find a curious instance of the mystical genius of Germany in JACOB BÖHME, who was born in Silesia in 1575. Though he

was a poor shoemaker, and had no advantages of education, he devoted his mind to the most abstruse studies. He professed that his doctrines were derived not from any process of reasoning, but from immediate revelation. For a time he was silenced by ecclesiastical authority; but again he resumed authorship, and produced a series of mystical works on theology and physical science, in a style of which we can give no adequate description. One of his chief works, written in 1612, was entitled 'Aurora; the Morning-Redness in the East, or the Root and Mother of Philosophy, Astrology, and Theology.' In the beginning of this strange book he says—'Kind reader, I admonish you that you may put away all self-conceit, and all love of heathenish wisdom, and that you may not be offended by the simplicity of the author of this book; for I assure you that it is not the production of his reason, but the work of immediate inspiration.' Another of Böhme's works was the 'Mysterium Magnum,' or an 'Exposition of the First Book of Moses,' which he wrote in 1622. This work professes to give an explanation of the whole physical and spiritual universe. The writer tells us that in his intellectual vision he saw how plants, trees, stones, metals, and other creatures were originally produced. Böhme's writings were collected and published in twenty-one octavo volumes in 1730. Several of them were translated into English by William Law, a clergyman of the Church of England. Though the assertion may appear improbable, we have clear evidence that the celebrated modern philosophers of Germany, Schelling and Hegel, have borrowed some of their ideas from Jacob Böhme. His writings contain, amid many curious theories, some remarkable assertions. For instance, he says, 'There is nothing in the universe purely evil, but everything contains some goodness;' which coincides with Shakspeare's line:—

'There is a soul of goodness in things evil.'

In a confused style, Jacob Böhme predicted some of the tendencies of recent German speculations. Dr Johnson gave a criticism on the 'revelations' of this theosopher, which some readers may remember. 'If Jacob,' said the doctor, 'saw in his vision, like St Paul, unutterable things, he had not the good sense of the apostle, or he would not have attempted to utter them.'

In concluding our scanty notices of theological writers, it is proper to observe that we have passed over works of religious importance in this department, without selecting any extracts; because their topics would not harmonise with other productions which must be noticed in a treatise on general literature.

For the history of this period we depend chiefly on the works

of Latin writers. The miscellaneous writings of Luther, Melancthon, and Zwingle, contain many notices of public events. GEORGE SPALATIN (1482–1545) wrote in Latin 'Annals of the Reformation.' JOHANNES SLEIDANUS (1506–1556) wrote in the same language 'A Commentary on the State of Religion and Government in the Reign of Charles V.' JOACHIM CAMERARIUS (1500–1547) wrote the memoirs of his friend Melancthon, and a 'Life of the Elector Maurice of Saxony.' 'A History of the Confession of Augsburg' was written by DAVID CHITRAEUS (1530–1600).

The preceding notices and extracts have shown that few productions of this period deserve a place in general or elegant literature. Yet there were signs of progress even amid all the unfavourable circumstances of the Lutheran era. The hymns for popular use written by Luther and his friends were welcome substitutes for the low satirical pieces of the fifteenth century; and the prose style of Luther's version of the Bible supplied a model to which writers may even now refer with profit.

FIFTH PERIOD.

1624—1720.

This period will probably disappoint the expectation of the reader. The Lutheran era, with all its rudeness and acrimony, was a time of intellectual excitement, which extended over a great part of the continent, and in England was soon followed by the noble literature of the Elizabethan era. But in Germany this excitement found expression chiefly in civil and ecclesiastical strife, and left few good impressions on national literature. The poetry of the seventeenth century was tame and imitative, while its prose writings displayed little of the vigour and originality of Luther's style. This declension may be partly explained by reference to two causes. In the first place, after the popular excitement attending the Reformation had subsided, the clergy continued their controversies in numerous Latin works, and paid no attention to the cultivation of national literature. Other educated men, who had some acquaintance with classic literature, wished to cultivate their native language. For this purpose they formed 'literary associations,' and in these societies many poetical works were produced. But as style was the chief object regarded by the writers of this period, their productions in verse are gene-

rally marked by conventional taste and cold correctness, and show no original genius. Imitation, however servile, was regarded as a virtue. Every poem must be fashioned after a certain model, which was generally borrowed from some French or Latin writer.

Again we may refer to the fact, that the social and political condition of the country during, and for some time after, the Thirty Years' War, was very low. The rude satirical novels, and the tragedies of Lohenstein, which were received with applause during this period, contain strong proofs of the debased state of public taste.

POETRY.

This was the golden age of poetasters. Numerous versifiers of this period wrote in a pedantic and imitative style, but displayed no poetical genius. Their productions have no true interest, but may be briefly noticed as 'curiosities of literature' which once enjoyed celebrity. They may also serve to indicate the nature of that exaggerated admiration which attended the revival of poetry in the eighteenth century. After the dulness of Opitz and his followers, the poems of Klopstock appeared as productions of the highest genius.

It would be difficult to explain the low position of German literature during this period, if we did not bear in mind the fact, that the best and most learned authors were generally employed in writing Latin works on theology and philology. German versification was now regarded as a mere amusement, and its highest purpose was limited to the imitation of the Latin classics. Consequently Greek and Roman mythology were plundered to ornament German poetry. 'Jupiter,' 'Juno,' 'Mars,' and 'Venus,' reappeared as leading characters, and plagiarism from Horace was counted as a virtue. Coteries were founded for the study of prosody, and the invention of such epithets as 'brown evening,' 'cold stars,' 'glassy waters,' and 'pale sorrows.' The members of these societies complimented each other profusely with such titles as the 'German Virgil,' 'the Horace of the seventeenth century,' and did not despair of producing, by due attention to certain mechanical rules, a 'German Homer.' They gravely believed what a contemporary said of them satirically—'If a man who has ordinary cleverness and plenty of words cannot make himself a tolerable German poet in a fortnight, he does not deserve another dinner.' Literary clubs on an extensive scale were peculiar features of this period. One of them was styled the 'Palm Order,' while another was called the 'Fruitful Association,'

though it was remarkably unproductive. One literary association had 806 members; and among these were one king, three prince-electors, forty-nine dukes, four margraves, ten landgraves, eight counts palatine, nineteen princes, sixty earls, and thirty-five barons, besides 600 inferior nobility and literati; yet the sole result of all this formidable array was mediocrity! Many ladies were members of literary unions, and although Germany has never been very favourable to the development of feminine genius, several poetesses obtained with ease a respectable share of conventional approbation. There were some advantages in these societies; for as the people would not read poetry of the new style, poetasters kindly agreed to read for one another. Thus, if Martin Opitz submitted to read patiently the 'odes' of one of his admirers, it was reasonably expected that the latter would not refuse to read through 'Daphne; an Arcadian, Pastoral, Lyrical Drama, by Martin Opitz.' The name of this writer will serve to mark the character of his epoch. MARTIN OPITZ (1597–1639) was perhaps the only man who ever gained a lasting name by mediocrity. His name will not be entirely forgotten, for it serves a necessary purpose. The literary historian must give some account of the poetry of the seventeenth century, and he cannot do this more concisely than by saying, 'This was the time when Opitz was esteemed as "the Virgil of Germany."' The mediocrity of this cold versifier was perfect in its kind. A Dutch landscape, the neighbourhood of Berlin, or the road from Berlin to Hamburg, will hardly supply an adequate symbol of the flatness of Opitz. His verses are seldom bad enough to raise a laugh, and never good enough to excite admiration. An unfortunate man, condemned to read through the works of Hans Sachs, might have some moments of amusement; but to read through one volume of Opitz is a dreary task. His life partly explains the celebrity which he enjoyed in his day. As he had no poetical genius, it may be observed in his favour, that we find no poetical licenses in his conduct. To appear correct and *à-la-mode* was the sole aim of his literary pursuits and his practical career. He travelled frequently, and found many friends and patrons; for he was an accomplished sycophant. At Paris he was received and admired by many as 'the great German poet who had redeemed his native country from the reproach of barbarism.' This characteristic Parisian eulogium on Opitz was pronounced by literary gentlemen who had not read one line of his poems, and who could not even spell one German word! Opitz was engaged in diplomacy, became acquainted with many princes, and was elevated to the rank of nobility. On one occasion he was employed in a military expedition, when he displayed pitiable

cowardice; but he consoled himself by reflecting that 'in this respect *also*' he was 'like his model-poet Horace!' In other respects he had a happier fate than many men of genius, for he lived surrounded by contemporary fame, was an honoured guest in high circles, and received with great enjoyment many panegyrical addresses in verse and prose. The poems which gained such honours are really inferior to the average quality of verses found in the provincial newspapers of the present day. We may select a fair specimen from a piece written to commend mediocrity in the following style:—

CONTENTMENT.

'Happy the man, and truly wise,
Who careth not to climb at all!
For he whose mind would proudly rise,
Is most in danger of a fall.
Let each his chosen maiden praise—
To Phyllis I devote my lays.

The lofty turret in its pride,
Must meet the stroke of thunder strong,
And those who travel far and wide,
May lose their way, and wander long.
Let each his chosen maiden praise—
To Phyllis I devote my lays.'

This notice of Opitz will fairly explain the nature of that artificial school of versification of which he was the head master, and we need not describe the qualities of his numerous imitators. A few writers of verse who displayed some independent genius and taste may be briefly mentioned. Several of these authors produced hymns for the services of the church, which are almost the only poems of this period marked by any genuine thought and feeling. Paul Flemming (1609–1640) is remembered as the writer of a hymn which is still sung in many churches. Andreas Gryphius (1616–1664) displayed more poetical genius than any other writer of the seventeenth century; but his poems, especially his 'Churchyard Thoughts' (1656), are full of gloomy sentiments. He says in one of his sonnets—

'Since first I saw the sun's fair light, no day
For me without some grief has passed away.
Happy the child who, from his mother's breast,
Early departs, in Paradise to rest!'

This gloomy tone appears to have been unaffected, and was the result, probably, of many unhappy circumstances in the life of Gryphius. His hymns show the same characteristic. One of

them, which is well known in the present day, opens with the following verse:—

> 'The glories of this earthly ball
> In smoke and ashes soon must fall.
> The solid rocks must melt away.
> Our treasures and our pleasures,
> Must fade as dreams before the day.'

A Jesuit named FRIEDRICH SPEE (1595–1635) may be mentioned among the writers of acceptable hymns; but especially on account of his benevolent character. He wrote an earnest book to oppose the dark and cruel system of burning women for the supposed 'crime of witchcraft.' An ecclesiastical superior once asked Spee why his hair was so gray, when he was only forty years old. Spee replied, 'It is because I have accompanied so many poor women to the stake, there to suffer for the crime called witchcraft, of which I never knew one of them to be guilty.' JOHANN SCHEFFLER (1624–1677) was a writer of some mystical hymns in accordance with the doctrines of Jacob Böhme, the theosophist, which were spread in Scheffler's native country, Silesia. PAUL GERHARD (1606–1676) may be esteemed as the best writer of hymns during this period. While other writers imagined that all religious poetry must be dismal, Gerhard understood that cheerfulness must accompany goodness. An unaffected pious character appears in all his poems. His hymn beginning with the line, 'Commit thy cares to God,' is still remembered and sung by many congregations in England as well as in Germany. It is generally, but erroneously, attributed to Luther.

Passing over many insignificant names, we arrive almost at the close of this century without a trace of poetical improvement. CHRISTIAN GRYPHIUS (1649–1706), the son of Andreas, wrote several poems of little merit, in which he imitated the melancholy strain of thought which characterises his father's productions; but, like all imitators, he was inferior to his model.

FRIEDRICH CANITZ (1654–1699) copied the French style of Boileau in several satires. His poems are cold and artificial, but he wrote neatly and politely, and thus contributed some influence towards refinement of language. JOHANN BESSER (1654–1729) was a versifier of an order which an English reader can hardly understand. He was a 'laureate' and 'master of ceremonies' at a German court, and devoted to these offices the studies of his life. His verses are adulatory and worthless, but his name may have a place here, as he fairly represented the characteristics of a tribe of small laureates who cannot be particularly noticed. BENJAMIN NEUKIRCH (1665–1729) can be mentioned only as one of many in-

stances of a considerable celebrity gained by slight poetical talents.

The preceding notices of poetical writers must appear remarkably scanty, as many names, such as DACH, RIST, DILHERR, and NEUMARK, have been omitted. These are hardly equivalent even to such obscure names as Welsted, West, Harte, Jago, and Lovibond, in the English literature of the eighteenth century. CHRISTIAN GÜNTHER (1695–1723) may be distinguished from many of the rhymers of this period by the natural and lively character of some of his poems; but he is remembered chiefly on account of his unhappy life. In his youth he wrote several coarse satires, chiefly on the pedantic and mercenary studies of the age. These satires awakened the displeasure of his father, who refused to acknowledge such a scandalous writer as his son. Günther, having neither friends nor prospects in the world, abandoned himself to a career of dissipation. After an attempt at reformation, he was introduced as a poet-laureate to the court of Saxony, where he made his appearance in a state of intoxication, and seriously offended the king. At last he repented sincerely of his folly, and wrote many verses to his father, praying for forgiveness. In these supplications he says 'he can have no heart to reform his conduct until he is assured of paternal pardon,' and promises 'to make restitution to all who have been offended by his satires.' With this petition he ventured to return to his home; but his father drove him from the door, and soon afterwards he died in miserable circumstances. This brief and sad biography has contributed some interest to Günther's poems, and has been perhaps the chief cause of their preservation.

The poetry of this period may be closed with a short notice of BARTHOLD BROCKES (1680–1747), whose descriptive poems showed some real observation of nature, and served to introduce the poems of Haller and other writers of the eighteenth century. Brockes appears to have had a true, unaffected delight in the beauties of nature, and consequently his descriptive verses, though having no great merit, are genuine. A flower garden would supply him with materials for the poetry of a lifetime. A present of a rare tulip was sure to produce an ode or a sonnet. He seems to have been happy in his mediocrity, as he always wrote congratulatory verses to himself on his birthday. His greatest merit consisted in his translations which introduced Thomson's 'Seasons' and Pope's 'Essay on Man' to many German readers. These and many other works, introduced into Germany during this century, diffused a taste for the study of natural theology, and prepared the minds of many to receive the Deistic philosophy of Kant, Mendelssohn, and Lessing, in the following period.

THE DRAMA.

The literary aspect of this period does not improve when we turn our attention to the drama. ANDREAS GRYPHIUS wrote several tragedies, 'Leo Armenius' (1646), 'Papinian' (1659), and 'Karl Stuart,' which was founded on the fate of Charles I. of England. These dramas have been regarded as having some importance, on account of some improvements which they introduced in plot and construction; but their literary character is low, and they are full of the gloomy sentiments which have been noticed in the occasional poems of the same author. Yet through all the disguise of false taste, we see in this writer some evidences of rude, undisciplined power. In his 'Charles Stuart' he introduces choruses in which 'Religion' and other personifications speak. Many of the extravagant sentiments put into the mouths of these imaginary characters are unjust, and betray the writer's ignorance of the state of parties in England; but some of the declamations employed have force and point, as we find in the following passage:—

'Religion speaks.

Being Supreme! whose eye all souls can see;
Whose service is pure, self-denying love;
Why in this world hast thou commanded me
To stay? Receive me in yon realms above!
Why 'mid the sons of Mesech must I dwell?
Alas that I in Kedar's tents abide!
Where evil-minded men would me compel
To aid them, and their traitorous schemes to hide.
Alas that e'er from heaven I hither came!
My robes are stained with earthly spots; my face
No longer with pure brightness shines; my name
Is used for falsehood, covered with disgrace.
* * * *
Open, ye clouds! receive me now, ye skies!
I fly from earth, and leave my robe behind,
Which still may serve some traitors for disguise:
'Tis but a shadow of myself they'll find.

(Religion flies from the earth, and drops her robe.)

First Zealot. Stay, fairest maid! why hasten you away?
Second. I hold you fast. I love your bright array.
Third. Nay; she is gone! Her empty robe you hold!
Second. Well; this is mine. It's worth can ne'er be told!
Fourth. Some portion of it fairly mine I call!
First. Your strife is vain; for I must have it all.
Fifth. The robe is torn.
Sixth. No part of it is thine!
For it is mine.

Seventh. And mine!
Eighth. And mine!
Ninth. And mine!'

Daniel Lohenstein (1638–1683) deserves a place in literary history, only in connection with a warning on the tendency of a bad theatrical taste. His productions, 'Ibrahim Bassa' (published in 1689), 'Cleopatra' (1661), and 'Epicharis,' are strange signs of the condition of public taste during the times when they were applauded even by educated people. The style of these tragedies is extremely bombastic, and the barbarities which they introduced on the stage are quite unfit for description. It is a curious fact, that the writer of these barbarous dramas was an educated man, and was regarded in private life as a correct and respectable character. Johann Klay, Christian Hoffmann, Johann Hallmann, and Christian Weise, might be described as dramatic writers in this period; but their productions have no literary merits. The favourite theatrical spectacles of these times were operas full of gaudy display and unreal characters. Allegorical and religious pieces, and so-called 'moralities,' were also exhibited on the stage in a very absurd style. The multitude of theatrical productions during this time, though quite unworthy of notice with regard to their literature, are curious, as instances of the degradation and folly to which the stage may be reduced. As they contained neither poetical nor moral interest, they endeavoured to keep awake public attention by such curiosities as 'fire-works,' 'cannonades,' 'regiments of soldiers in the costumes of various nations,' and capital punishment executed on the stage. Mars, Venus, Apollo, Fame, Peace, Virtue, Vice, France, Spain, and Italy, were introduced as dramatic characters. In one piece 'Judas hangs himself on the stage, while Satan sings an *aria*.' In another opera Nebuchadnezzar exhibits himself dressed in 'eagles' feathers.' In 'Semiramis' the roses in the royal garden are metamorphosed into ladies. In 'Jason' the ship *Argo* is raised into the heavens, and changed into a constellation. 'Echo' was a favourite theatrical character. In one of Lohenstein's pieces the 'continent of Asia' is introduced as a person deploring her calamities in the following style:—

'Asia, *in a female dress, is bound by the* Vices, *and brought upon the stage:*

Wo to me, Asia! Wo!
On the world's stage I had the highest place;
I once was crowned with every earthly honour.
* * * *
Lightnings! destroy the Vices who thus bind me!
Thunders! crush down these monsters!'——

It may safely be predicted that dramatic entertainments will

never fall below the tone of the German theatre in this time. In Prince Henry's words, it 'sounded the lowest base-string of humility.'

A slight comic piece by Christian Weise, though it contains little wit and humour, gives a fair caricature of the low dramatic writers of his time:—

THE COMIC CANDIDATES.

Robert. This amusement is likely to be attended with some vexation. I recommended the Prince, at this time of festivity, to amuse himself by laughing at some rustic comedy, as I thought that some village schoolmaster would soon produce a piece ridiculous enough for our purpose. But now so many candidates in dramatic composition appear, that I know not how we can please all. However, I may call over their names and titles, and hear what they have to say. . . Here—'Stephen the bellows-blower.'

Stephen. Here I am, sir. I blow the bellows for the organist at Lemmerswalde.

Sighart. Well, what is the subject of your comedy?

Stephen. It is a conversation between the four winds, north, south, east and west, contending together about tearing the cloak away from a poor traveller. At the end of the piece the sun appears, and consoles the poor man for the loss of his garment.

Cursi. Very well. Now, Mr 'Veit Habermuss, ballad-singer and news-reporter.'

Veit. Here I am, sir.

Robert. How have you found leisure to write a comedy?

Veit. To confess the truth, sir, we are now reprinting news from old papers. It serves very well, for 'there is nothing new under the sun.'

Robert. You have an easy trade?

Veit. Yes; but it requires some tact. I employ an experienced beggar, who begs his way every year as far as Venice, and brings back as many wonderful tales and prodigies as will feed our papers for ten years.

Robert. Well, what is the theme of your comedy?

Veit. Sir, it must not be regarded as a light comedy. It is a piece on the 'Treaty of the Turks with the Muscovites.' . . . .

Cursi. The next name on the list of candidates is that of Mr 'Goatstail, bagpiper and birdcatcher at Plumpenau.' . . . . Now, Mr Goatstail, what is your comedy?

Goatstail. Sir, it is a musical opera of the 'Enamoured Princess,' and contains seven 'dramatis personæ;' but I can perform the whole piece, without any assistance, excepting my bagpipe, which will take the part of the orchestra. . . . .

Cursi. The next candidate is 'Mr Weathercock, bellringer at Rumpels church.' . . . . What is *your* play?

Weathercock. Sir, I have put into verse the tragical history of a

bell-founder at Halberstadt who murdered one of his journeymen about a hundred years ago. . . . .

Cursi. Here is another candidate. What is your name, sir?

Swallownest. Kilian Swallownest. I am the gravedigger at Eselsweise. . . . .

Cursi. And *you* have made a comedy?

Swallownest. Yes, sir; on 'Daniel in the Lions' Den.' . . . . And if you will help me in bringing my piece forward, I will dig a grave for you at any time gratis.

Cursi. Very good. Wait a while. I must now call on 'Alexander Wunderleich, otter-catcher and seller of sweetmeats.' So you have made a comedy?

Alexander. Yes, sir; I have long studied the dramatic art. I attend many fairs and markets, and when trade is dull, I find it necessary to collect customers by acting farces. My comedy is on the notable history of 'St George and the Dragon.'

To conclude these notices of the poetical literature of a very dull period, we may sum up its characteristics in two words: pedantry and bad taste. A modern critic (Gervinus), after giving many tedious details of the feeble versification of this century, says:—'If the reader complains that he finds in these pages little more than a catalogue of empty names; or that he derives from my analysis no result save a sensation of weariness, I must congratulate myself on having conveyed a faithful impression of the original productions which I have criticised; for weariness is exactly the effect which they would have produced on any reader.'

PROSE.

To explain the comparative poverty of German prose during this period, we must again refer to the fact, that the dead languages of Greece and Rome chiefly engaged the attention of the literati of Germany during the times which produced in England such writers as Milton, Dryden, Temple, Locke, and Tillotson.

One of our quotations from a prose writer of this period (SCHUPP) will fully confirm our statement that, even in the seventeenth century, the German language was not regarded by learned men as a fit vehicle for polite literature. Consequently it was devoted to impolite literature; for this term may be applied, without any caricature, to many of the characteristic productions, especially the novels and satires, of this period. As examples of numerous Latin writers on philology and theology, whose works cannot be noticed here, we may briefly mention such names as JOHANN ERNEST GRABE (1666–1712), JOHANN BUDDAEUS (1667–1729), the author of a 'Historical Dictionary;' and CHRISTOPHER CELLARIUS the philologer.

As Martin Opitz has been described in unfavourable terms as the model poetaster of this time, it is a pleasure to give to him the credit that is due for his endeavours, in prose and verse, to cultivate his native language. He wrote, in prose, a work on 'German Poetry' (1624), in which the laws of poetic composition and the mechanism of versification are explained. A 'Pastoral Tale,' which he published in 1630, does not merit notice except on account of its style.

Instead of the direct satires and invectives of the sixteenth century, satirical novels form prominent features in the prose literature of this period. Hans Michael Moscherosch (1600–1669) wrote a novel entitled 'The Wonderful and True History of Philander of Sittewald.' The satire of this story is generally coarse, and many of its attempts at humour are tedious. This novel shows the pedantic taste of the time when it was written; for its pages are crowded with Latin, French, and Italian quotations, apparently given for no purpose but to display the author's learning. Another satirical novelist, Samuel Greifenson, wrote a tale of adventure entitled 'Simplicissimus' (1669), which in some respects resembles the story of 'Gil Blas.' Though rude and coarse in its style and construction, it gives a varied and vivid picture of life in Germany during the Thirty Years' War. The hero is a character who, under the disguise of affected ignorance and simplicity, expresses his satire on the fashions of society, and the vices of the times, especially the license and demoralisation of military men. The following passage will give some notion of his humour:—

SIMPLICISSIMUS BOASTS OF HIS ANCESTRY.

'There is in our times (which, as some tell us, are "the last times") a certain disease prevalent among poor people, and these are its symptoms: When the unhappy patients have scraped a few farthings into their purses, they attire themselves in a mockery of fashion, wear innumerable useless silk bands on their dress, ape the manners of the aristocracy, and begin to talk about their ancestry; though, after a strict investigation of their lineage, we find among their male ancestors such heroes as chimney-sweepers, jugglers, and rope-dancers, and among the "ladies," in their tables of pedigree, charwomen, besom-binders, and even witches. I would not exactly imitate the conduct, nor catch the disease, of these people; yet one must not be altogether out of fashion; and, to confess the truth, I have sometimes suspected that I must have descended from the nobility, because I have such an innate propensity to all kinds of foppery and idleness. But, putting all jokes aside, my parentage will be found in several points, like that of the greatest princes, if the reader will be so kind as to overlook all the points of difference. My father's mansion in Spessart was built by his own hands, which is more than can be said of the palaces of many princes. In some details of architecture my

father had a peculiar taste. For instance, he decorated the exterior of his building with common plaster, and for the roof, instead of barren tiles, lead, or copper, he used a good thatch of straw, thus displaying his love of agriculture in a style worthy of a descendant from the first nobleman who tilled the ground, Adam. According to the same antique taste, the fence around our mansion was made, not of stones, which may be found everywhere, nor of bricks made of common clay, and baked in a short time, but of oak-palings cut from a noble tree, which had required a hundred years to attain its full stature, and for some centuries had dropped its acorns to feed swine and produce fat hams and savoury sausages. In the painting of the interior the same antique taste was manifest, as my father allowed his walls to become slowly darkened with the smoke from our wood fire. There was an aristocratic reason for this; for, in the first place, this colour or shade requires a long time to produce it in its full tone; and when this is gained, it is certainly one of the most permanent styles of painting. The tapestry on our walls was a fabric of the most delicate make, for it was all the work of that cunning artist "Arachne" (the spider), who contended even with Minerva in this department of art. Our windows were all dedicated to St Noglass; for as it takes a longer time to grow horn than to make glass, my father preferred the former. I hardly need to remind the reader that this preference was in strict accordance with that refined aristocratic taste which values trifles according to the time and trouble required to produce them. My father kept not lackeys, pages, and grooms, but was always surrounded by faithful and useful dependents, such as sheep, goats, and swine, all dressed in their natural and becoming suits of livery. . . . In our armoury we had the weapons which my father had often boldly carried to the field; mattocks, hoes, shovels, and hay-forks, such weapons as, historians tell us, were employed even by the ancient Romans during times of peace. My father was a great military man, and had the command of a regiment of oxen. He was noted for his excellent science in "fortification" (against his great enemy, hunger), which was displayed in his distribution of the contents of the farmyard on the land. For genteel exercise and amusement he liked wood-cutting, or cleaning out the stalls of the cattle. And with these and similar measures he carried on, like a true nobleman, a warfare against all the world (as far as he could reach), and often returned gloriously from the field, at the close of a campaign (or harvest), laden with a good booty. I tell these things, to show that I can be in fashion, and talk like other people when I like; but I assure the reader that I am not puffed up and vain of my glorious ancestry; and to prove this, I now leave all aristocratic pretension, and condescend to use a common style. In plain words, I was born in Spessart, and my father was a poor farmer.'

LOHENSTEIN the dramatist wrote a long pedantic romance entitled 'Arminius and Thusnelda' (1689), which was praised extravagantly in its day, though we may doubt whether its admirers had

performed the task of reading it; for it filled four quarto volumes. It is noticed here as a fair specimen of several heroic romances published in this period, and because it had some merit in its style. CHRISTIAN WEISE (1642–1708) wrote, in a very plain and unpretending style, several tame romances of good moral tendency.

No work of fiction produced such an excitement during these times as the 'Robinson Crusoe' of DANIEL DEFOE, which was written in 1719, and appeared in a German translation in 1721. It was read in Germany with the greatest avidity, and in the space of about thirty years after its appearance, more than forty imitative novels appeared, each bearing the selling word Robinson on its title-page. Among these imitations we find the 'German Robinson,' the 'Italian Robinson,' the 'Silesian Robinson,' the 'Moral Robinson,' the 'Medical Robinson,' the 'Invisible Robinson.' In some novels a variety was introduced, by changing old Crusoe into a heroine; for instance, under the title of the 'European Robinsonetta.' One of these imitations, written by an author named SCHNABEL, between 1731 and 1743, was permanently successful, and, under the title of the 'Island of Felsenburg,' is read with pleasure in the present day.

The other prose writers of this time are not numerous enough to require classification. They wrote chiefly either satires or moral and religious discourses.

JOHANN RIEMER, a preacher at Hamburg, and the friend of Balthasar Schupp, published in 1673 a prose satire on the poetasters of his times. It describes their characteristics so well, that a few sentences may be given here. The author, in the following passage, professes to give useful advice to an incipient poetaster named Hans Wurst:—

ADVICE TO A POETASTER.

'Learning is quite unnecessary in the trade you intend to follow; but if you wish to read a few books, avoid all so-called classic writers, and read the jest-books of MARCOLPH, CLAUS NARR, and EULENSPIEGEL. These will teach you the whole art of poetry in a fortnight, if you are not a hopeless dunce. I will give you a few useful receipts from which you may concoct such things as congratulatory verses for weddings and other occasions without number. But indeed a little exercise in biting your pen, and gazing up at the ceiling, will generally produce all the ideas required in such occasional poems. To attain facility, however, you must keep your wits in practice by continually making verses on all kinds of trivial subjects; for instance, a sonnet "on Lisette's new straw bonnet," or a canzonet "on Durandula's bodice." "Cordelia's nightcap" may suggest materials enough to fill a long ode. Acquire the art of producing rhymes for the most uncouth words, and if you are obliged to use nonsense

sometimes, say that you did it to produce a certain droll effect. However insignificant your verses may be, never publish them without some high-sounding title, such as "Parnassian Bridal-Torches." Never mind about the sense of it, if it is only pompous enough. Though the subject of your poem may be trivial, take care to write a grand introduction, invoking Apollo and all the nine Muses to come to your assistance in a great work. This style of building a grand entrance to a little house is very good in poetry. When you make a beginning never care about the end: they will match together in some way no doubt. Expletives are too much despised in these times. Fill your verses with them, as they are very cheap. Employ also as many allusions to pagan mythology as you can find; for thus you may fill your pages with numerous explanatory notes about ancient deities, Mars, Vulcan, and Venus, which need not be very correct, as few readers trouble themselves about such matters. Use two or three words instead of one whenever you can; for instance, style nature "our productive mother," and call your dog "the barking quadruped." Never blot out what you have written, for if you do not esteem highly your own productions, who will? Believe all that your friends and admirers say, and praise all who praise you. If a friend declares that you are "the Opitz of the age," immediately return the compliment by styling him "the Flemming of his times." When you are found guilty of bad spelling, you must assert boldly that you did it on principle, and that you hold some new and peculiar views on orthography. This may appear ridiculous to an inexperienced author, but I assure you, that however foolish your productions may be, you will find admirers and imitators so long as you maintain a hardy self-confidence. Finally, if you would aspire to a laureate's place, you must put away all pride and shame. Plague some prince or nobleman with odes and other adulatory rhymes until he gives you a place to make you quiet. Now you may leave the pursuit of poetry to your admirers, who will write panegyrics upon you; and if any one dares to censure you, how easily and probably you may now ascribe his censures to mean and envious motives!'

Balthasar Schupp (1610–1661) was one of the best German prose writers of the seventeenth century. He was a preacher at Hamburg, and was noted as an opponent of the scholastic theology and the pedantry of his times. He contended for the use of the German language in education, and ridiculed the strange style of writing, half-German and half-Latin, which was admired by some pedants. His censures on this style can hardly be understood without an example. The following short passage from a 'Discourse on History,' by Nicolaus Gundling, not only justifies the censures of Schupp, but also shows that the pedantic style was maintained even in the eighteenth century. The work from which this barbarous passage is extracted was published in 1737:

'Not only Cicero, but all sensible men have agreed in saying that *Historia* is *Magistra Scholaque vitæ*. For even the *Stulti*, as well as the *Sapientes*, may profit by this study. The latter may gain by it; for they can never be so wise as not to be able to become wiser, and especially, *ut caveant ab artificiis stultorum quae detegit aperitque Historia*. It also supplies practice for logic: *versatur enim circa distinguenda verosimilia a vero dissimilibus*.' This passage almost equals the feat of Hudibras, who could 'pronounce

A leash of languages at once.'

In opposition to such jargon, Balthasar Schupp wrote in a plain and unaffected German style. Our second extract from his writings may serve to show that the popular ignorance of which Fischart complained in 1573 was still flourishing in the seventeenth century:—

ON THE USE OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

'Foreign words have now become so fashionable, that even our peasants understand many things better under their Latin than their Teutonic titles; and if a writer would take the pains to translate all the Latin words into German, he would only make his style unintelligible. For instance, if you mention "the *commandant* at Rostock," everybody understands your meaning; but ask our peasants "Who is the *obergebietiger* (over-ruler) at Rostock?" and you will get no better answer than that which our weak-minded schoolmaster gave to the inspector's question—"Who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, the children of Noah?" The puzzled pedagogue went home and complained to his wife that the inspector had asked an unreasonable question. "Does he suppose," said he, "that I have spent ten years like himself at a university?" "And could you not answer?" said his wife, laughing at him. "Then tell me who is the father of Joachim, John, and Peter, the sons of our neighbour Lox the miller?" "Lox the miller," said the schoolmaster. So the next day he again met the inspector, who repeated the question, "Who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, the children of Noah?" "Lox the miller," said the poor schoolmaster. You would not get a better answer if you asked our peasants "Who is the *obergebietiger* at Rostock?" . . . .

'But I assure you that our language does not require for its beauty and improvement any of these foreign importations. Why should we have two words to do the work which one can do very well? To all those who love affectations, I would recommend the example of an official gentleman in Hesse, who is generally styled "Fat Lawrence," and who has shown that even our homely mother-tongue can be turned to very polite uses for those who do not like a plain way of speaking. They tell me that when he wants a knife, he says to his boy, "Page, convey to me the bread-dividing instrument." At another time, when he wished to tell his wife that the clock had

struck nine, and it was time for ladies to go to bed, he proved himself a Hessian Cicero by saying, "Help of my soul!—desire of my eyes!—my superior self! the metallic hollow has resounded to nine inflictions! Rise, therefore, on the columns intended to support thy body, and repair to the bed replete with feathers!" A similar style may be found in a book lately published by a promising philologist, who says in one passage, "The variegated children of the atmosphere begin to musicize!" This simply means, "the birds begin to sing." Our mother-tongue is injured by all such affectations. Every language has its peculiar genius, as our wise King Charles knew when he said that he would talk in French to ladies, in Italian or Spanish to kings, and would reserve German to threaten his enemies..... However, wisdom is not confined to any language; and therefore I ask, why may I not learn in German how to know, love, and serve God —that is theology? Or if I wish to study medicine, why may I not learn how to discern and cure diseases as well in German as in Greek and Arabic? The French and the Italians employ their native languages in teaching all the arts and sciences. There are many great cardinals and prelates in Rome who cannot speak Latin; and why may not a man, though ignorant of Latin and Greek, become a good German preacher? I know he may; for when I studied at Leyden, a new preacher was appointed to the pulpit of the Lutheran congregation there. He had been a painter, and had no advantages of classical education; so many of the genteel students of law made jests on this preacher, because he ventured to ascend the pulpit before he had mastered Latin. However, he understood the Scriptures well, and I was more edified by his plain homilies than by the sermons of many learned and Latinised professors.'

ON PROPHETIC ALMANACS.

'I knew a cavalier (a military man) who had been persuaded by one of these fabricators of false prophetic almanacs, that in two years there would be a great battle at Nuremberg, and that he (the cavalier) would drive the royal forces from the field. The cavalier went with his troops to a campaign, and five months afterwards I heard the news of his death; but I have not heard any news of the "great battle of Nuremberg." Now Hans Puckel of that place is frequently here (in Hamburg), and lodges at the White Swan. Let any one ask the landlord or the "boots" at that inn if Hans Puckel has ever said anything about the defeat of the royal forces at Nuremberg, or of any battle there. Yet I know many persons, holding respectable stations in society, who still believe that Providence must regulate the affairs of nations and individuals according to the presumptuous sayings of the almanac-makers. In vain have many of our best divines protested against these vanities. GEORGE ALBRECHT says of the prognosticators, "Their professed explanations of wars, pestilences, and other evils, by the supposed aspect and influences of the planets, are opposed to the doctrine of the Gospel." LUTHER says distinctly, "Astrology is no science, for it has neither well-

founded principles nor demonstrations, but is a mere quackery, depending on chances for occasional good-luck." The logic of the astrologers is nothing more than this, "Such an event has happened twice or thrice, and may possibly happen again, so we will predict it." Dr Jacob Andreas, another good divine, in a sermon printed in 1578, thunders against the false prophets in these words:—"Unhappily," he says, "there are many people who have more faith in the almanac than in the Bible. With regard to the changes of the seasons and the affairs of human life, they constantly refer not to the Scriptures, but to the so-called prophetic calendar, and if they find it right in one instance, they say 'of course it will be right in another.' The only prediction of weather on which a Christian should depend is that which was written by Moses. But now, as people take the false prophecies of vain men instead of the Scripture, we need not wonder that we have such strange weather—summer in winter, and winter in summer—as we see in these times." Such is the admonition of this divine, and still the same ignorance and folly is prevalent. When we preach to the people, and tell them, in language like that of Jeremiah, that unless they repent they will surely be punished, who believes our message? How many converts do we make? How few! But when an astrologer predicts that a great calamity will happen on a certain day, what dismal forebodings fill your minds! How firmly you believe in the idle words of an impostor! There was a notable example of this in the year 1638, when an astrologer at Venice ventured to prophesy that, on the 23d day of July in that year, all the countries lying under the sign of Leo would be afflicted with earthquakes, floods, wondrous signs, flaming comets, and conflagrations. What terrors seized the minds of the people! Many who were called Christians looked forward to the coming day with dread, and some of them would have sold their possessions and left the country, but their pastors and teachers with difficulty restrained them. . . . . I will give you another fact. A friend, a respectable divine, paid his addresses to a young lady; but an astrologer assured him that the unfortunate maiden was doomed by the stars to marry an old man, and to have no family. However, my friend, by the favour of Providence, falsified the prediction very soon, for before he was twenty-four years old he married the maiden, and they have now a family of nine boys and girls.'

These extracts, from the discursive and familiar writings of Schupp, are given not as specimens of any remarkable literary skill, but because they may convey some just ideas of the state of literature and popular intelligence in his times. For the same reason we may notice here the low productions of Abraham a Sancta Clara (1642–1709), who was a monk and a popular preacher in this period. He wrote and published sermons full of puns, jokes, and familiar anecdotes. If a modern reader can

imagine some of the lightest passages of comic literature delivered from the pulpit, and mingled with some solemn and severe admonitions, he may form a notion of the style of this writer.

No historical works of any importance were produced in this century. Adam Olearius (1600–1671) published, in 1656, a 'Description of Travels in Russia and Persia,' which is plainly written, and contains accounts of popular manners which are confirmed by the statements of recent travellers.

Scriver, Arnold, and Spener, were among the most remarkable theological writers who used the German language. Christian Scriver wrote a series of short meditations entitled 'Gotthold's Accidental Meditations' (1704), in a simple and devotional style. Gottfried Arnold wrote a work styled 'The Mystery of Divine Wisdom' (1700). The 'Letters' and 'Theological Thoughts' of Philip Jacob Spener, which were published in 1700 and 1702, were favourably received by the stricter class of Protestants.

The greatest writer of this period was Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz (1646–1716), but his principal works are not written in German. He was distinguished by versatility of talents, united with powers of deep thought, and was celebrated as a philosopher, a philologer, and a statesman. At the early age of fourteen he began his studies in a university, where he displayed a precocious genius. Moral philosophy and geometry were his favourite studies, but he also devoted attention to natural history, chemistry, and even alchemy. He was a reader of ancient classic authors, and acquired several of the modern languages. He was engaged in diplomacy, was noted as an industrious correspondent, wrote poems, and travelled in France, England, and Italy. It is remarkable that he wrote so much, as he was engaged in so many public affairs. He wrote to advance the cultivation of his native language; but his works in German are not distinguished by clearness and elegance. The favourite philosophical topics of Leibnitz were connected with natural theology and the moral government of the world. The argument of his work entitled 'Théodicée' may be found in the treatise on 'Natural Theology' by the late Dr Chalmers. The 'German Works' of Leibnitz have been collected and edited by G. E. Guhrauer (1838–1840). From this collection we translate a few passages found in an 'Essay on Wisdom:'—

PRACTICAL WISDOM.

'Happiness consists in a true and harmonious development of the faculties of our nature, and all unhappiness may be regarded as arising from some disease or injury of our faculties, by which their unity is interrupted. By the unity of our powers or faculties

I mean that course of development in which *one* is unfolded in harmony with *all* the others (for instance, a physical power in harmony with the moral power of conscience). This rule of unity in variety produces in human, and also in external nature, that harmony and order which we delight to behold. From this fair order beauty springs, and beauty awakens love. Thus we find a close connection between all the ideas which we represent by such words as "happiness," "joy," "love," "perfection," "power," "freedom," "harmony," and "beauty," as they all imply that "unity in variety" which we regard as the law of nature. Now when the faculties of the human soul are developed in accordance with this law, there is a feeling of consistency, order, freedom, power, and completeness, which produces an abiding happiness: this is distinct from all sensuous pleasures, as it is constant, does not deceive us, and cannot produce future unhappiness, as partial pleasures may: it may therefore be termed a pure joy. It is always attended by an enlightened reason, and an impulse toward all goodness and virtue. Sensuous, transitory, or partial pleasures (that is, pleasures not in accordance with the *whole* of our nature, which is rational as well as physical) may easily be mistaken for happiness; but they may be clearly distinguished by this mark, that while they gratify the senses, they do not satisfy reason. An unwise indulgence in such pleasures may introduce discord in our nature, and thus produce many evils. Pleasure, therefore, must not be regarded as an *end*, but may be employed as one of the *means* of happiness. It should be viewed as a delicious cate, with a suspicion that it may contain something poisonous. In short, pleasures, like our daily diet, must be regulated by reason. But rational enjoyment arising out of a general harmonious wellbeing of our nature, has in itself an evidence that it is purely good, and can produce no evil in the future. The chief means of promoting such joy must be the enlightenment of reason, and the exercise of the will in acting in accordance with reason. . . .

'If external advantages and pleasures could produce the happiness I have described, it would certainly be found in the possession of great and rich men. But Christ himself has said it is very difficult for rich men "to enter the Kingdom of Heaven," or, in other words, to attain true happiness. Having around them an abundance of sensuous luxuries, they are disposed to seek satisfaction in joys which must be transitory; or, when they rise above physical pleasures, they generally depend on an ambition to gain honour and applause. But sickness and age will surely take away all sensuous delights, and misfortunes may ruin all the objects of ambition. Thus all external pleasures fail, and those who have depended upon them find that they have been deceived, as they now possess no permanent internal enjoyment. . . . .

'It is not so with the joy which springs from internal harmony and order, an enlightened reason and a love of goodness. This harmony in our own nature prepares us to enjoy the general harmony and beauty of the universe. We explore the fountain, trace the course,

and see the end of all creation. We rise above earthly cares and fears, and look down, as from a station among the stars, on all mean pleasures. As we understand the harmony of that great system of nature in which we form parts, we rejoice over all the goodness manifested in the past, cheerfully anticipate the future, and gladly take our part in promoting the universal wellbeing and harmony. . . . .

'In such concord with ourselves, and with the universe in which we live, true happiness is found; and therefore, though (as I have said) rich and favoured individuals generally fail to attain it, it is still true that they have the greatest powers for producing happiness not only for themselves, but for others. They may co-operate in the general design of the universe on a large scale. One rich and powerful man may live and act (in contrast with less favoured men) as if he had a thousand hands or a thousand lives. Our only true and worthy life must be measured by the amount of good which we do. If one man, in the course of a short life, does as much good as others do in a thousand years, his life, however short, is worth a thousand years of ordinary activity. . . . .

'The beauty of the universe (thus regarded) is so great, its contemplation has such sweetness, the light in the mind and the joy in the heart awakened by it have such excellence, even in this life, that those who have tasted this true happiness will esteem it above all transitory delights. And when we remember that the soul is immortal, and that all goodness in this world will surely produce fruits in the life to come, we shall at once see that the happiness which springs from wisdom and goodness is indescribably great and glorious.' *

Our notices have shown few marks of progress in the seventeenth century. Yet the 'literary associations' of this time, though they produced no works of genius, had some good influence on the cultivation of the language. The fictions of this time, though rude in an artistic point of view, were better than the personal invectives of the preceding century. The translations from English writers supplied models of style which were employed with advantage by German authors in the eighteenth century. Lastly, the writings of Leibnitz threw some intellectual radiance over his times. We now proceed to the times of HALLER, GELLERT, KLOPSTOCK, and LESSING, in which improvement will be more clearly visible.

* Some further notice of the philosophical writings of Leibnitz will be found in a succeeding section on metaphysical literature.

SIXTH PERIOD.

1720—1770.

This period was marked by improvement in prose as well as poetry. The English essayists Addison, Steele, and others, had supplied models of neat and clear prose, which German authors were glad to imitate. Accordingly, we find an English tone in the essays of GELLERT, GARVE, and several other prose writers of the eighteenth century, who were distinguished rather by good judgment than great abilities. Another feature of their writings is their constant regard to moral utility. On this account they have been exposed to the ridicule of some recent critics. There was a remarkable tendency in the earlier part of this period to judge literature and philosophy by the standard of common sense, and even poetry was submitted to logical analysis, and subordinated to moral purposes.

POETRY.

The prevailing taste in poetry during this time is displayed in a work on the 'Critical Study of Poetic Art,' which was produced by JOHANN JACOB BREITINGER in 1740. This book is written in a correct and sensible style; but the author regarded poetry as consisting chiefly in description, and maintained that it should be limited to the inculcation of moral precepts. Consequently the fables of Gellert and Hagedorn were regarded as productions of poetic genius, though they did not rise above the mediocrity generally found in such compositions. But even these simple and unpretending pieces of versification were naturally received as signs of progress beyond the meaningless rhymes of Opitz and the bombast of Lohenstein.

A controversy regarding the nature of poetry was opened during this period, and may be briefly noticed here, as it produced some considerable results in the writings of Lessing. JOHANN CHRISTOPH GOTTSCHED (1700–1766) was one of the heroes in this literary warfare, and became notable as a man of pedantic taste. It may be said, however, in his favour, that he was reasonably offended by the dramatic productions of his day, and zealously endeavoured to reform the German stage. He wrote a paraphrase of Addison's 'Cato,' and several critical essays, which prove that he knew little of poetry beyond its forms. JACOB BODMER (1698–

1783) maintained, in opposition to the pedantry of Gottsched, that the object of poetry must be to excite imagination and emotion. The nature of their controversy is implied in the fact, that while Gottsched reprobated Milton's 'Paradise Lost' as an unclassical production, Bodmer defended it as a work of the highest poetical genius. Unfortunately he also proceeded to imitate it, as well as he could, by writing, in miserable hexameters, a tedious epic on the Deluge, which he styled 'The Noachide.' The attempted sublimity of this work is often ridiculous, as in a passage where 'a watery comet' is described as coming into collision with the earth, and producing the Flood. Yet Bodmer had some merit, especially in his revival of the interest of national literature by the publication of various specimens of ancient poetry. The writers who were attached to Gottsched require no particular notices, as their verses were cold and artificial; but Bodmer numbered among his friends Klopstock and other young men of some promise. ALBRECHT VON HALLER (1708–1777) is a very favourable specimen of the literary men of this period. He was an accomplished scholar, chiefly devoted to the studies of medicine and natural philosophy, but wrote several didactic poems, and a descriptive poem on the Alps, which may be ranked among the best of its class. CHRISTIAN GELLERT deserves notice chiefly on account of his prose writings, though he wrote many pleasing and popular fables, in accordance with the maxim of Breitinger, that even poetry should be devoted to utility. LICHTWER, ZACHARIA, HAGEDORN, and PFEFFEL, wrote fables, which enjoyed a considerable popularity, though they had little poetic merit.

ARNOLD EBERT (1723–1795) was chiefly known as the promoter of a new literary epidemic, which was styled the *Anglomania*. He translated Young's 'Night-Thoughts,' some of Richardson's long novels, and Macpherson's 'Ossian,' and these English books were read with enthusiastic admiration. Even Kant, the abstract thinker, was delighted with the perusal of Richardson's sentimental fictions. The rhapsodies of Macpherson were received with a simple faith in their wonderful antiquity, and probably suggested to Klopstock his day-dreams of an ancient order of German bards who never existed. The 'Night-Thoughts' produced, or nourished, a disposition to gloomy and sentimental versification, and this was especially regarded as an important symptom of the Anglomania. It is amusing to observe that some German critics gravely ascribe the morbid and affected tone of some parts of their literature to English influence; yet there is some truth in their remarks. On the other side, it may be noticed that the works of Milton, Pope, and Thomson, contributed favourable impulses to German poetry.

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock was born in 1724. Though the enthusiasm which once ranked him, as an epic poet, with Homer and Milton, has for ever passed away, his name is still associated with pleasant recollections. Amid the cold and imitative versification of his times, his poems appeared as the results of true inspiration. The idea of his epic poem 'The Messiah' was no doubt derived from Milton; yet it was not a mechanical imitation, but a work of the heart as well as the mind. But Klopstock attempted to perform a task in which Milton failed. The simple reality of the Gospel narrative is so complete in itself, and so deeply interesting, that all additions of supernatural and mythological incidents can only detract from its dignity. It is a moral, not an epic subject, and the poet can add nothing to its interest and importance. Klopstock must have felt the impropriety of interweaving such a history with poetical fictions, or he would not have resorted to the expedient of filling so many pages of his poem with conversations and descriptions. These interpolations make the work so tedious, that it may be safely said few persons have read through 'The Messiah.' Goethe says that one of his father's friends 'read through the first ten cantos once in every year;' but it may be added that this admirer of Klopstock 'read hardly any other author,' and consequently devoted to his annual task an unimpaired faculty of attention. These first ten cantos are considerably superior to the remainder of the poem, which appears to have been in a great measure the result of mechanical labour. The first three cantos appeared in 1748, but the poem was not concluded until 1773. Klopstock's 'Odes' are sentimental, but marked with sincerity, and show the true characteristics of the writer—piety, friendship, and gentleness. After a life of prosperity, cheered with the society of many genial friends, he died at Hamburg in 1803.

Johann Gleim (1793–1803) was rather remarkable as the friend of Klopstock than as a poet. He lived, a bachelor, at Halberstadt, enjoying a comfortable income, and gathering around him a number of literary friends, who regarded him as a patron combining in himself the qualities of Anacreon and Mecaenas. His performances in poetry were small.

Ewald Kleist (1715–1759), who was patronised by Gleim, wrote a descriptive poem on 'Spring,' which soon became popular, though it was only one of several imitations of Thomson's 'Seasons.' Jacobi, Schmidt, Gotz, and Uz, may be mentioned as fair specimens of many versifiers of this period who did not rise above mediocrity. Poetry was regarded by Gleim and his associates as an expression of friendship, and other simple pleasures of human life. Consequently they addressed to each other a great number of fami-

liar lyrics and occasional verses; and they must not be condemned for thus finding in the cultivation of moderate poetical talents a source of innocent and social enjoyment: their error consisted in publishing all their light, occasional verses, in which impartial readers found monotony and mediocrity. This remark may be fairly applied to a great number of the occasional poems produced during this period. As a favourable specimen of such productions, one of the shorter odes of Klopstock may be given here:—

EARLY GRAVES.

'Welcome, oh, moon, with silver light,
Silent companion of the night;
Friend of my lonely meditations, stay,
While cloudlets deck thy face, and pass away.

Still fairer than this summer night
Is young May-morning, glad and bright,
When sparkling dew-drops from his tresses flow,
And all the eastern hills like roses glow.

Departed friends! whose dust is sleeping
'Neath stones o'er which brown moss is creeping;
Oft I enjoyed, in days gone by, with you,
Night's solemn calm, and morning's sparkling dew.'

Anna Luise Karsch (1722–1791) was a poetess, whose verses derived their interest partly from the circumstances of her life, which were very unfavourable. She was born in poverty, and had no advantages of education; but married unhappily, and lived in destitution. Karl Ramler (1725–1798) was a follower of Klopstock, noted chiefly as having introduced with some success the antique metres of Horace into German poetry. Christoph Tiedge (1752–1841) was celebrated in his day for his didactic poem 'Urania,' on the immortality of the soul; but Goethe laughed at its formal and abstract style, and it is now almost forgotten. Caspar Lavater, who wrote some pious lyrics, was chiefly known as an eccentric Pietist and a writer on physiognomy. Heinrich Jung (1740–1817) also wrote verses, but became celebrated by the autobiography and several religious tales which he wrote under the assumed name of Stilling. Many other names of minor poets might be added; but it would be difficult to find particular marks of excellence in their writings. After all the rules and critiques which have been written, the estimation of poetry depends so much upon national and individual tastes, that we can only explain our judgment of poetical works by reference to some well-known models. Thus if we regard as models of true poetry, according to the decision of English taste, such productions as Milton's 'Comus,'

Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' and Gray's 'Elegy,' we may fairly state that few specimens of German poetry can be classed with these and similar English poems.

Perhaps it may be convenient to mention here two writers whose poems partly belong to our next period. DANIEL SCHUBART (1739–1791) is still remembered, not for the value of his poems, but chiefly on account of the misery of his life. He was a schoolmaster and organist at Geislingen, but lost his situation by reckless conduct. He then wandered about the country, and gained a subsistence as a teacher of music; but while his own life was badly regulated, he indulged his propensity to satirise the conduct of others. In England his satires would have excited little attention; but in Germany they were regarded as so dangerous, that the despotic Duke of Würtemberg seized the miserable poet, and imprisoned him for ten years! During this confinement his poems were published, and derived interest from the hard fate of their author. His satires are coarse and worthless; but there is a popular force in some of his verses. The following may serve as a specimen:—

THE VAULT OF THE PRINCES.

'And here they lie—these ashes of proud princes,
Once clad in proud array.
Here lie their bones in the melancholy glimmer
Of the pale dying day.

And their old coffins from the vault are gleaming
Like rotten timber, side by side,
And silver family shields are faintly beaming—
Their last display of pride!

Here vanity, reclining on a bier,
Looks out from hollow sockets still,
Quenched are the fiery balls that from these skulls
Could look and kill.

Here marble angels weep beside their urns,
Cold tears of stone for aye—
The Italian sculptor (*smiling all the while*)
Carved out their false array.

The mighty hand is but a mouldering bone
That once held life and death:
See that frail breast-bone, heaving once so high
Bright stars and gold beneath!

Oh, wake them not, but let them soundly sleep;
For cruel was their reign;
But scare yon ravens, lest their croakings wake
Wutherich to life again.

Oh, wake them not—the scourges of their race—
Earth has for them no room—
Soon, soon enough will over them be rattling
The thunders of their doom!'

GOTTFRIED BURGER (1748–1794) resembled Schubart in his irregular life, but was superior as a writer of ballads. His versification was fluent and spirited. The wild and spectral ballad of 'Leonora' was rapidly spread over the country, and has been frequently translated. Such popularity shows the great importance of style; for Burger's poems have no substantial value. He lost his property by an unfortunate speculation, and afterwards supported himself in a very miserable style by writing translations for booksellers. In other respects his life was ill-guided and unhappy. As Goethe said of Günther—'he had no self-control, either in life or poetry, but was a creature of circumstances, and thus his powers were wasted.' It was a melancholy spectacle when his third wife (who had probably shortened his days by harsh treatment) travelled about the country after his death, and recited his poems to public audiences with affected pathos!

LUDWIG HOLTY (1748–1776) wrote plaintive verses in accordance with the sentimental taste of his time, and so gained a popularity which has passed away. His poems, like those of Schulze, Kirke White, and other consumptives, seem to contain a prediction of his early death. The brothers CHRISTIAN and FRIEDRICH STOLBERG (1748–1821)—(1760–1819), descended from an ancient noble family, wrote poems of some merit, but having only the fading interest of so many productions of this time. MARTIN USTERI wrote idyls in the Swiss dialect, and is remembered as the author of the well-known song, 'Freut euch des Lebens' ('Life let us Cherish!')

THE DRAMA.

GOTTSCHED and his followers deserved some praise, as they drove the absurd bombast of Lohenstein from the stage; but for this bombast they substituted pedantry. JOHANN ELIAS SCHLEGEL (1719–1749), one of Gottsched's disciples, made some improvement on the style of his master; but his comedies, 'The Idler' and the 'Mysterious Man,' as well as his tragedy of 'Canute,' are dull productions. His younger brother, HEINRICH SCHLEGEL, translated several dramatic pieces from the English, and introduced the English dramatic metre of iambic blank verse, instead of the clumsy Alexandrine verses which had been used in German dramas. This change of metre was confirmed by Lessing and

Schiller. Christian Felix Weisse (1726–1805), prompted by the encouragement of Lessing, wrote several comedies and imitations of English pieces in such a free and careless style, that the old critic Gottsched was enraged by finding all his pedantic maxims thus contemned. He even wrote to the civil authorities of Dresden, telling them that the public taste was in danger, and requesting them to prohibit the performance of these new-fashioned dramas. For once Gottsched and Bodmer agreed in their opinions; for the latter also protested against the dramas of Weisse. The comedies which thus excited the indignation of critics of the old school were remarkable only as signs of progress toward a natural and lively style of writing. The tragedies of the same writer hardly rose above the commonplace style which had been fashionable. The same remark may be applied to the tragedy of 'Codrus,' written by Friedrich Cronegk in 1757.

We now turn from the productions of inferior minds, and find a preparation for a new era in literature in the writings of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729–1787), who was equally eminent as a dramatist and a critic. German literature, as we have seen, had long required the services of an accomplished and severe critic, and in Lessing it found one who would spare neither friends nor foes in his endeavours to maintain a standard of literary excellence. His life was characterised by remarkable activity. He lived at various times in Berlin, Leipsic, Breslau, Hamburg, and Wolfenbuttel, and was engaged not only in producing original works, but also in criticising, candidly and fearlessly, the writings of his contemporaries. The numerous objects upon which his attention was divided prevented him from bringing to perfection any one great work worthy of his abilities. But his acute, philosophical, and severe criticism was probably of more importance than any original work. He ably exposed the pedantry of Gottsched, the failure of Klopstock as an epic poet, the false imitations of the ancient classics which had been fashionable, the unpoetic fables of Gellert and others, and the falsity of that style of descriptive poetry which had attempted to do with the pen the work of the painter. This last error was fully criticised in his 'Laokoon,' which appeared in 1766. His 'Literary Letters' (1759–1765) produced good effects. He maintained a high standard of poetry, demanding creative imagination from all who would claim the poet's title. His style produced a reformation in German prose only second to that effected by Luther. The few lyrical pieces which he wrote in youth are of no importance; it was in the drama that his services were most remarkable. His 'Sara Sampson' was an attempt to produce on the German stage a piece in the English taste; but his tragedy 'Minna von Barnhelm' was far superior. Its subject was national,

taken from the history of the Seven Years' War, and its success was complete. Another tragedy, 'Emilie Galotti,' presented a wonder to the public—a *laconic* German drama. But, late in life, Lessing appeared to have partly forgotten his own good rules of dramatic writing, when he produced a didactic drama entitled 'Nathan the Wise;' for in this work the action is suspended for the sake of the doctrine of universal religious toleration which Nathan inculcates. This drama, however, has been admired by many, chiefly on account of its didactic purport, and it certainly contains some powerful and excellent writing. It also reminds us of a very important change in the tone of German literature from the national and Christian character which we find in Klopstock, to the cosmopolitan character which prevails in the writings of Goethe, Schiller, and other modern poets. Lessing's writings produced in a great measure this transition.

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE.

The prose writers of this period were not numerous and distinct enough to admit accurate classification. Neatness and propriety of style were studied, but were not attended by any striking display of original genius.

The writings of CHRISTIAN WOLF (1679–1759) represent the state of philosophy in Germany in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. At this time liberty of thought was not tolerated in Prussia, which was governed by Frederick-William, a semi-barbarian despot. Wolf, whose ponderous 'System of Philosophy' was little more than a collection of metaphysical definitions without true unity and originality, was accused of holding heterodox views, and expelled from his professorship at Halle in the most contumelious style. Frederick treated with contempt all speculations which rose above the common necessities of life. He esteemed the 'Ready Reckoner' as the masterpiece of science, and maintained that all philosophy should be devoted to solve the problem how to make a groat serve instead of a shilling. In this sort of philosophy the king was an adept. We cannot guess to what punishment he would have sentenced such a writer as Immanuel Kant. Many who have ridiculed the pedantry of Wolf's philosophical writings, have not fairly considered the unfavourable circumstances of the times in which he lived. He wrote a treatise on the 'Law of Nature and Nations.'

COUNT ZINZENDORF (1700–1760) may be noticed here as the representative of a class of writers whose works are remarkable rather for their religious tendencies than their literary merits. Zinzendorf was a bishop of the United Brethren—a sect of Pietists

who established themselves at Herrnhut. Some of the teachers of this society visited England, and their doctrines were received by the celebrated JOHN WESLEY, who disseminated them with such zeal and activity that they are now spread over a considerable part of the world. This fact affords an instance of great results produced by obscure means; for the Pietistic writings, which had such important relations to society, never acquired any distinguished position in general literature. Yet their extensive influence may be easily explained. They appealed to the hearts of the people, in a style which had been long neglected by the established churches in Germany and England. In the fourteenth century, while the greatest scholars in the Romish church were engaged in writing on abstruse metaphysical questions, a sect called Mystics arose, who simplified doctrines, and promulgated a religion founded on the affections. The doctrines of the Pietists substantially agree with those of other Protestant sects, and must not be confounded with the views of the Mystics; yet it is true that a connection may be traced between Johann Tauler, in the fourteenth, and Count Zinzendorf in the eighteenth century.

The writings of Buffon and other naturalists directed the minds of several German authors of this period to the study of natural theology. ALBRECHT HALLER, who has been noticed as a didactic poet, may also be mentioned as the writer of several essays on the physical sciences, especially botany and medicine. The following passage is extracted from Haller's preface to a translation of Buffon's 'Natural History' (1750):—

HYPOTHESIS AND INDUCTION.

'Fashion prevails in the opinions as well as the costumes of mankind, and even nations, like individuals, follow customs of thinking, for which they can give no good reasons. Such modes of thought are changeable, because they have no real ground in nature. Permanence is the singular characteristic of truth. About two hundred years have passed away since hypotheses, or imaginative explanations of nature, were the favourite occupations of learned men. Descartes invented a mechanism of the universe, ascribing to invisible atoms such figures and motions as suited his arbitrary plan, and Europe hailed the theory as a proof of the highest philosophical genius. Men began to talk confidently of imaginary elements—"vortices" and "spirals"—and regarded it as a triumph of science when some small part of nature could be probably explained by the method of Descartes.

'But the disputes of hypothetical thinkers soon exposed the fallacies of their systems. A mere fashion of thinking could not last long. Their inventions were like false imitations of the precious metal, which have the glitter, but not the density and durability, of

gold. A false medium can only find circulation for a short time. One system-maker can see the errors of another. The contentions of such theorists, naturally arising from their pride and ambition, were the first means of exposing the fallacy of hypothetical philosophy. A new theorist found an easy road to fame in the refutation of some celebrated writer; as it is easier to point out the inconsistencies of an old system, than to establish a new and better method. A common test may discover copper, but cannot change it into gold. However, rival systems, after each had enjoyed its day of celebrity, passed away, amid the controversies which they had excited, and left only their names behind them. Thus the Cartesians overcame the Peripatetics, and the Gassendists vanquished the disciples of Descartes; and now the three systems are all lost in the obscurity from which they were once evoked by the power of imagination.

'But we find more direct means of correcting hypothesis in the improvements recently made in philosophical instruments. Telescopes, improved glasses, more accurate standards of measurement, and many other unpretending tools of discovery, have done more for philosophy than the method of Aristotle, the creative genius of Descartes, or the erudition of Gassendi. Armed with such instruments, the modern disciples of nature dare to express their contempt of old systems; for they find that these were mere productions of imagination, like fancy portraits of Æneas, Romulus, and Pharamund. The old system-makers attempted to paint the face of nature before they had lifted her veil.

'Strict mathematical science has now asserted its sway in Europe, and has made us content to creep rather than attempt a lofty flight, which must end in a fall. A severe law has been issued that we must believe in nothing less than demonstration, and this law is now generally accepted in the intellectual world. England submits; Boerhaave announces the submission of Holland; Germany renounces her hypotheses; and even France, though unwilling to sacrifice the reputation won by her philosopher, and to lose the pleasure of a free imagination, yields to the necessity of our times. The Academy, as represented by Reaumeur, Maupertius, and Clairaut, is performing penance for former transgressions in philosophy.

'But this renunciation of hypothesis may lead to the opposite extreme. Human nature finds no task more difficult than that of finding and preserving the just medium of extremes. Men will change total unbelief for superstition, or will leave a life of luxury, and retire to the monastery of La Trappe: at one time they will assert their liberty in the extreme style of the Pelagian doctrine; at another time they will regard themselves as mere machines moved by necessity, as the Jansenists say; but how few will observe the middle line! So it is in the study of natural history: from hypothesis we are now on our way to scepticism; and, like the Athenian academy, in endeavouring to avoid error, we may end in believing nothing. In plain words, to avoid the use of hypothesis (in its proper place), and to restrict science to experiments and observations of particular

facts, is the present fashion, which I count among the numerous instances of want of moderation. . . . This mode of study, I believe, will be as injurious as the old method of resting in hypotheses. If we must limit our science so closely; if we must merely perceive phenomena, and despair of finding their internal nature; if we suppose that truth lies in an abyss far beyond all our researches—what will be the consequence? Natural science will be regarded as a barren region, and as we shall have no hope of finding in it the wealth or the beauty which we desire, we shall refuse to cultivate it.'

Gottlieb Rabener (1714–1771) was a very mild satirist, who declared, with perfect truth, that his writings had never injured the character of any individual. They were not likely to do it, for they were never personal; and they were hardly able to do it, as they are very tame. His satire was directed against conventional foibles. In one instance he had at least a good object in view, which was, to expose the tedious and digressive style of some German historical books. To do this, he gives a review of an imaginary voluminous history of an obscure hamlet called Querlequitsch. The supposed author (a kindred spirit with the P. P.—Parish Clerk, described by Pope) begins his book with this sentence:—'If we carry back our researches to the beginning of the world, we shall find that it was at first inhabited by only one married couple, named respectively Adam and Eve.' He then goes on, with insufferable tediousness, through the history of the Chaldeans, the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, not forgetting the Longobards (but here he runs into a long digression on the question whether the name of this people was derived from their 'long beards'), and at last he piously expresses his thankfulness that he has found his way back to his subject, the obscure hamlet of Querlequitsch.

Goethe, in his recollections of the literature of this time, gives a pleasing and very favourable character of Rabener, which is confirmed by some traits in the writings of the latter. While he was engaged in an office under government, his house was burned down in the siege of Dresden in 1760. He displayed some good-humour and equanimity by writing the following account of his losses:—

TO A FRIEND.

'Dresden, *August* 12, 1760.

'I fear that you are beginning to imagine that even my esteem for you must have been consumed in the conflagration, as I have delayed so long to write, and make you acquainted with all my misfortunes. But be assured that, even in the midst of my calamities, I have found consolation in knowing that our friendship remains. . . .

We have interchanged many pleasant and jocose letters, and now I must write one on a gloomy subject [the siege]; yet I have determined that it shall not be very melancholy. To tell the simple truth —without claiming any credit as a stoic or a philosopher—I have endured my share of calamity, have seen my house burned to the ground, have heard the news of the destruction of all my property, and have not shed a tear. Heaven enabled me thus to bear my trouble with tranquillity. . . . .

'On the 19th of last month the conflagration began. My house was in great danger on the 14th, and at eight o'clock in the morning a grenade fell in the chamber of my servant; but we contrived to quench the fire which it soon kindled. I then packed up all my property, and deposited it in the cellar and another part of the house which I considered tolerably safe. As the danger increased, I left my house in the care of my servant (as he was quite willing to remain there), and paid a visit to my friend D—— at Neustadt. . . . But here I did not escape from the bombardment. The next day two twelve-pound balls passed through one of the rooms in my friend's house. In the midst of the danger we had some comic situations. A grenade destroyed all my wigs, which I had carefully brought with me. I had just received the news of this disaster, when a good, well-meaning lady, the widow of a clergyman, came to me and reminded me that I must bear all inconvenience patiently, "because our good King Frederick had a religious motive in thus bombarding our town."

'The remark was no doubt well-intended, but so miserably ill-timed, just at the moment when my wigs, with all the apparatus belonging to them, were burning! What would the good motives of the king of Prussia do for my peruke! However, with two good friends I retired to a quiet apartment, and we endeavoured to spend the time as pleasantly as was possible. In the afternoon of the 19th, the church, the town-hall, and my dwelling, were wrapt in flames. I went to the front of the Government House, and there looked on the desolation which was spreading. After a short time, my servant came and informed me that my house was burned down, that part of my property had been destroyed by bombshells, and that the remaining portion (in the cellar) had been plundered by the soldiers who had been sent to quench the fire. Sad news! All my property, furniture, clothing, books, manuscripts—all the pleasant letters from yourself and other friends which I had preserved so carefully—all destroyed! Of property worth, as I counted it, some three thousand dollars, scarcely the value of ten dollars remaining! My wardrobe is thus suddenly reduced to an old stuff frock and an obsolete peruke (which I had put on when I went to quench the fire in my servant's room)—*item*, a bedgown! All my witty manuscripts, which, as I once expected, would make such a sensation after my decease—all turned to smoke! Really, I have now (as an author) no motive for dying, and shall therefore live as long and as well as I can!'

Christian Gellert (1715–1769) enjoyed in his day a great share of public esteem on account of his didactic writings. After being educated in theology, he was professor of philosophy at Leipsic, where he read lectures on poetry, rhetoric, and ethics, to large and admiring audiences. He wrote moral essays and sketches of character in a pleasing style, but without any remarkable originality. We may observe here that Gellert and several other prose writers of this period are perfectly free from the mysticism found in later German authors. Gellert also wrote many fables in verse. His personal character must have contributed a considerable share to his wide reputation, for he was honoured by all classes while living, and his death was generally deplored. The following is a specimen of his plain and sober style:—

THE IDLER.

'Erast, whose natural disposition is quiet and retiring, lives for himself, and manages his property economically, so as to be always free from anxiety. He has no family, no household cares, and as he does not like trouble, it is only fair to add that he gives trouble to nobody. For ten years he has lived in such a uniform style, that you can hardly distinguish one day of his existence from another. He rises punctually at eight o'clock. Breakfast, a newspaper, and gazing out of his window, serve as pastimes until ten o'clock reminds him that he must attend to business. This, however, is soon done, for it consists in merely entering an account of yesterday's expenses in his day-book. Then writing a letter, if politeness demands it, skimming over the pages of a new novel just sent from the library, and perhaps a tune on the harpsichord, furnish all the employment required to fill the interval between business and dressing for dinner. He dines comfortably, and enjoys a glass or two of good wine, but it is ten years since he indulged beyond moderation. After dinner, billiards claim one hour, and a visit, either paid or received, occupies another. Then comes the afternoon nap on the couch, by which he is sufficiently refreshed to endure one hour's light reading beside the coffee table. A constitutional walk now employs his faculties, if the sky is quite favourable. This pleasantly introduces supper, and this again prepares him for bed, to which he retires every evening at ten o'clock precisely. No wonder that Erast has a good character for quietness and sobriety! Something more may be added to the credit-side of his account. He is a perfectly harmless neighbour, who never gives himself the trouble to slander anybody. He pays his debts, and lives, indeed, as well as any man can live merely for himself. But is this convenient mode of life attended with true internal contentment? Can Erast believe that he was sent into the world to live thus? What in the world is he, with all his virtues, more than a neat piece of useless furniture? When he reflects (and he can hardly avoid the trouble of reflection now and then),

does not his conscience sometimes reprove his sensuous mode of existence? Has he no fear that society, for which he does nothing, will despise him? Is there no secret shame attending the recollection of some forty or fifty years passed away for ever in doing nothing?'

The criticism of ancient classical poetry, which Lessing revived in this period, was preceded by the criticism of ancient sculpture. Of this style of writing JOHANN WINKELMANN, born in 1717, was the originator. After receiving a classical education, and fulfilling the duties of several scholastic offices, he devoted himself with enthusiasm to the study of antique sculpture, and wrote eloquent dissertations on the grace, majesty, and beauty which he found in the works of ancient art. Having entered the Romish church, he was taken under the patronage of the Pope, and passed some years in Rome and other parts of Italy. His work entitled 'Thoughts on the Imitation of Grecian Works of Art' was produced in 1755. After a visit to Vienna, he was returning to Italy, when he was murdered by an Italian, his fellow-traveller, in 1768. His writings display true enthusiasm and a refined taste; and it may be said that the school of art-criticism in Germany owes its origin to the studies of Winkelmann.

The writings of Winkelmann produced that love of research among the treasures of classical antiquity which has been so fruitful in Germany, and is likely to be still more fruitful in good consequences. The faults of learning and literature in Germany require to be corrected by that example of a genial cultivation of art and literature which can be found only in ancient Greece. In many respects these two countries form a contrast, and especially in their intellectual culture. Grecian literature was a literature of life: it was intimately blended with the life, the progress, the actual interests of the people. Poets sung, and historians wrote, as sculptors and painters worked, not for a few students, but for the highest gratification of the whole people. Even the highest philosophy, such as was expounded by Plato, was not purely abstract; but was interwoven with human sympathies and social interests. The physical and the intellectual powers of human nature were harmoniously cultivated. The man, in his full and complete definition, was not sacrificed in order to make a poet, or a musician, or an historian; but, on the other side, poetry, philosophy, history, and all the fine arts, were employed to produce the most complete and beautiful development of human nature. This was the aim which prevailed through the whole of Grecian culture; and there cannot be a nobler object than to restore such a purpose to modern cultivation. But, as a contrast to the native literature of ancient Greece, modern Germany is a storehouse containing the erudition of all

countries and all ages; and a vast portion of this book-world may be said to belong rather to the literature for studies, museums, and libraries, than to the literature of life. Through a long period, Germany was noted for that corruption of learning, or general intellectual culture, that arbitrary and barren separation of thought from real life, which is styled *pedantry*. It is therefore a remarkable and a hopeful sign of modern days which we find in the Grecian enthusiasm manifested in the works of Müller, Jacobs, and other writers; and we may even hope that the Germans will proceed beyond disquisitions on the excellence of Grecian literature and art, to genial imitation, or rather emulation. Whatever success may attend their progress in this direction, it will be remembered that Winkelmann pointed out the way. The following passages may at least indicate the tone of his writings:—

GRECIAN ART.

'The study of Grecian art is as rich and various as that of Grecian literature; for in the forms which the ancient Greeks gave to their marbles, we find the same pliability and variety of genius which is manifested in their literature. When we inquire regarding the causes which contributed to produce the excellence of Grecian works of art, we shall easily find several; but the following may be esteemed as the most important:—(1) The influence of a fine climate; (2), the mode of government; and, (3), the connection of art with public festivals and religious ceremonies.

'In the first place, we must ascribe some part of the cheerful development of life and genius among the Greeks to the influence of a beautiful clime. Greece appears to have been a land elected by Heaven for the unfolding of beauty: its geographical situation and its temperature were favourable to this purpose. Though it did not enjoy a perpetual spring (for we read that snow fell so thickly in Sparta once, on the eve of an insurrection, that the people could not leave their houses), yet its general character was favourable to the life in the open air, and the public games and festivals in which the people delighted. . . . . Next to the influence of climate, we must consider, as another cause (but still united with the former), the cheerful and benevolent disposition of the people. Of this history supplies many proofs. One poet tells us that the sympathetic disposition of the Athenians was noted. Outcasts and refugees from other countries found in Athens an asylum, as we may observe even in the early times of the war between the Argives and the Thebans. The joyous Athenian spirit produced theatrical and other amusements, "to preserve life from the influence of dulness and melancholy," as Pericles says. Of the benevolent spirit of the Athenians we find a striking proof when we contrast their public games with the sanguinary spectacles of gladiators and wild beasts fighting together in the amphitheatres of Rome. The Grecians, in

their best days, turned away with horror from such exhibitions of cruelty. When, in the times of the emperors, a gladiatorial spectacle was appointed to be given at Corinth, the Greeks said, "We must throw down our altars sacred to pity before we can find amusement in such a spectacle." But under the influence of Rome, this spirit of humanity was debased, and at last a fight of gladiators was presented at Athens. . . . .

'The free government of Athens was the nurse of genius and art. Even in the old times of the kings, before the Greeks aspired to self-government, we may believe that a considerable degree of freedom was enjoyed under monarchy. Homer indicates the mild and paternal rule of Agamemnon by styling him "the shepherd of the people." Though tyrants arose in some states, the whole Hellenic nation was never under the sway of any one despot. Until the conquest of the island of Naxos by the Athenians, no city was subject to another—each enjoyed its own institutions. The Athenians were jealous of everything like a monopolising of greatness and honour. Their institutions encouraged all to strive toward that nobility which genius, wisdom, and virtue could claim; and their works of art were the results of the same free spirit of emulation. A statue might be erected in one of their public places to commemorate the beauty, the swiftness, or the physical strength of any individual, though he had arisen from the lowest rank. Parents might erect statues of their children in the temples: of this we find an instance in the mother of Agathocles. The honour of a statue in Athens was, indeed, almost as common as a mere title or a badge, such as a cross to be worn on the breast, in our own times. When the poet Pindar alluded to the renown of the Athenians, though it was only in a few words in one of his odes, the men of Athens did not express their pleasure and gratitude in mere words, according to our modern style, but erected a noble statue of the poet in front of the temple of Mars. . . . . .

'The earliest Greeks esteemed every beautiful development of the powers of human nature long before they discovered the value of erudition, or the cultivation of the abstract intellect; and, accordingly, the most ancient sculptures were produced in honour of physical or athletic qualities. Thus we read an account of a statue of Eutelides, a Spartan wrestler, which was erected at Elis, in the 38th Olympiad, and probably this was not the first statue made for such a purpose. In the inferior public games, as at Megara, a stone inscribed with the victor's name was used instead of a statue. Great was the honour of success in these public athletic exercises; for the earlier Greeks had no thought of that neglect and degradation of the physical powers which belongs to modern times. Bodily excellence, as well as intellectual power, often gained for its possessor the honour which art could bestow, and even the appellation "divine." Men of genius endeavoured to win the palm in athletic exercises. Thus Chrysippus and Cleanthes were well known as victorious athletes before they became renowned as philosophers. The profound

and eloquent Plato appeared among the wrestlers in the Isthmian games at Corinth, and also in the Pythian games at Sicyon. Even the meditative Pythagoras gained a prize at Elis, and gave instructions for athletic training to Eurymenes, who afterwards gained a prize at the same place.

'The statue of a victor, erected in some sacred or public place, and admired by the whole nation, was a powerful stimulus to the ambition of the athlete and the sculptor. So great was the honour of an Olympian victor, that his native city was regarded as participating in his renown: he was supported by the public, and when he died, received the homage of the people in a public burial..... Euthymus of Locri in Italy, who had, with only one exception, been regularly the victor at Elis, was not only honoured with a statue, but, by the command of an oracle, even during the lifetime of the victor, homage was paid to the statue..... The moral virtues, however, were not forgotten in the midst of this enthusiastic admiration of physical power and beauty. Statues were erected to preserve the memory of worthy citizens. Dionysius tells us of the statue of a good citizen at Cuma in Italy, which was thrown down and otherwise dishonoured by the tyrant Aristodemus. .... The way to honour was open to all who possessed superior powers of mind or body. The philosopher, or the wisest man in a town, was honoured as we now esteem the richest man—the *millionaire*. And various faculties of a superior order might be harmoniously developed by one individual; for the restriction of the mind to one province or department of intellect or art, which we find so commonly among modern painters and musicians, was not thought necessary by the Greeks. A sculptor might be a moral philosopher, or, like other citizens, might rise to command the army of a state. Thus, in later times, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius acknowledges that he received some lessons in moral philosophy from Diognetus the painter..... One great consequence of the general appreciation of beauty among the Greeks, was that the artist was not condemned to work to gratify the pride, vanity, or caprice of any one noble patron; but was supported and encouraged in the efforts of genius by the general voice of the people. And this people was not a rude, untaught democracy, but was under the direction of the wisest minds. The honours which were awarded by public assemblies to competitors in art were generally fairly and intelligently distributed. In the time of Phidias, there was at Corinth, as also at Delphos, a public exhibition of paintings, over which the most competent judges presided. Here Panaenus, the relative of Phidias, contended for a prize with Timagoras of Chalcis, when the latter proved victorious. Before such competent adjudicators Aetion produced his painting of "Alexander's Marriage with Roxane," and Proxenides, the judge who pronounced the decision, was so well pleased with the work, that he gave his daughter to be married to the painter. Universal fame did not unfairly prevail over rising merit. At Samos, in the painting of the "Weapons of Achilles," the renowned Parrhasius

failed to win the prize, which was carried away by the comparatively obscure artist Timanthes. . . . .

'Artists laboured not merely to gain the applause of their contemporaries, but also for immortal renown; and the immediate reward gained by some of their works was so ample, that they could afford to perform others gratuitously, to win honour, or to glorify their native land. Thus Polygnotus painted the Poecile at Athens, and also decorated a public building at Delphos with scenes taken from the siege of Troy. As an acknowledgment of his services in the latter instance, the Amphictyonic Council decreed that this artist should be gratuitously entertained in every town throughout Greece. . . . . Honour and fame, indeed, attended every artist who rose to excellence in his department. Even in the present day, we know the name of the architect who built an aqueduct in the island of Samos, and of a shipwright who built the largest ship for the same island. The name of a stone-mason, Architeles, renowned for his skill in hewing columns, has been also preserved, with the names of two excellent weavers who wove a mantle for Pallas at Athens, a mechanic named Parthenius, who made true balances, a saddler who copied the shield of Ajax in leather, and even a certain "Peron," who had the art of compounding very fragrant ointments. Thus all useful and elegant work, displaying taste and genius, gained honour among the Greeks. . . . . .

'But art was chiefly devoted to its highest objects—the exposition of religious ideas, or of the nobler developments of human life—and did not stoop to make trivial playthings, or to furnish the private houses of rich men with ostentatious luxuries. The rich citizens in the best days of Athens lived in houses modestly and sparingly furnished, while they subscribed munificently to raise costly and beautiful statues in the public temples. Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, and Cimon, the chieftains and deliverers of their country, did not distinguish themselves from their fellow-citizens by dwelling in grand and expensive houses. Thus the wealth which was saved by the modesty of private life may partly account for the munificent patronage of genius.'

A few years afterwards, Lessing, displeased with the tasteless and commonplace productions which the good-natured public received as poetry, applied himself to discover the true and rational rules by which poetry, and especially dramatic productions, might be judged. He thought that mere unartistic declamations and descriptions in verse had been too long received with toleration under the name of poetry. In his 'Laokoon' he exposed the error of confounding the distinct provinces of the sister arts—Poetry and Painting. From this work we extract the following passage:—

POETRY AND PAINTING.

'These sister arts differ with regard to the materials which they

must employ to produce their distinct effects. Poetry narrates events in a successive order: painting describes co-existent objects. The former (in its primitive state, when it was recited, not written) employed tones of the voice, which passed away in succession: the latter used permanent marks and colours. Painting imitates stationary bodies and hues: poetry describes movements or events. Objects exist in space and time. Any moment may produce a change in them. But every momentary transition is the effect of a previous condition, and may also be the cause of another effect. Consequently painting may *indicate* actions. To do this, the painter, whose picture is to be limited by one moment of time, must choose that point of an action which is most fruitful in suggestions of a preceding action and a consequent result. In this way painting may be said to tell a story, and thus to resemble poetry. And, on the other side, as the actions narrated in poetry are dependent on bodies, the poet must touch on the province of the painter when he mentions these bodies, and applies to them descriptive epithets. But still it is clearly unartistic when the poet attempts to do that which could be far more effectually done by the painter. Though the provinces of these two artists meet, they must not be confounded. Poetry must keep in view its own peculiar nature; and, in order to indicate the nature of objects without impeding action by description, must employ brief and graphic epithets.

'I should have no firm faith in this theory, if I did not find it fully confirmed by the practice of Homer. But whoever will study the subject, will find how faithful the great epic poet was to his object—narration. We shall find in the "Iliad" the best illustrations of the distinction which I have explained, and which is so often overlooked by modern versifiers, who attempt to do the work of the brush with a pen. Homer relates progressive events, describing objects, here and there, as they were implicated in events; and this he does, generally, in the shortest way, by the use of single epithets. For instance, a ship, in Homer's style, is generally mentioned as "the black ship" or "the hollow ship," or, even in his ampler style, as "the well-rowed black ship." Of the ship as a stationary object he says no more; while of an *action* connected with a ship, such as rowing, embarking, or landing, he gives you an account so full, that if a painter would portray the whole of it, he must divide it into five or six pictures. When Homer thinks it proper to give considerable attention to an object, he contrives, with true taste, to unite description and action. We have an example of this process in the account given of Juno's chariot. The poet introduces us to the *making* of that vehicle: we see the wheels, the axle, the pole, traces, and reins, in the process of being arranged together by the goddess Hebé. When the poet would give us a notion of the dress of Agamemnon, he makes the king clothe himself, putting on one garment after another; and when he is in full array, he grasps his sceptre. How is this sceptre described? Does Homer try to *paint*, in words, its golden studs and carved head? No; but he gives the history of

the sceptre, and tells us how it came from the workshop of Vulcan, how it was honoured in the grasp of Jove, and then how it was passed, by Mercury and Pelops, into the hand of the peaceable King Atreus.'

Among the few writers who meddled with political topics in this period, KARL VON MÖSER (1723–1798) may be noticed. He wrote in a free and patriotic spirit, but in a provincial and inelegant style. KARL FRIEDRICH, Grand-Duke of Baden (1728–1811), may be mentioned here, because the slight specimen which we have of his literary ability displays, in a very amiable light, his character as a ruler. This is an 'Address' to his subjects, which he circulated among the people of Baden in 1783—a document full of just and noble sentiments, and which may still be seen, suspended in a frame on the walls of many village taverns in Baden, where the memory of 'the good duke' is still cherished. The sentiments of piety, justice, and kindness contained in this address were not mere sentiments. Karl Friedrich relieved his people from the burthen of public debt, abolished the feudal system of bondage and the despotic mode of trial by torture, protected the poor, and advanced education. Here we may notice, as a literary man who was regarded also as a public benefactor, JOHANN BUSCH (1728–1800), a teacher of mathematics at Hamburg. In this place he introduced fire-insurance (which Hamburg has, since then, so remarkably required), private hospitals, and great improvements in the supervision of the poor. He was a man of a practical and utilitarian character, and wrote some works on the interests of trade and the circulation of money. HELFRICH STURZ (1736–1779) was a politician and a moralist. After visiting the English court, in an embassy, he wrote in London a very favourable description of the character of George III. His other writings show some good taste and humour.

JOHANN ZIMMERMANN (1728–1793), the court physician in Hanover, was an eccentric man, who wrote a meditative book on 'Solitude,' which gained an extensive popularity, and was translated into several languages. SALOMON GESSNER (1730–1786) might have been named in the 'Curiosities of Literature;' for, with slight talent, he gained a European celebrity. His 'Death of Abel,' a feeble imitation of Klopstock's manner, may still be found in some old-fashioned English book-cases. It may be added, as something to Gessner's credit, that he knew more of landscape-painting than of poetry. The following extract is taken from one of Gessner's essays:—

MY WISH.

'If Heaven would fulfil the wish so long cherished in my heart, I would escape into the country, far away from the snares and the

artificial fashions of towns. You should find me hidden from the world, and contented, in a little cottage embowered among hazels and other trees, with a trellised vine in the front, and a cool spring bubbling near my door. On the little grass-plot my doves would often alight and please me with their graceful movements, or receive from my hand the crumbs left at my table. There chanticleer too should proudly strut at the head of his family. And in a sheltered corner I would have my hives of bees, that the sweetness of my flowers might be treasured up, and that I might be often reminded that even in solitude I must be industrious. Behind the cottage you should find my garden for fruit and flowers, surrounded with a hedge of hazels, and with a bower at each corner. Here I would employ art, not to cut nature into grotesque forms, but gently to co-operate with her workings, and to unfold her beauty. Here would be my place in pleasant weather, where I could enjoy alternately exercise and meditation. Then imagine a little green pasture near the garden, and a gentle rill flowing beside my plantation, and spreading at one point in its course into a miniature lake, having an island and a pleasant bower in the middle; and add to this rural inventory a little vineyard, and one little field of yellow corn; and then what king would be richer than I? . . . . But even in the country I must have a care of my neighbours. Far from my dwelling be the country-house of the talkative Dorantes! If near, he would surely come every morning to tell me that "France was (or was not) about to proclaim war;" or would describe at full length "all that Mr Mops *would* do if he was the king of England;" then he would stay sometimes to dine with me, and would spoil my dishes by talking of "all the corruptions of all the courts of Germany." And at an equal distance would I dwell from Orontes, who has chosen a country-house chiefly because it has a good wine-cellar, where he stores his choicest beauties of nature—Moselle, Hock, and Champagne. Orontes admires the country because it abounds with game. The air is delightful, for delicate tit-bits fly about in it: the woods are sublime, for they harbour fine pheasants; and the rivers are beautiful, if they contain trout. Orontes does not retire to his country-seat to enjoy solitude and meditation. A day without company would be for him a penance. He loves to see the few congenial guests who come frequently to praise and drink his wines, and converse on low topics. . . . . In preference to having a seat at his table, I would walk beside the ploughman, or listen to the reapers' evening song; or visit the grape-gatherers, and see them bringing home the ripe clusters with singing; or I would take a part in the merry-making at "harvest-home," and hear honest Hans telling his old story how "he once went on a long journey into Swabia, and saw private houses larger than the village church, and a carriage with glass windows drawn by six horses." In rainy or wintry weather I would dwell in my study, not in solitude, but in the best society, surrounded by the great spirits who have left their wisdom in books. Here I would learn the lore of many nations, would read of the wonders of nature in distant lands,

endeavour to trace the processes of nature, and study the history of mankind.'

Caspar Lavater (1741–1793) was an eccentric but well-meaning man, and the author of a once celebrated work on 'Physiognomy.' He was a firm believer in his own rules for reading characters on faces, and had remarkable success in discovering the qualities of public men, authors, and others, whom he knew very well. His contemporary, the humorist Lichtenberg, said, 'Lavater can see more in the noses of some writers than the public can find in their books.' Lavater was also noted as a sincere Pietist, a zealous preacher, and an enthusiastic patriot. In the autumn of 1793, at Zurich, he was engaged in reproving the disorderly conduct of some soldiers in the street, when he was shot by a French grenadier. His 'Physiognomy' produced many students of a supposed new science. The following elaborate recipe may show that he sometimes took care to guard his rules with numerous qualifications:—

FEATURES DENOTING A MANLY CHARACTER.

'A forehead almost without wrinkles, not perpendicular, and not far-retreating, not very flat, and not rotund, but rather shaped like the convex side of a dish; eyebrows thick, neatly bordering the brow, and shading eyes a little more than half opened, but not fully opened; a moderate depression between the forehead, and a well-arched, broad-backed nose; lips distinctly curved, not open, and not tightly shut, neither very small nor large, but well-proportioned; a chin neither very prominent nor far-retreating: these are the signs which, when found in one face, most certainly denote a ripe understanding and a manly character.'

George Lichtenberg (1742–1799) produced a series of jocose physiognomical observations, as a caricature on Lavater's book. He visited London, and became acquainted with Solander, Sir Joseph Banks, and other scientific men. Here, too, he studied, with admiration, the works of our satirical painter Hogarth, and afterwards wrote a commentary upon them. But Lichtenberg's chief studies were scientific, and his writings are only fragments, marked by some points of epigrammatic humour. 'Books,' said he, 'are singular commodities. They have always been printed, bound, bought, reviewed, and read by people who do not understand them, and now they are even written by men who do not know their own meaning.' The following are a few of Lichtenberg's aphorisms:—

PHYSIOGNOMY.

'If this science were as absolute as Lavater would make it, we might punish misdemeanours prospectively; or in a despotic country

there might be an annual physiognomical *Auto da Fe*. . . . . I once lived in a house where one of the windows looked into a dark lane, running from one public street to another. Here I noticed that passengers, on stepping out of the public street into the dusky little thoroughfare, suddenly changed their expressions of countenance. The man who had worn a gay smile in the street would look grave as he entered the lane and, *vice versâ*, a solemn tradesman would indulge in a sly smile, as if he had just made some cunning bargain. Here was a puzzle for Lavater. Would he trust the street face or the lane face? . . . . There are some signs quite as good as any marks in the face; for instance, I would not trust a man who attempts to confirm his assertions by laying his right hand over his heart. . . . . There are many people who would be perfectly happy if they would bestow as little thought on the duties and the failings of other people as they do upon their own. . . . . We often ascribe our knowledge to wrong causes: when we *know* that a man is blind, we may imagine that we discover it even when we walk behind him. . . . . An hour-glass is a good monitor, reminding us at once of the flight of time, and of the dust into which we must fall.'

BOOKS.

'There is a class of books (of which we have great numbers in Germany) which possess an insidious and gradual soporific tendency. At first sight, they may not appear absolutely unreadable; nor have they that sudden and irresistible power of inducing sleep which is found in some literary morphiates; but if you persist in reading them, they slowly, but surely, produce that heaviness which is felt in very sultry weather, and in the dull calm preceding a thunder-storm. This dulness is evidently contagious, for, after reading a book of this class, if you attempt to write, you will find your own style drowsy; or if you read a good author, even his pages will seem sleepy. In such a case I have generally found it expedient to take a strong cup of coffee, or perhaps a pipe of tobacco. . . . How sound is the judgment of the public when we have written a successful book! When we have failed, what does the public know of literary matters? . . . Many read, merely to avoid the trouble of thinking. . . . . If any one would be convinced of the influence of little external things, let him endeavour to write a series of fine sentiments, in a fluent style, with a spirting pen, or one that scratches the paper. It will certainly be a failure.'

CHRISTIAN GARVE (1742–1798) was a man of amiable character, remarkable for the patience with which he endured a long and most painful affliction, and also for the grace and clearness of style found in his essays. Even Goethe perhaps learned something from his style, which he compared with 'a clear refreshing stream.' Garve translated Cicero's 'Offices,' and wrote a pleasant essay on 'The Scenery of Mountainous Countries.' From another of his essays we extract the following short argument:—

BELIEF IN A SUPREME INTELLIGENCE.

'The greatest encouragement to intellectual progress arises from our belief in one supreme fountain of Wisdom, toward which we may continually advance, while, as we reverently approach that source of mental light, the obscurities hanging about our present defective vision will gradually pass away. Without such a faith, I must look upon the world from a melancholy point of view. I behold around me a vast universe crowded with innumerable objects of interest, all possessing powers and qualities of which myself and my fellow-creatures can only understand a minute part. Is there not a Supreme Mind which comprehends the whole more perfectly than we understand even the minutest portion of it? If I doubt this, how hopeless must appear my efforts toward intellectual satisfaction! For how can I, in my short life, hope to gain, by the slow process of experimental inquiry, a knowledge of this vast world around me, or to answer the deepest questions which my own rational nature suggests? If myself, and other finite creatures like myself, are the only intellectual beings, how little can we ever know of ourselves and of the universe!

'Is it not more cheering to believe that the rays of light in our own minds all descend from one central Sun, than to imagine that our finite minds are the only illumined spots amid a wide creation left in darkness? Thought, or intelligence, is the light, the sun of the universe. But when we are told that this light of intellect exists only in a few finite creatures upon this earth, what a gloomy suggestion is presented to our minds! We must now look on the infinitely greater part of creation as destined to remain in darkness—never to be understood! We see the world almost entirely buried in night, though here and there a little space is feebly illumined by a small lamp, which burns only long enough to communicate its glimmer to another lamp of a similar small capacity. If this picture of the world were true, what proportion would there be between the massive and innumerable objects of material nature, and the few intellectual beings called mankind? In such a case how could we reasonably hope for the victory of the intellectual over the material world? Let us turn our view on the other side. Let us believe in one supreme and omniscient Mind surveying and comprehending the whole of nature. Let us believe that, as our feeble corporeal frames are surrounded and supported by a vast material world, so our finite minds are under the sway of an infinite Intellectual Power. We shall now see a just proportion between mind and matter. The world now becomes a noble object of unceasing study. The attainment of truth appears at least possible; and there will now be faith and hope in our endeavours to promote the dominion of the intellect over the material world.'

Isaac Iselin, the author of a 'History of Mankind,' deserves to be numbered among the writers of clear and good prose during

this period. His book merits more commendation than can be given to some recent works of greater pretension on the same subject. In the following few sentences he gives an explanation of the rapid decay of prosperity in ancient Greece and Rome :—

'The short duration of the flourishing periods of Grecian and Roman history deserves particular attention. How shall we explain the fact, that the great virtues which excited admiration in the nations of antiquity, speedily decayed, and left behind them few good results? Or how could the nations which had been elevated by those virtues fall so rapidly and so deeply in political and moral degradation? I believe that the true reason of their fall may be found in the fact, that their virtues were in a great measure arbitrary and conventional, rather than universal and permanent. Patriotic and enthusiastic impulses endeavoured in vain to supply the want of enlightened reason and noble principles of humanity. Universal justice seldom guided the conduct of the heroes of antiquity. They knew little of the noble desire to extend happiness to the greatest possible number of mankind; or of the principle of respect due to all human beings without regard to national peculiarities and prejudices.'

Dr Johann Jacob Mascou wrote a 'History of the German Nation to the Close of the Merovingian Dynasty,' which was published in 1757.

Justus Möser (1720–1794) wrote short essays and tales devoted to utilitarian purposes. He was a decided enemy of all the French fashions which were gaining ground in his time, hated the phrase *à-la-mode*, and recommended all old German virtues. The outline of one of his stories will give the purport of all his writings. Selinde, the heroine, was an industrious German maiden, educated in the ancient homely fashion. Her evenings were passed in the spinning-room, where all her father's family and servants were assembled, and constant occupation left no room for such a word as *ennui*. But a young neighbour, Arist, who pays his addresses to Selinde, is an admirer of refinement and fashion, and loves to indulge in ridicule against the antiquated spinning-room. He marries Selinde, and improves her taste. The young couple become very fashionable, neglect the concerns of their household, and endeavour to amuse themselves with meaningless trifles. But time passes now more tediously than in the spinning-room. Arist sees that his wife is unhappy, though she will not confess it. At last he confesses that there is more happiness in useful occupation than in frivolity. Selinde hears this confession with delight: the spinning-room is restored; and the old style triumphs over the new.

Johann Musaeus (1735–1787) was another writer of short and

humorous tales, for which he found abundant materials in the popular legends of his country. He would sit beside an old dame's spinning-wheel, or entertain old soldiers in his house, in order to gain an acquaintance with fragmentary traditions. These materials he treated in a lively and humorous style, mixing traits of nature and real life with supernatural adventures. One of the chief heroes of his stories was *Rubezahl*, the eccentric but good-humoured goblin of the Hartz Mountains, who often left his subterraneous abode to do some kindness to poor people. The fanciful and humorous tales of Musaeus have preserved their interest to the present day.

Johann Heinrich Jung (1740–1817) wrote, under the assumed name of Stilling, many tales, chiefly of a religious character. His autobiography, which is substantially true, though written in the style of a novel, is very interesting, and displays well the character of the author, which was marked by earnestness, piety, and a visionary tendency. After enduring great misery as a private tutor, Stilling rescued himself from a condition of poverty and dependence. He studied medicine, and soon became celebrated for his numerous successful operations for cataract. His autobiography has been translated into English. The following extract gives a curious instance of the love of abstruse studies among people in very humble life. It must be premised, that one of old Stilling's sons married Dortchen, the daughter of a village pastor, who was reduced to poverty by his devotion to unprofitable studies :—

VAIN STUDIES.

'Johann Stilling (the son) sometimes paid a visit to his parents and sisters at Tiefenbach. The whole family regarded it as a festive occasion when he came, and every peasant in the village looked upon him with reverence; for he was believed to be a very great man. It was remembered that, even when a boy, he had made an astrolabe out of a wooden platter, and had turned a butter stamp into a mariner's compass. He had also been seen standing on a hill and making geometrical observations. Yet Johann, with all his faculties of invention, had remained very poor; and his wife often wished that he would apply his genius to earthly things, to make his field and his garden more productive, that so she might have more bread. But Johann was now puzzling himself about the quadrature of the circle and the perpetual motion. When he thought that he had gained a point in these abstruse studies, he hastened to Tiefenbach to communicate the news of his success to his parents and sisters. On such an occasion the whole family would hasten on their work, that they might assemble undisturbedly in the evening around their father's table, and listen to the profound wisdom of Johann. Even old Stilling had tried the quadrature of the circle,

and had at last succeeded in *his* way. He had done it during the intervals of his employment as a maker of charcoal. He had found that the same length of string would enclose his round-bellied beer-jug and a square piece of wood. This surely must be "the quadrature of the circle," and the old man laughed at the round-about ways of learned men, who had made a mystery of a very simple thing. Johann soon checked this triumph by saying, "Father, the problem is not to make a square box hold as much corn as a round tub; but here it is: to find the exact side of a square whose contents shall precisely equal those of the given circle. And this equality must be demonstrated without the slightest fraction of a remainder." Here the old man lost all the shame of his defeat in his admiration of his son's genius and learning. "It is of no use to argue with learned men," said he with a smile.

'At this time the poor village parson, Moritz, paid a visit to his daughter, Dortchen, at Tiefenbach: he appeared to be much depressed in mind. In the evening he said, "Children, let us walk together up to the ruins of the old castle." Accordingly they went, and as they ascended the hill, under the shadows of the fine beech-trees, old Moritz said, "This free air does me good. As we climb higher, I feel better. I have wished to tell you that I have felt lately that this world is no longer my home, and very probably this will be the last autumn in my life." When they had gained the top of the hill, they seated themselves on the ruins of the old castle, whence they could gaze over a wide expanse of country, bounded in the distance by the Rhine. The sun was now going down behind the hills. After old Moritz had looked on this scene for some time in silence, he said, "The thought that grieves me, children, is, that I must soon die, and leave nothing behind me for you. I have passed my life in an unprofitable way, and have made nobody happy." "Oh yes, father!" said Wilhelm, "you have been very kind to us. Do not talk so!" "Children," Moritz replied, "I would earnestly warn you against being led by your inclinations. Even what we may esteem as a noble disposition may lead us into misery. How much good I might have done if I had not devoted myself to the fruitless study of alchymy, in which I once thought I had found a noble object of ambition! Now hear my advice: whatever your inclinations may be, give your first attention to such things as will certainly be useful to yourselves and others. I have lived in vain, have lost myself in vain studies, and nobody will miss me when I am gone." As they walked back to Tiefenbach, Wilhelm and Dortchen tried in vain to drive away the old man's melancholy. After this visit, he endeavoured to do good by going about among the poor people, giving them all he had to give—advice and consolation. He also worked and supported himself by watchmaking. In the following winter he left his home on business, during very severe weather, and did not return. His friends went out to search for him, and after three days, found his body, dead and frozen, in a snow-drift.'

THEODOR HIPPEL (1741–1796) wrote a novel founded on the incidents of his own life, and marked by a mixture of pathos and humour. This author was a man of singular character, and the interest of his writings, which contain some pleasing passages, depends rather on the sentiments and anecdotes of a personal character with which they are interspersed, than on their value as productions of literary skill. Hippel wrote a book in praise of *matrimony*, and laid down some excellent rules for the conduct of wives and husbands; yet he remained a bachelor all his life, apparently preferring rather to propound such rules in their abstract beauty, than to attempt the more difficult task of reducing them to practice.

JACOB ENGEL (1741–1802) was another of the writers of tales with practical purposes. His style is remarkably clear and plain. His 'Philosophy for the World' (1775) contains many good maxims, and 'Lorenz Stark,' a domestic novel (1801), was once esteemed as the German 'Vicar of Wakefield;' but though it conveys, in a homely style, a good purport and some pleasing pictures of common life, it will not bear a comparison with Oliver Goldsmith's beautiful tale. The following is a specimen of Engel's homely style:—

TOBIAS WITT'S PHILOSOPHY.

'Mr Tobias Witt was born in a little town, and never travelled beyond its neighbouring villages. Yet he had seen more of the world than some gentlemen who have spent fortunes in Paris and Naples; for he had lived with his eyes and mind open, and had derived good lessons from common life. He was no prolix philosopher, but was fond of telling short stories "founded on facts." These anecdotes were generally arranged in couples. You must hear *two* of them to find out the old man's purpose. For instance, a young friend named Till was one day praising the peculiar good sense of Mr Witt. "Ha, indeed!" said Tobias, "you flatter me."

"All the world says so," Till replied; "and as I should like to learn a little of your wisdom"——

"Oh, you wish to be a philosopher?" said Tobias. "Well, the way is plain. First, let me advise you to study the conduct of half-witted people."

"Half-witted people!" Till exclaimed; "must I follow *their* example?"

"Oh no," said Witt; "but I will show you how *two* such people may teach a man how to be wise. When I was a youth, there lived in this town an old gentleman called Veit, who was a great student of arithmetic. He was a lank and sour-looking man, extremely reserved in his behaviour, and would converse with nobody, but muttered to himself as he walked along the street. What do you suppose the people said of him?"

"Oh, perhaps they would say he was a deep thinker," said Till.

"No; they called him half-witted. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'I will be warned by this example. I will not mutter to myself like Mr Veit, but will chatter with my townsmen at all times.' But I had only learned *half* a lesson. There was another odd character in our town, a Mr Flink, a dancing-master, who was always ready to chatter to anybody who would listen. What, think you, did our people say of him?"

"Pleasant, sociable," said Till.

"Oh no," said Witt; "he was half-witted too. So common sense said to me, 'Tobias, you must not be an imitator either of Mr Veit or Mr Flink, but you must be sociable like the latter, and also reflective like the former.' This was my way of learning philosophy." ..... Another day Mr Wills, a young beginner in business, came to borrow money from Tobias.

"How much do you want?" said Witt.

"A mere trifle," said Wills; "a hundred dollars."

"You shall have them," said Witt; "and to show that I wish you success in your trade, I will *give* you something worth more than 'a trifle.'"

"Ha! you are too kind," said Wills.

"It is only a little anecdote," said Witt. "When I was young, Mr Grell, a wine-merchant, was my neighbour. He had a curious style of talking, which ruined him."

"Ruined by a style of talking!" said Wills. "How?"

"Oh, when I asked him 'how is trade?' or 'did you gain by that bargain, Mr Grell?' he would say, 'A trifle? Some fifty dollars!' Or when I asked, 'Have you lost money, Mr Grell, by the failure of Mr M.?' he would reply, 'A trifle, sir! Some hundred dollars!' This mode of talking and thinking ruined neighbour Grell. But, let me see, what is the sum you require, Mr Wills?"

"I asked you to be so kind as to lend me one hundred rix-dollars, my dear Mr Witt."

"Oh yes," said Witt; "but I was thinking of another old neighbour, Mr Tomm the corn-dealer, who had another style of talking. He often spoke of 'considerable sums of money,' especially if he had lost some fifty dollars. If you then met him, and said, 'Why so dull to-day, Mr Tomm?' he would reply, 'Sir, I have lost a con-sid-er-able sum of money.' However, Mr Tomm became rich, and built a fine house, with extensive warehouses near it. His style did not always please me; for when he was requested to contribute towards the relief of the poor, or the improvement of our town, he would still complain about the expenditure of 'considerable sums.' But now to business, Mr Till. I must lend you"——

"A con-sid-er-able sum, my dear Mr Witt: I must beg the loan of not less than one hundred rix-dollars."

"Very good, Mr Wills: you are facetious," said Tobias. "Here is the money; but let me add a word: when you borrow, you may

use Mr Tomm's style, but when you lend or give, to help a friend, do it in the style of Mr Grell."'

The work of CHRISTOPH STURM (1740) entitled 'Meditations on the Works of God,' is well known as a pious and instructive book, chiefly adapted to young readers. It was soon translated into several languages, and has enjoyed an extraordinary share of popularity.

The autobiography of DANIEL SCHUBART, who has been noticed among writers of verse, has no great literary merit, but presents to us a singular feature in the social condition of Germany. A century has not passed since the Duke of Würtemberg arrested Schubart on account of some frivolous satires which he had written, and sentenced him, without any trial, to ten years' imprisonment! The following extract gives an account of this summary and despotic process:—

MY IMPRISONMENT.

'About this time I had received various warnings from friends, who told me to take care of myself, as a storm was arising against me. . . . . General Reid, the imperial minister at Ulm, a haughty and despotic man, had been seriously offended because I had refused to please him by playing on his bad, tinkling harpsichord. His friends the Jesuits, taking advantage of his displeasure, brought forward other charges against me, and advised that I should be placed in confinement. The general only waited for a suitable occasion, and at last thought he had found one when I inserted in my "German Chronicle" a passage in a letter from Vienna, stating "that the empress had been seized with apoplexy." For this and similar offences General Reid would have condemned me to imprisonment for life! But he first mentioned his design upon me to the Duke of Würtemberg, who replied that he also had an account against me (for writing satires), and would take care to have me soon in safe custody. Of these designs I remained ignorant; but a dismal foreboding possessed my mind, and I could not banish from my imagination the recollection of a dream which had disturbed my rest eight years before this time. In that dream I was surrounded by dismal spectres, who tortured me until I prayed them to take away my life, when they replied, "We shall not kill you at once, but by inches." I now mentioned this gloomy dream to my friend Kapell, but he only laughed at it. However, I could not shake off the impression: there was a foreboding stillness in my bosom, like that which precedes a thunder-storm. I felt, though I did not see, that the arm which would strike me down was already lifted over my head. On the 22d of January 1777, Scholl (one of the officials of the convent at Ulm) came and invited me to dine with him at an hotel. I knew this individual, who lived at a neighbouring village called Blaubeuren. Though I had engaged to give a concert in the

evening, I accepted his invitation. While we were walking to the hotel, he told me that Professor B., who was paying a visit at Blaubeuren, would be happy to see me. I pleaded as an excuse that I was busy in writing my "Chronicle," and that I had previously known Professor B. at Stuttgart; but ultimately I agreed to go with Scholl to his house at Blaubeuren on the following day. Thus I was led into the snares which had been prepared for me. My enemies would not venture to lay hands upon me in Ulm, where I had many friends; and therefore Scholl had been commissioned to entice me out of the city. Little thinking of such a design, I gave my concert in the evening, and then went home with my wife. I remember how I reproved her melancholy as we walked together, when she shed tears, and said, "I know not why, but I am very sad." I slept soundly all night. Heaven gave me this refreshment, that I might endure the sorrows of the coming day. Early in the morning Scholl drove to my door in a sledge, to take me to Blaubeuren. "Good-by, wife!" said I; and she replied with an anxious look, giving her hand, "Why cannot the gentleman see you here?" These were the last words which I was destined to hear from my dear wife for a long, long time. My boy looked out of the window and cried, "Papa, come back soon!" and thus I was taken from my family without having the consolation of pressing them to my heart, and shedding over them the tears of separation..... To leave behind me—perhaps for ever—my dear widow and her orphans, and still to live, but never more to fondle my children on my knee, and hear their innocent prattling! Judge of the world! is there in the cup of sorrows a drop more bitter than this which I have tasted?.... My conductor drove me out of Ulm, away from all my good friends. I sat silent beside him in the sledge, and he did not seem disposed to talk; so we rode over the snow-covered road to Blaubeuren. Near this place two old castles on the hills excited my imagination, and I was musing on the ancient times of Germany, when the sledge stopped at the door of Scholl's house. He invited me to walk into a chamber, and I followed him. Here he left me with a maiden, who was engaged in spinning with a distaff. She seemed to glance at me now and then with a look of pity, and I began to feel anxious, when suddenly the door was opened, and Scholl entered, bringing with him Major Varnbühler and Count Sponek. "We arrest you under the authority of the duke," said the major. At first I received this as a joke, for I had been well acquainted with the major; but his serious look soon convinced me of my mistake. I then said in as manly a tone as could be mustered, "I trust that the duke will not throw me into a dungeon without first giving me a trial?" The major gave no reply, but seemed moved with pity; Scholl walked to and fro in the chamber, muttering, "'Tis a sad case! Truly I am very sorry;" while the poor maiden hid her face in her apron, and left the room. Count Sponek looked on coldly. As he was a high warden of the forest, an arrest was no moving incident for him.

'Meanwhile the vehicle was ready to take me to my prison. I was told that I might write to my wife, but my hand refused to hold the pen. A dinner was provided, but I could eat nothing. I stepped into the carriage while the villagers were gazing and pointing to me as "a great criminal." As the major drove me away, I exclaimed "My wife! my children! They are beggars: I have not left enough to sustain them to-morrow." The major tried to console me, and promised to recommend the case of my family to the duke. He kept his promise, and I trust that God has rewarded him for it. We travelled this day as far as Kirchheim, where we stayed all night. Here I was placed under a guard of stupid fellows, who disturbed my rest by muttering one to another, "This is Schubart! a great malefactor! The duke will treat him severely no doubt." A courier had been despatched to learn the further pleasure of the duke concerning me. At first it had been determined that I should be confined at Hohentwiel; but I learned in the morning that this purpose was changed, and that I must be imprisoned in the fortress of Asberg. I was now benumbed with despair, and could feel no more. This day we halted at noon at Kannstadt, where I took my dinner with some appetite, and wrote to my friend Müller in Ulm these few words: "Take care of my wife and children, for I can do no more for them. I am a prisoner." The poor schoolmaster of Kannstadt awakened my feelings by his sympathy. He begged the major to allow him to bring for me a flask of wine; and when the major declined this offer, the poor man turned to me with tears in his eyes, and endeavoured to console me by speaking of the mercy of God, and telling me that "every trouble must have an end." From Kannstadt we rode along, until a cold shudder passed over me as I saw the tower of Asberg rising in the horizon. "What awaits me here?" said a voice within me; and I was meditating on my destiny, when the carriage stopped beside the fortress. The duke was here, and pointed to the dungeon in which I must be confined. I felt as if a cold hand was laid upon my heart. The commandant, Rieger, led me to my cell, and I commended myself, my wife, and children, to his pity. He left me for a few moments, and returned with the information that the duke would allow to my wife two hundred guilders per annum, and that my children should be taken into the Stuttgart academy. One burthen was thus removed from my heart. But now the commandant left me, the door of my prison was closed upon me, and I found myself in the gloomy dungeon—alone! I stood ice-bound with horror, like one who has been swallowed up by the waves, and awaking, finds himself in Hades. The prison, the only earthly *inferno*, now closed its portal upon me, involved me in its gloom, and surrounded me with its torments.'

Christoph Friedrich Nicolai (1733–1811), a bookseller in Berlin, and the friend of Lessing and Mendelssohn, was noted rather for his narrow mind and polemic disposition than for his literary abilities. He wrote some satirical novels of low humour, and des-

pised everything which surpassed his own commonplace style. The writings of Herder, Goethe's poetry, and the philosophy of Kant, were the objects of his ridicule. Christoph Martin Wieland (1733–1813) resembled Nicolai in the levity and materialistic tendency of his writings, but possessed superior talents. In his youth he had been the friend of Klopstock, and would tolerate nothing but religious poetry; but he turned suddenly to the opposite extreme, and began to write epicurean romances as vehicles of his new views of human life and happiness. In his moral doctrine and philosophy, he was a Frenchman of the age of Louis XV. rather than a German. In 1764 he produced the tale of 'Agathon,' which was followed in 1768 by 'Musarion.' The 'Abderites' appeared in 1774, and his best romance, 'Aristippus,' was completed in 1794. In all these writings his purpose was to represent pleasure, or utility, as the only criterion of truth, and to make all further inquiries appear ridiculous. He was the object of much applause and censure in his day. His opponents called his philosophy shallow and frivolous, while his admirers praised, with some reason, the clear and lively style in which he expressed his opinions. The following short passage may convey some notion both of his style and his philosophy:—

DOGMATISM.

'Above all, my dear brethren, let us guard against the folly of proclaiming our opinions as indisputable axioms. It is, indeed, ridiculous to hear a mortal giving expression to his convictions as if they were oracles delivered from the sacred tripods. If we could find a man as old as Nestor, and seven times as wise as the seven wise men together, he would surely tell us (just because he was so old and so wise) that in proportion as he had extended his inquiries, he had become convinced of the propriety of modest doubt. He would confess that for every spot of light in the field of nature, there are ten thousand left in obscurity. Yes, if we could elevate ourselves above this earthly ball, which we call the world, and take a station in the sun, and view in his light the whole solar system, as clearly as we can behold from a terrace the plan of a little flower garden, even then this planetary system would be but one little spot of brightness amid an unmeasured universe still left in obscurity. Then again, when this old and wise man had observed that the incomprehensible nature of the world on a large scale is also found on a small scale even in the minutest particle; when he had considered how many various influences and relations may meet even in one atom, and how impossible it is to account satisfactorily for the least phenomenon or movement, without comprehending the whole system of nature, then, I humbly suggest, that the great result of all our sage's contemplations would be modesty, and I should not wonder if I heard him deliver his opinions in a tone of caution which might

perhaps be condemned by a stout dogmatist as approaching too nearly to scepticism.'

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Perhaps no writer of this time contributed more toward the formation of an improved prose style than JOHANN MOSHEIM (1694–1755), the well-known author of an Ecclesiastical History, once extensively circulated, but now in a great measure superseded by modern works of deeper research. Mosheim occupied several academical situations, and died professor of theology at Göttingen, where he was highly esteemed. His sermons and other writings were on the side of orthodox Protestantism. His contemporary, HERMANN REIMARUS (1694–1768), wrote in favour of natural theology, and may be considered as the founder of the *Rationalistic School*. It may be noticed here that this school has been frequently confounded with the more modern school of *Idealism*, of which Hegel was the founder, and which rests on a supposition distinct from that held by Reimarus and his followers. These theologians accept revelation only so far as it is confirmed by reason and experience, and therefore reject, or endeavour to explain away, all statements of supernatural events. The modern school of idealism also denies the historical validity of these statements, but regards them not as meaningless inventions, but as mythical expressions of the highest and most abstract truths. Without due attention to this distinction, writers of opposite tendencies may be erroneously classed together. Reimarus was professor of the Hebrew language, and afterwards of mathematics, at Hamburg. His writings are serious in tone, and clear on some points of natural theology; but he assumes too much for the province of individual judgment, without considering duly the external aids which it requires. The following passage is extracted from the work of Reimarus on 'The Principal Truths of Natural Theology' (1754):—

IMMORTALITY.

'We find in the moral and intellectual nature of man, whenever it is fairly developed, a faculty of imagining and desiring a state of existence higher, purer, happier, and more complete than the present life. As reason cannot find satisfaction in merely comparing the present with the past, but must also look onward to the future, so the love of life and the desire for perfection accompany the speculation of reason, and extend into an infinite futurity. It is an essential quality of our reason, that it is able to form conceptions of a better and higher state of being than that which we enjoy here; and the desire to enjoy that superior life is an equally essential part of

our nature. In few words, the thoughts and desires of men naturally look beyond all the boundaries of the present life into eternity.

'This is an instinct which chiefly distinguishes us from surrounding animated nature. The faculties of irrational creatures are fairly and harmoniously unfolded in this life. We see no signs that they are accompanied by a desire for immortality and a state of perfection. They appear to find full satisfaction in physical enjoyments; they pay the debt of nature, without suffering under gloomy forebodings, or restless thoughts and desires respecting the future; in short, they seem to find a complete sphere of development in this life. But, on the other side, we can certainly conceive the thought of a better world than this. In vain we endeavour to find satisfaction either in sensual or intellectual pleasures; we look forward to death with reluctance and fear, and we cannot contemplate the grave with contentment, until we see beyond it the prospect of a better future life.

'As this instinctive desire of immortality is thus shown to be in accordance with our moral and intellectual nature, it cannot be classified with visionary theories or mere dreams. These are rejected because it can be easily proved that they are in opposition to the rules of reason and the constitution of nature. But as our will must seek happiness according to the widest views of reason, our desires must transcend the bounds of the present life, as our reason does. Even the false and earthly desires of men prove, by their continual disappointments, that the true object of rational desire must be infinite.

'It is as natural in us to look forward beyond this world, as it is in the lower animals to remain satisfied with their present life; as their nature is confined within certain bounds, our own is distinguished by its capacity of continual development. A desire for such development has been planted in us by our Creator.

'Now where do we find instincts falsified in the plan of nature? Where do we see an instance of a creature endowed with an instinct craving a certain kind of food in a world where no such food can be found? Are the swallows deceived by their instinct when they fly away from clouds and storms to find a warmer country? Do they not find a milder climate beyond the water? When the May-flies and other aquatic insects leave their husks, expand their wings, and soar from the water into the air, do they not find an atmosphere fitted to sustain them in a new stage of life? Certainly. The voice of nature does not utter false prophecies. It is the call, the invitation of the Creator addressed to his creatures. And if this is true with regard to the impulses of physical life, why should it not be true with regard to the superior instincts of the human soul?'

The reader will probably observe that even in the serious and theological writings of this period we find no traces of that involved and mystical style which is found in several modern Ger-

man authors. The writings of MOSHEIM, HALLER, GELLERT, GARVE, ISELIN, and REIMARUS, are perfectly free from mysticism. Even Kant, who perhaps may be regarded as a verbose and complex writer, employed a style which appears clear in comparison with the works of such authors as HEGEL and SCHLIERMACHER. It may be said that the range of modern philosophy and theology has been greatly extended by recent writings; but with regard to clearness and order in prose, many modern authors might even now refer with profit to the works of writers described in this section. We may now notice two writers who were alike in their lowly pretensions and practical character.

JOHANN TIEDE (1732–1795) was a preacher and inspector of schools. He did not meddle with abstruse speculations, but wrote a series of 'Meditations on Childhood,' and other practical subjects, in a tone of simple and earnest piety, which found many admirers. THOMAS ABBT also (1738–1766) wrote moral essays in an earnest and practical style. In one of these essays he argues that no elaborate systems of divinity are required; for to understand these, and the controversies arising out of them, would require a great share of the interest which should be devoted to practical life. He advises the rich to subscribe to put a little library of pious and useful books into the house of every poor couple newly married.

Turning to the subject of Philosophy, we may observe here that this title in Germany is not applied exclusively to the study of the physical sciences, but comprehends all the investigations known in England and Scotland under the names of moral philosophy and metaphysics. The intellectual and moral constitution of man, his relations with the external world, with his fellow-men, and with the Supreme Being, the questions of liberty and necessity, and indeed all the highest problems which have occupied reflective minds, from the days of Plato down to the present time, are comprehended under the term philosophy. To the study of this philosophy IMMANUEL KANT (1724–1804) contributed a strong impulse by the publication of his 'Critique of Pure Reason' in 1781. We shall not attempt to give here an analysis of this work, as it will be more convenient to classify the leading philosophers of Germany in another section. At present, Kant may be noticed merely with regard to his general character as a writer. He was born at Königsberg, and studied theology there. In 1770 he was elevated to the rank of professor of logic and metaphysics. In 1787 he produced, as a companion to his first great work, 'The Critique of Practical Reason,' and in 1790 his 'Criticism of the Faculty of Judgment.' This work, which contains an analysis of the sentiments of the sublime and the beautiful, is perhaps the most favour-

able specimen of Kant's style, which is rather precise and judicious than concise and clear. The opinions of Kant are by no means so mysterious as his own style sometimes, and still more the style of some of his interpreters, would make them appear. In many points he approached very closely to the clear and modest Scottish philosopher Reid, and some of his moral doctrines may be found in the sermons of Bishop Butler, which show the authoritative character of the moral principle in man, and distinguish it from mere instincts and inclinations. This was really all that Kant endeavoured to explain by the use of his crabbed term, 'the categoric imperative.' 'Two things,' said Kant, 'excite my wonder: first, that system of planets which moves in eternal order in the heavens; and secondly (but still more wonderful!), that system of moral laws which I find within myself.' The life of this philosopher was marked by few external incidents. He lived in a metaphysical sphere, and thinking was his mode of action. During his life of eighty years he remained a bachelor. Though his bodily constitution was delicate, by care and regularity of regimen, he contrived to enjoy a remarkable degree of health. He tells us in his writings that, by the exertion of thought and will, he could often suppress the sense of bodily pain. His memory was remarkably retentive. The following passages will afford some indication of his style:—

ON THE SUBLIME.

'Mere terror, in whatever degree, must not be mistaken for the true sentiment of sublimity; for the man who is really subjected to the influence of terror is not in a condition of mind to appreciate the sublime. Besides, there is nothing attractive in a merely terrible object, and this sufficiently distinguishes it from sublimity, for toward the latter we feel an attraction. Bold, overhanging, and threatening rocks, thunder-clouds piled together, and bursting in lightnings, fiery volcanoes, devastating hurricanes, and the stormy ocean, may be objects of mere terror, when we find ourselves within their grasp; for we have no physical power that can dare to resist them. But they may also become objects of sublime emotion. Give us a secure place, whence we may behold these terrors, and we now call them *sublime*. Why? Their character is not changed. The change is in ourselves. We now see that our physical powers are a mere nothing when contrasted with these powers around us. But this reflection can excite no sublime emotion; rather it must produce a sense of humiliation and depression. But we also feel that we have a power within us (a moral power) which is firmer and stronger than all nature, and will not quail before the terrors of the external world. This is the true emotion of sublimity, and the objects which excite this emotion are accounted by us (though not correctly) as being sublime in themselves.'

OUR ESTIMATE OF MORAL ACTIONS.*

'If the reader inquires "What is pure morality?" I would say that nothing save the confusion produced by an erroneous philosophy has made such a question difficult; for long ago it was answered, as it is now, by the common sense of mankind. Here, however, I would reply by giving an example; and let it be seen if a clever boy of ten years cannot discover in this example the marks of a true and pure morality, without asking for any help from his schoolmaster. I would quote the story of some good man who was requested to take a part in a false accusation against some innocent and helpless person—(suppose such a persecution as that of Anna Bullen by the English Henry VIII). Wealth is offered as a bribe for false testimony; but our good man refuses to touch it, and this excites some admiration: for it is noble to prefer moral honesty to worldly gain; but the temptation becomes more severe—punishments wait upon the refusal of the bribe. Among the slanderers there are some of the good man's friends, or some rich relatives, or some powerful men who may persecute him as long as he lives; or, lastly, a despotic king who can take away freedom, or life itself. This is not all. Our hero is also exposed to the peculiar temptations to which only a tender and humane heart can be liable. His wife and children, fearing disgrace, poverty, and ruin, beg him to accede to the unrighteous request; but all their tears and intreaties are vain. He does not act in the pride of stoicism: he feels, and at the same time masters his feelings, and, in short, he maintains his integrity. He esteems truth and duty above wealth, friendship, comfort, his wife, his children, his life itself. Now what would be the effect of this story upon an intelligent boy? From approbation he would rise to admiration, to veneration. He would wish to become such a man, though not to be placed in similar circumstances. And what is it in the good man's behaviour which makes such an impression even on the mind of a boy? *It is the simple act of obedience to moral law.* Here, then, virtue is not esteemed for its utility, for its quality of producing happiness (as it does in ordinary circumstances): virtue is esteemed in itself, though it is attended by the sacrifice of all inferior desirable things. Our admiration is seized by the purity, the simplicity of the moral principle, standing alone and unsupported by such auxiliaries as prudence, love of life, and love of happiness. In the common circumstances of life, the moral principle may be assisted by these inferior motives; but it must be estimated in itself, without regard to its usual adjuncts, and, as affliction is necessary to test the purity of the moral principle, so it is generally allowed that pure virtue shines most brightly in adversity. We conclude, then, that all admixtures of views of private happiness, or worldly respect, or honour, are unfavourable to the inculcation and practice of morality, which should be regarded simply and solely as a duty. In the instance of moral action which

* From the 'Critique of Practical Reason.' 1787.

I have supposed, the more simply we regard the man as acting with a pure regard to moral rectitude, without the pride of heroism, or regard for worldly renown, the higher his conduct must rise in our estimation.

'It is necessary to dwell on these simple facts of man's moral constitution in the present age, when men hope to do more by the use of fine sentiments, and pompous heroical declamations on "greatness," "fame," and "honour," than by the simple and severe exhibition of the moral law. To set before the minds of children great and noble actions, to show the honour and dignity to which such actions tend, and to stimulate young minds to imitation by a hope of honour and renown—this is a mode opposed to the true plan of moral teaching. While young minds are ignorant of the nature of so many duties, it is vain to endeavour to supply the want of clear knowledge by raising a vague enthusiasm. And also, among adult and educated persons, the sentimental style of excitement to moral action cannot have true success. It is not by exciting the feelings, but by developing the pure reason, that the true effect must be produced. Moral emotions which are intended to produce great practical results must not be allowed to explode in sentimental excitement, but must proceed immediately to action. Feeling accompanying moral action may strengthen virtuous principle; but mere excitement, raised again and again, and allowed to die away without a practical result, can only lead to moral debility. In short, moral action must be regarded in itself without respect to the characteristics of magnanimity, honour, or pleasurable emotions by which it may be usually attended. To estimate it thus, we must look not only on the external action, but also on the internal motive; for even a good action, proceeding from a love of some moral beauty or perfection, must be in some degree mistrusted, as it is the result of inclination, while pure morality is a simple fulfilment of duty.

'It may be said that this is a harsh style of teaching, which takes away from virtue all such sentimental helps as a regard for generosity, magnanimity, and the praise which accompanies great actions. But let us see if the mode of teaching which we recommend is not clearer and more effectual than that to which we are opposed. Take another example:—A brave man, at the risk of his own life, saves the lives of other men from a shipwreck. This action may, in certain circumstances, be regarded as a simple *duty* of humanity, and then there is no question about it; but when we regard it merely as an act of heroism and generosity, our approbation of these qualities may be tempered by some doubts regarding the duty which the man owes to himself. Again, the heroism of the man who sacrifices his life for the welfare of his country may raise some doubts and scruples even in the midst of our admiration, so long as we do not see clearly that it was his absolute duty so to do. But when we see in an action a sacrifice of honour, or happiness, or life, to the fulfilment of an undoubted duty, the neglect of which would be a violation of divine and human law—when there is no choice save between duty performed

at the cost of life, and life preserved by an immoral action, and when the former course is resolutely taken, here there is no scruple, no reserve in our approbation: we say at once "it is good!" and are proud that human nature can thus lift itself far above all the inclinations and passions of the sensuous world. The Roman satirist Juvenal gives the maxims of such a virtue where he says—"Dare to be a good soldier, a good teacher, a just judge. If the brazen bull of Phalaris be brought forward to compel you to give a false testimony, still disdain to prefer life to honesty, or, for the sake of life, to sacrifice all that makes life truly valuable." *

'When from this simple view of morality as a duty, we turn to think of our merit, our happiness, our magnanimity, we mingle self-worship with our moral actions. But when we place all other things far below the holiness of duty; when we regard the law of pure reason simply *as a law*, and not as an object of choice or inclination —then only we lift ourselves above the world of the senses; and only by resolute continuance in such practice can we confirm our reason in that sovereignty over all inferior powers which it legitimately demands.'

The name of MOSES MENDELSSOHN (1729) deserves honourable notice. He was the son of Jewish parents, and so poor, that his education depended on the charity of some wealthy Jews in Berlin. Here he was instructed in the legends of the Talmud; but these traditions did not satisfy his inquiring mind. He laboriously educated himself, became acquainted with general literature, especially the philosophical works of Leibnitz, and studied the doctrines of Socrates as explained by Plato. As the fruit of these studies, he wrote an able exposition of the argument on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' contained in Plato's 'Phaedon.' He formed an intimate friendship with Lessing, the writer of 'Nathan.' After the death of Lessing, another philosophical writer, Jacobi, with more zeal than good taste, wrote a work in which he accused the deceased author of having held Pantheistic opinions. To this charge Mendelssohn replied, and warmly defended the character of his departed friend. But Jacobi either had, or appeared to have, the advantage in some points of the argument; and this controversy had such an effect on the delicate health of Mendelssohn, as to hasten his death, which took place in Berlin in 1786. This writer, who has been styled the 'Jewish Socrates,' was evidently a sincere and ardent inquirer after truth; and as his opinions were

* The nervous language of the Roman satirist cannot be easily translated:—

'Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
Integer; ambiguae si quando citabere testis
Incertæque rei, Phalaris licet imperet ut sis
Falsus, et admoto dictet perjuria tauro,
Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere caussas.'

the results of earnest investigations, he naturally held them very firmly. An extract from one of his essays is subjoined :—

ON CONTEMPT OF PHILOSOPHY.

'I cannot read without pity the opinion of a French writer (Pluche), that "the efforts of Reaumur to preserve carpets and tapestry from the ravages of moths, were more worthy of admiration than all the moral speculations of Leibnitz!" Is not this saying that even the vain luxuries of our houses are of more importance than our own souls, or even than the honour of the Divine character, which may be misrepresented by a false philosophy? On the other side, I would assert that, even if the alchymists had succeeded in their efforts, and had turned every stone on the earth's surface into gold, they would have made an absurd mistake if they had regarded such a feat as the completion and final triumph of philosophy. Yet I do not despise utilitarian studies in their proper place. When men were without the physical conveniences of life, to discover these was a worthy object of natural philosophy, and inventors in this department deserve their fame. But inventions of this kind, when once made, do not require repetition. The external man (the body) is now more sumptuously attended than ever before. Every man is born into an improved physical world, and finds a great part of the work of civilisation already done for him. We enjoy every day the results of centuries of inventions. It is not so in the moral and intellectual sphere. Every generation brings its crowd of new and raw pupils into the school of moral philosophy. Here none can rest entirely on the labours of another. Every man is born to search for truth, and to make free his own moral nature from confusion and doubt. Is not the endeavour to satisfy this necessity of our nature of greater importance than the cultivation of sensuous luxuries? Even if we accept the principle, that happiness in this life should be the sole object and end of all wisdom, we may still ask, must not this happiness rest on internal peace? and will not the contemplation of truth open the widest field of rational enjoyment? I am not writing a cold treatise, but speaking from experience, and from my heart. For once I lost my footing on the way to truth, and fell among terrible doubts and perplexities. I even despaired of all attempts toward a virtuous life..... Now, in such a state of mental bewilderment as I have just described, what help, what comfort, could your cold worldly maxims afford to me? Here I am in doubt and darkness! 'Tis vain to say to me, "Care nothing about it!" Help me, shallow, flippant sophists! Alas! you have no help to give: you leave me in my misery. But thanks to better guides, true philosophers, who led me back to confidence in truth and faith in virtue. Thanks to Locke and Wolf! and to thee, immortal Leibnitz! I have erected a monument of thankfulness in my heart.'

FRIEDRICH JACOBI (1743–1819), already mentioned as the op-

ponent of Mendelssohn, was a writer of considerable power, but indulged too much in a declamatory strain. He could state far more clearly his objections to the theories of other writers than his own views. These could not be explained without some analysis of the systems to which they were opposed. Jacobi endeavoured to inculcate some points of his philosophy in two romances, 'Allwill' (1792), and 'Woldemar' (1794), but with little success. Jacobi, though not without sagacity in controversy, often wrote in a declamatory style, singularly unsuitable for philosophical discussions. But as he wrote on the most important topics, such as the foundations of belief, and the nature of morality, his works arrested the attention of reflective minds, and gained for their author a reputation beyond his merits. So polemical was his mode of thinking, that, in defending one view of a question, he could not see the merits of any other view. Thus, in the subjoined extract, he maintains that the authority of moral doctrines must be found in the immediate dictates of conscience; while he repudiates all attempts to explain and recommend virtue by reference to its quality of producing general happiness. The contradiction which he supposes to exist between these two modes of viewing the same subject is in a great measure imaginary; though it has been made the starting-point of voluminous controversy:—

ON PRIMARY MORAL IMPRESSIONS.

'How can firm moral convictions be reconciled with a candid acknowledgment that there is no power of reason so pure and clear that it cannot be led into erroneous conclusions? Or, in other words, how can we place reliance in our own moral judgments, while we admit that our understanding often misleads us, and that the most erroneous reasonings can be made to appear correct? I answer, it would be impossible, if we did not possess certain immediate, simple, and positive principles of judgment which do not derive their authority from any process of reasoning, but rather preside over all reasoning. . . . . One of these principles is the *moral instinct* by which we are led to pronounce a judgment on actions and dispositions, irrespective of all reasoning on their useful or injurious qualities, and without any regard to their tendency to produce either happiness or misery. It is an immediate spontaneous judgment. As the beautiful is at once recognised and enjoyed by the innate taste for beauty, so the good is at once known and approved by the faculty of moral judgment. . . . . Virtue, therefore, must be esteemed by us apart from all consideration of its tendency to produce happiness. As Plato and Cicero said, the gods are regarded "not as good because they are happy, but as happy because they are good." It is as absurd to esteem virtue on account of its happiness, as it would be to esteem happiness on

account of its useful qualities. Happiness is at once felt and valued, and in the same way virtue must be esteemed in itself, and not as a means of attaining any other object. For why should virtue be rewarded if it is not in itself good and praiseworthy? If not, then the Supreme Governor must be regarded as having no estimation of virtue except on account of the rewards which he has appended to it; and rewards and punishments must make the whole distinction between virtue and vice.'

Such was Jacobi's mode of reasoning—a very imperfect method of treating a momentous question. It will be seen that his moral doctrine mainly coincides with that of Kant already quoted, and that it is directly opposed to the moral philosophy of the English utilitarian Jeremy Bentham; while Jacobi imagined that there could be no *third* way of viewing the same subject. It must be allowed that both the theory of 'moral instinct' and that of utility, or 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' are exposed to serious objections, when each is set up as a self-sufficient and perfect standard of morality. Against the former theory it may be urged that it would make all moral teaching impossible, except by a simple appeal to a supposed moral instinct; and that, when this is deficient or erroneous, no hope is given of correction or improvement. On the other side, when Bentham asserts that virtue has no reality apart from the rational pursuit of happiness, it may be observed that by the common consent of mankind, virtuous principle is esteemed most highly when it acts disinterestedly. Another objection to the same doctrine is, that the word happiness bears an uncertain meaning, and that the experience which one man regards as pleasure would be pain for another man. In the next section (where modern German philosophy is more fully treated), it will be seen that there is a *third* method of treating moral questions, which is free from the objections raised against the opposite doctrines of Jacobi and Bentham. This third doctrine (which may be briefly noticed here) is founded on a philosophy which describes reason as impersonal. In other words, it asserts that the same reason which is displayed on a wide scale in the external world, in society and history, is also present in the individual conscience. The internal and the external testimony are simply two modes of manifestation of the same subject; and consequently, where the former mode is defective, it may be enlarged and corrected by a reference to universal reason. The maintainer of this view, without denying the validity of internal impressions, would rather appeal to the law of that unity and order which prevails throughout the universe, and which none can deny without denying the value of all law, order, and society. To make clear the important difference of these three moral doctrines, we must

take an instance of their application. Suppose that the vice of falsehood is to be exposed: Jacobi would say, 'It is opposed to the moral instinct;' but if some hardened offender denies the existence of such an instinct, all further argument is impossible. Bentham would show that falsehood is opposed to common happiness; but the question still remains, By what rule are we to fix the meaning of this word 'happiness?' The modern German idealist endeavours to put aside these doubts by explaining the impersonal nature of that reason which preserves order throughout the world by maintaining unity in variety. He would thus attempt to treat a moral subject, such as falsehood, in a purely scientific style. First, he would show that a lie breaks the natural and rational unity between thought and speech, and also between speech and confidence; and (even supposing any one to be so blind as not to see evil in this) he would proceed to show that society must be founded on trust, and trust upon truth; and so on, until every one who values society, or the common privileges of existence, must see and admit the destructive nature of falsehood. The advantage which this doctrine has over the 'instinctive principle' of Jacobi, and the 'greatest happiness principle' of Bentham, lies in its clearer and more objective character, which is not subject to personal mistakes, but may be explained to every reasoning mind. It may be added, that this doctrine contains all the positive truth of the views of Jacobi and Bentham, as the idealist admits that universal law or reason is spontaneously or instinctively manifested in the conscience of the individual, and also that the result, general happiness, is another manifestation of the same law when consistently obeyed. The earnest writings of Jacobi gave an impulse to the controversies and inquiries which have already produced great results, and will probably lead to greater. In this fact his chief merit, as an author, consists.

Jacobi's friend, JOHANN GEORGE HAMANN (1730–1788), may be mentioned here, though not on account of his literary merits, for he wrote in a style of studied oddity. Yet in this strange style it was his pleasure to wrap up ideas which exercised a great influence on such contemporaries as Herder and Goethe. He was the opponent of what he called 'system-building' in philosophy; but was more remarkable for his views of poetry. He laughed at cold, artificial verse-making, and asserted that all poetry of true value must be the expression of the heart, and must have an intimate relation with actual life. He applied the same views to religious doctrines.

JOHANN EBERHARD (1739–1809), the friend of Mendelssohn, was a theologian, and also a professor of philosophy at Halle. Many of his views were derived from the writings of Leibnitz. He

wrote the 'New Apology of Socrates,' and a system of 'Rational Ethics.' In another of his works, the 'Theory of the Fine Arts,' he endeavoured to place all productions of genius and art under certain moral regulations. His style was precise and clear.

Again we may observe that as this treatise is confined to German literature, the names of many Latin writers are left unmentioned. In this sixth period many learned critics and philologists acquired celebrity. JOHANN BRUCKER (1696–1770) wrote 'Historia Critica Philosophiæ' (a Critical History of Philosophy). JOHANN CHRISTOPH ADELUNG (1734–1806) wrote a 'Critical Dictionary of the German Language,' and another philological work entitled 'Mithridates.' BODE, BENGEL, and BACH, were names celebrated in philology and biblical exegesis.

Though this period produced no writer of great power and originality (if we except Lessing), it was a time marked by great progress in German literature, and served to introduce the epoch of Goethe, Herder, and Schiller. It is not easy to determine in what degree German authors in the beginning and middle of the eighteenth century were indebted to English literature, but there is no doubt that they derived from its study considerable benefit. And now, toward the close of this period, the dramas of SHAKSPEARE were introduced and recommended to the attention of many students by the writings of Lessing, Herder, and Goethe. A new world of poetry was opened, and the third period of remarkable intellectual excitement began in Germany, and produced a literature richer, more voluminous, and more important, than that of all the preceding periods taken collectively.

SEVENTH PERIOD.

1770—1848.

This remarkable period comprehends the modern literature of Germany which arose in the days of Lessing and Herder, and has already extended its influence over a great part of the civilised world. Many of its productions are valuable and important; but the rapid growth of this literature, especially its poetry, has been regarded with exaggerated admiration. The account which has been given of the slow progress, or rather the low condition, of poetry and general literature, from the time of Luther to the appearance of Lessing, will supply an explanation of that exalted

estimate of modern German authors which was formed in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and of which we find some remains in the present day. The disposition to overrate the genius of such original writers as Lessing, Herder, and Goethe, will appear perfectly natural, when we consider that their productions were regarded in the light of a contrast with the poor and feeble literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The intellectual dulness of the Middle Ages maintained its influence in Germany from the beginning of the fourteenth to the close of the seventeenth century. These four centuries passed away, marked with many great events in society, politics, and religion, but without producing one great poet, or even an elegant and classical writer of prose. Latin writers in theology and philology, too numerous to be mentioned, flourished during these ages, and many works of considerable learning, though generally of a pedantic character, were produced; for these were the times when a theologian would write a folio volume of Latin to explain a few chapters of the Bible. But such labours had no influence on the progress of a national, and especially a poetical literature of the German people. If we had regarded works only when marked by literary excellence, without attention to their moral and social purport, we might have passed over four centuries without notice in this history. This is a fact to which English literature, during the same period, presents a remarkable contrast. While Hans Sachs, the writer of homely and childish fables in verse, fairly represented the character of German poetry in the sixteenth century, the Elizabethan era of poetical genius was in its lustre in England. Shakspeare wrote his dramas only a few years after the death of the rhyming German shoemaker. No fact can more strikingly show how far Germany has remained behind 'utilitarian' England in the cultivation of poetry. If we turn our attention to prose writers, the contrast is equally remarkable. Several years before Fischart wrote his strange and half-barbarous prose satires, Richard Hooker (1554–1600) had written his 'Ecclesiastical Polity' in beautiful language, and Lord Bacon had produced his philosophical essays. In the seventeenth century we still find the contrast between the vigour of English and the feebleness of German literature. Martin Opitz, a mechanical versifier, and the small imitators who regarded him as the 'Horace of his times,' represented German poetry during the age which produced such writers as Milton, Dryden, Barrow, and Tillotson. With regard to later times, it may be said that Pope would hardly have honoured the German versifiers who flourished, or rather attempted to flourish, during his time with a place in the 'Dunciad.' In 1733, when Pope produced his 'Essay on Man,' and when the

writings of Temple, Locke, Addison, and Steele, were circulated in England, Friedrich-Wilhelm, the semi-barbarian king of Prussia, regarded all the literature and philosophy of his subjects with a contempt which it deserved in a great measure, on account of its unreal and pedantic character. About twenty years later, when Klopstock, excited to imitative effort by Milton's great poem, began to write the 'Messiah,' this work was esteemed as sufficiently remarkable to make an epoch in poetry. The improvement in German literature about this time may be chiefly attributed to English influence. Yet Frederick II. of Prussia believed that his people were wholly destitute of literary genius and taste, and imported all literature and philosophy for his own amusement from France. This contempt was certainly unjustifiable, as at this time an important revival of German literature was beginning; but the fact shows to what a low condition national genius had been reduced; for Frederick, though a shallow man in philosophy, and under the guidance of Voltaire, had some literary talent and taste.

From this low point of view the improved productions of the eighteenth century were regarded, and it must be allowed that the disposition of German readers to overrate their new authors—such men as Kant, Lessing, Herder, and Goethe—was perfectly natural, and indeed hardly avoidable. For Kant, though he wrote in a prolix and abstruse style, ventured to think for himself, and was certainly a remarkable philosophical writer, when judged by a comparison with his pedantic predecessor, Christian Wolf. And it is no wonder that Lessing's 'Minna von Barnhelm,' and other dramatic works, were regarded as good productions when contrasted with the bombastic dramas of Gryphius and Lohenstein. The spontaneous and natural lyrics of Goethe might well shine as gems of poetry beside the paste of Opitz and other poetasters. In short, there was at this time a remarkable revival of poetry and general literature, and German critics naturally regarded it with reference to the past literature of their own country. Kant was therefore esteemed as 'a modern Aristotle,' Jacobi was styled 'the German Plato,' and not only Goethe, but even Jean Paul Richter also, was compared with Shakspeare! In this enthusiastic style of estimation there was gross exaggeration. The comparison of Goethe and Shakspeare, for instance, must appear ridiculous to every reader who is well acquainted with the opposite characteristics of these two authors. Goethe was great, not in comparison with the English dramatist, but in relation to the poetical writers of Germany in the seventeenth century.

The exaggerated estimate which has thus been easily explained, was received by some English authors who had a partial acquaint-

ance with German literature, and has been maintained by their influence to the present day. The charm of novelty, a natural tendency to put a high value on subjects to which we have devoted considerable study, and a disposition to admit, without due examination, the assertions of foreign critics, have probably been the causes of the too favourable estimate of modern German literature.*

POETRY.

The time extending between 1150 and 1300 has been styled the 'First Classic Period' of German poetry, and that which we have now to describe has been esteemed as the second. Objections may be raised against the application of such a word as 'classic' to these times; but it is certain that these two epochs have resembled each other in their productiveness. Another similarity may be observed between them, in the failure of all attempts to maintain a distinct national school of poetry. In the thirteenth century, the national epic appeared, but was soon neglected, and almost forgotten, among the foreign legends and sentimental verses of the 'Romancists' and 'Minnesingers.' In the eighteenth century, when Lessing had made a path for original genius by clearing away the French pedantry and affectations which had prevailed too long, there appeared some hope of a revival of true national literature. But Herder, who exercised considerable influence on his younger contemporaries, Goethe and Schiller, directed the literary enthusiasm of his times toward foreign poetry and universal studies. Poetic taste was now expanded and improved, especially by the study of Shakspeare's dramas; but Goethe, after producing one drama, 'Götz,' in a national style, turned to write reflective poetry; and Schiller, who was in some respects the most national of German poets, was led by the prevailing tendency of his times to study the general rather than the particular—the cosmopolitan rather than the national style. Whatever the advantages of universal studies may be in other departments of literature, their influence appears to have had an injurious effect upon the qualities of energy and originality which belong to poetry of the highest class. It appears reasonable and desirable that every nation, while cultivating an acquaintance with foreign literature, should preserve its own distinct national style. This is the mode of fulfilling the great law of

* The above remarks are applied chiefly to the general or poetical literature of this seventh period. Intrinsic value and excellence of style must be united in classical productions; but it is generally confessed that even respectable German authors have still many things to learn regarding style. At the same time, we most readily admit that, for thoughtfulness and sincerity, for the number of important ideas which it has brought into circulation, modern German literature may justly claim the highest honour.

nature, which preserves unity, and at the same time develops a rich variety. Why should the expressions of poetic genius in various countries be less diversified than their climates and orders of vegetation? We neither expect nor wish to find in India the trees and grasses of our English valleys. These remarks will be found especially applicable to modern German poetry. The open and receptive character of German genius, which has been so favourable to the development of a comprehensive philosophy and extensive historical knowledge, has prevailed over energy and originality in poetry.

It would be difficult to find a fairer example of the German literary character than JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER (1744–1803). After receiving an education in medicine, he studied philosophy under Kant at Königsberg in 1762. He was subsequently engaged in several places as a teacher and a clergyman, until he was invited to join the circle of poets and other literary men at Weimar, under the patronage of the Duke Karl Augustus. Here Herder displayed his universal interest in literature by producing a series of works on various subjects, but all marked by a noble and kindly spirit of humanity. A treatise on the 'Origin of Language' (1770), an essay on 'Hebrew Poetry' (1782), and a work entitled 'Ideas for the Philosophy of Humanity' (1784–1791), besides many poetical pieces and critical writings, showed that Herder was prepared rather to comprehend and expound the thoughts of other authors, than to produce any work of striking original genius. Yet his services in literature were considerable. He diffused through all his writings the influence of a kind, hopeful, and aspiring spirit, and found in literature no idle pastime, but a field for the exercise of all his humane sympathies. Whatever our opinion of Herder's genius may be, we must derive from his works a favourable impression of his personal character, and this will be confirmed by the memoirs of his life. In poetry, Herder's collections of popular ballads and translations from several languages are more remarkable than his original productions. In his 'Voices of the People,' or 'Popular Ballads of Many Nations' (1778), he showed his power of sympathising with, and appreciating, the various national tones of poetry. The ballads of Spain, Scandinavian legends, Scottish songs, and Hindoo fables found in Herder a genial interpreter; and his numerous versions and criticisms of foreign works encouraged that love of universal history which has produced many remarkable results in Germany. His original poems consist chiefly of parables, fables, and versions of old legends and traditions; but seldom rise above mediocrity. The most noble feature in Herder's character was his constant striving, according to his belief, for all the highest interests of mankind. He did not employ literature

as the means of satisfying individual ambition. When he discovered, as he thought, a want of benevolent earnestness in the writings of his friend Goethe, he looked upon them with cold admiration; while he could overlook all the faults in another writer, Jean Paul Richter, because he cordially participated in his motives and sympathies. The melancholy by which Herder's later days were shaded arose probably from his lofty and unfulfilled aspirations. In the decline of life, he often lamented that he had done so little for the world, and exclaimed, 'Alas, my wasted life!'

Johann Wolfgang Goethe, a man of universal genius, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine in 1749. He gives a pleasant account of the studies of his boyhood in his work entitled 'Poetry and Truth.' At Strasburg, where he completed his studies, he gained the friendship of Herder. In 1773 he produced a popular drama entitled 'Götz von Berlichingen,' and in the following year his sentimental novel of 'Werther's Sorrows,' which extended his reputation over Europe; but he afterwards repudiated both the taste and the immorality of this juvenile work. These writings attracted the attention of the Duke of Weimar, who invited Goethe to his court, and soon elevated him to an honourable position. After two years of travel in Italy, he produced, between 1787 and 1790, his dramatic poems, 'Iphigenie,' 'Egmont,' 'Tasso,' and 'Faust,' beside many lyrical and occasional poems. In 1794 he formed a lasting friendship with his rival Schiller. He continued writing poems, novels, criticisms, and scientific essays to his eighty-second year. Yet he was never wholly devoted to retirement and study, but happily contrived to unite his literary activity with an enjoyment of the pleasures of society. Few authors have enjoyed a life so healthful and prosperous. In his later years he held the easy office of prime-minister at Weimar, until the death of his patron in 1828. Goethe preserved his intellectual faculties almost to the latest hour of life, and died, after a short illness, at Weimar in 1832.

As a poet, Goethe is chiefly known by his dramas, 'Faust,' 'Tasso,' and 'Egmont,' his lyrical and occasional poems, and his domestic epic entitled 'Hermann and Dorothea.' The lyrical poems and ballads are remarkable for clear and melodious versification, but are not rich in human interest. In his domestic epic, he solved the poetic problem of observing all the laws of the epic style in a short poem, which contains only the adventures of a summer's day, while its sole result is the betrothal of a young farmer, Hermann, with an emigrant maiden, Dorothea. The interest of this poem depends in a great measure on the moral reflections which are pleasantly interwoven with the narrative. The

plot is clear and simple, and the few characters introduced are well described in an indirect style. A humorous parody on the style of Homer sometimes characterises the versification. It may be observed, as an instance of diversity of tastes, that while this poem has been admired as a classical production by many German critics, some translations have failed to please English readers. We may assign, as a reason, that not only in this poem, but also in the other writings of Goethe, there is a want of those adventures and vivid interests to which the English taste is accustomed in works of fiction. On this defect a modern critic * makes the following observations:—

'The absence of everything like an energetic practical life in Germany during our times, has no doubt occasioned the speculative tendency of our writers. Goethe, the clearest and most comprehensive genius which our country has produced, appears to have been so endowed by nature, that he had only to choose in what department of art, literature, or science he would excel. He chose poetry as the best mode of expression for his universal sympathies; and if he had found in his country an object on which to exercise his imagination, a vigorous national life and character, worthy of poetic celebration, he would have continued to write in the popular dramatic style which is found in his "Götz von Berlichingen." But our times afforded no materials for such poetry, and consequently even Goethe fell into a reflective strain. For this reason he stands so far below Shakspeare in variety of materials and energy of style.'

This passage by no means gives an adequate explanation of the wide distinction between the English dramatist and Goethe; but it partly accounts for the reflective character of the latter poet.

The first part of 'Faust' is the poem by which the fame of this author has been most widely extended. Though incomplete, it is remarkably original, and suggests important reflections on human character and destiny. The narrative is partly founded on the old legend of 'Faust the Magician.' We are introduced to the hero at the moment when he expresses his despair of arriving at any valuable results after years of abstruse study. He condemns his books and philosophical instruments in bitter terms. He has no longer any delight in the pursuits of intellectual life. In this mood of mind, he is lifting a cup of poison to his lips, when the sound of church-bells and the voices of choristers, hailing the morning of Easter Sunday, recall to his mind recollections of childhood and its innocent joys. He puts aside the poison cup, and exclaims—

'Sound out, sweet bells! ye call me back to life!'

This is the turning-point in the history of Faust. He has seen

* P. A. Pfizer.

the error of his previous mystical studies, and now wishes to begin a new career of life; but is dubious respecting its nature. At this crisis he unhappily meets his evil genius, Mephistopheles, who persuades him to abandon all philosophy, and to enjoy the sensuous pleasures of the world. Faust yields to this advice, and after passing through many fantastic adventures, ends his career in crime and misery. Many parts of this poem are written in such a mystical vein, rather intimating than distinctly expressing reflections, that various readers may derive from it various lessons. It teaches that clear intellectual views are a great support of virtue and happiness; that, on the other side, a mind full of vague ambition and immoderate desires may easily be led into moral evil; and that true freedom can be found only in subjection to reasonable laws. These thoughts are frequently expressed in various forms in Goethe's writings. The second part of 'Faust' is remarkable only as a specimen of varied and harmonious versification, of which a considerable part was written when the poet was more than eighty years old. In this respect it may be regarded as a literary curiosity. A passage from the opening of this poem is subjoined:—

SUNRISE.

'*Faust.* The pulses of my life beat freshly now,
While mild ethereal dawn enfolds my brow,
The earth, with quiet sleep refreshed all night,
Through open pores breathes out a new delight.
How all things long to live! and keen desire
Awakes in me, for ever to aspire:
In glimmering sheen the world is wrapt around,
With thousand-voiced life the forests sound;
Along the vale the misty streaks are drawn,
And light darts down where mountain chasms yawn;
And leafy twigs from misty clefts bloom out,
On buds and blooms fresh pearls are dropped about,
Hue after hue, gleams from the dusky ground,
And paradise is opened all around!

Upwards my glance! the mountain-peaks are glowing,
For us the signs of glorious day-birth showing!
Glad sooner to enjoy the eternal light,
That later beams on our enraptured sight;
Now a bright glance awakes the mountain-green,
With gradual spread fills all the vales between,
And now bursts forth! and, dazzled at the day,
With aching eyes I turn myself away.
So 'tis with us when fond hopes, cherished long,
Upheld through storms of contradiction strong,

To ripe fulfilment suddenly are grown,
And gates of paradise are open thrown.
* * * * *
So let the sun behind me blaze a while,
As here I meet his fair reflected smile;
Yon waterfall, with genial gladness, see
Burst through the rocky cleft in rapturous glee;
From leap to leap, a thousand streams outpouring,
Mid foam-clouds over foam-clouds lightly soaring.
How glorious, beaming through the misty air,
The changeful-during rainbow's colours there!
Now clear outshining, now they softly fade,
Lost for a moment in the misty shade:
Well paints the varying bow our life's endeavour,
For ever changing, yet the same for ever.'

In attempting to give a fair general estimate of this versatile author we encounter a curious difficulty. Two facts appear which at first sight are not easily reconcilable. It is certain that Goethe has long been esteemed, by the most intellectual of his countrymen, as a man of remarkable and extensive genius. If proof of this fact were required, it would be found in numerous volumes of comments and criticisms on his writings. On the other side, it is well known that several fair translations of Goethe's principal poems have appeared in England without making any great and permanent impression. The English reader naturally asks, 'Where is the work which displays the greatness of this celebrated author? Where is the drama that can be placed fairly beside Hamlet? or where is the prose fiction that may be ranked with the works of Scott?' We presume that the German critic will not pretend to meet these demands; yet he still maintains that Goethe was a great man in literature. Here is a difficulty; for it would evidently be presumptuous to say either that German critics have made a mountain of a molehill, or that English readers are altogether wrong in taste. To solve the contradiction, it must be observed that Goethe was a voluminous writer, and that he extended his sympathies over almost every department of literature; but did not concentrate his faculties in any single work which can be named as a full illustration of his genius. The German critic and the English reader form their judgments from two different points of view. The latter looks for one distinct work on which to found an author's fame, while the former makes a survey of the manifold proofs of genius contained in a shelf-ful of books, beside many letters and conversations. He finds scattered through all these writings a series of original and refined views of life, society, and literature, and from these he concludes that the author was a man

of capacious genius. The fame of an English author may supply an illustration of this case. Every one numbers Samuel Johnson among the heroes of literature; yet how few have read his works! It would be difficult to point to any one of his writings which contains a full proof of his greatness. But thousands have read with pleasure Boswell's book, and have gathered from its scattered notices their estimate of Johnson's genius. Goethe, unfortunately, found no competent Boswell; but this deficiency might be partly supplied, even now, by a judicious selection of passages from his works, letters, and conversations, which would be the most likely vehicle to extend his fame. Two or three short passages from Goethe's 'Tasso' may serve as specimens of the beauties which might be selected from his writings:—

THE GRACES.

'Though all the gods assembled to bring gifts
Around the cradle of this sapient man,
Alas! the Graces surely stayed away;
And he who has not their endearing gifts,
May be a good and prudent counsellor,
But never can he be a bosom-friend.'

THE GOLDEN AGE.

'*Tasso.* O what a word my Princess speaks to me!
That *golden time*—ah! whither has it fled?
For which the heart so often yearns in vain!
When o'er the cheerful earth the sons of men
In gladsome companies with freedom strayed;
When in the flowery field the ancient tree
Shaded the shepherd and the shepherdess;
When o'er the purest sands the Naiades
Guided at will the clear and gentle rills;
The harmless snake wound through the grass his way;
The daring fawn, by the brave youth attacked,
Fled to the wood, and every creature roaming,
And every bird that carolled in the air,
Proclaimed to men—"Live freely as you please!"

Princess. My friend, the Golden Age has passed away,
And yet good minds can bring it back again,
Yea, to confess to you my firm belief,
That golden time of which the poets sing
Was never more a truth than it is now.
Or, if it ever was, 'twas only so
That it may always be restored again.
Still close together true congenial souls,
And share the joys of all this beauteous world.

Only your motto, Tasso, I would change,
And rather say: "Live truly as you ought!"'

AN IMAGINATIVE CHARACTER.

'I know him well; for he is easily known—
Too proud to hide himself—to-day, perhaps,
He sinks into himself, as if the world
Were all enclosed within his single bosom,
While all things round him vanish from his sight.
Then suddenly, as if some secret spark
Of grief, or joy, or anger, lit the mine,
He breaks forth to reform the world about him.
Then will he seize on all, and master all—
The world must move accordant with his thoughts,
And, in a moment, to perfection come
The gradual growth of many centuries;
While evils, that require the patient hand
Of labour, for long years, for their removal,
Must vanish in the lightning of his eye.
He of himself demands the impossible,
That he may next demand the same from others.
The final cause of all things in a glance
He longs to comprehend: what scarce can come
To one mind in a million, he would have:
But he is not the man—he falls, at last,
Just as he was, into himself again.'

Friedrich Schiller was born at Marbach in 1759. Of the poet's father we have nothing remarkable to tell; but his mother was an amiable and imaginative woman. The most important event of his youth, which was destined to have great influence upon his career, was his admission, at the age of fourteen, into the Military Academy established at Stuttgard by the Duke of Würtemberg. This was an institution of dry and rigid discipline, against which Schiller rebelled. He read Wieland's Shakspeare, and solaced himself in the world of poetry, revealing itself to him in startling contrast with the dull routine to which he was bound. He was secretly educating himself as a poet, and preparing to astonish the German world with his tragedy 'The Robbers.' At the age of twenty-two, he gave to the world this wild drama, in which his own longings for intellectual liberty had found a turbulent and exaggerated expression. The drama found a public ready to receive it, with all its wildness and crudity, as the production of a vigorous and revolutionary genius; but it brought upon the head of its youthful writer the censure of the pedantic and arbitrary Duke of Würtemberg, who was naturally grieved to see his orderly Academy produce such an unclassical work.

There is some excuse for the duke's censure; for the drama is full of the exaggeration and bad taste which might be expected from an ardent young poet *educated* as Schiller had been. But Schiller had visited the theatre at Mannheim, and had seen his play represented and received with the greatest enthusiasm. This success prompted him to make an escape from the Academy, and to try his fortune as a theatrical author. Accompanied by a young musician named Streicher, and with only twenty-three florins in his pocket, he set out one night for Mannheim. The Grand Duke Paul of Russia paid a visit to Stuttgard, and all the authorities of the place were too full of the excitement of royal preparations and illuminations to observe the departure of an obscure young poet. How little did the people of Stuttgard dream that night that one was leaving the city-gate, then only a romantic youth, a mere student at the Academy, of whom they would one day become far prouder than of the glittering visit of the Grand Duke! Yet so it has come to pass—that royal entrance is chiefly remembered at Stuttgard because on that night young Schiller ran away: and now the Stuttgard man, when he shows the 'lions' of the place, points first of all to the statue of *Friedrich Schiller*.

When he arrived at Mannheim, which had been the scene of his theatrical glory, he alarmed the manager of the theatre by confessing that he had fled from Stuttgard, and had set the duke at defiance, and that his sole hope of making a new step onward in life lay in a manuscript play—'Fiesco.' Meier, the manager, listened to this play, read by the young poet, and in amazement asked Streicher—'Is Schiller really the author of "The Robbers?"' It seems that Schiller, at that time, like our own Thomson, read his own productions in a disadvantageous style. It required some time to fit this new play for the stage. Meanwhile, Schiller's purse was shrinking, and he had left some debts behind him at Stuttgard. He thought it prudent to remove farther from the forsaken capital of Würtemberg; and accordingly again set out on travel with his faithful friend the young musician. On the journey Schiller's strength was exhausted, and he lay down, sick and weary, in a wood, while his friend, equally poor and prospectless, watched beside him. Reiterated disappointments vexed him with regard to his theatrical prospects; but just when he was feeling the bitterness of 'a world without a friend,' he received a welcome invitation from a lady who deserves to be honourably mentioned in his biography. Madame von Wolzogen offered for the shelter of the young poet a house which she possessed at Bauerbach, a village near Meiningen. Soon afterwards, the offended duke left the poet unmolested to follow his self-chosen career,

and Schiller was appointed Poet to the Theatre at Mannheim. Now he had gained a station in the world comparatively satisfactory. The circumstances of the material man act upon the intellectual man in a greater degree than can be imagined by those whose lives have known no great changes. Schiller, now settled, with a salary, however small, *regular*, and with a way to farther success open before him, felt no longer that polemic enthusiasm from which 'The Robbers' had started forth to frighten the world. The next important step in Schiller's life was his visit to Weimar, the residence of Goethe, Herder, and Wieland. He was soon so much delighted with the society of this little German Athens, that he determined to make it his home. Here he became acquainted with his future wife, Charlotte von Lengefeld, who resided with her mother at Rudolstadt, and sometimes visited Weimar. In the spring of the next year he chose a residence in the valley of Rudolstadt near the house of the Lengefelds. This was a happy part of his life. His mornings were given to study, and his evenings were spent in a circle of friends.

Now also, by slow steps, that friendship was formed between Schiller and Goethe which had a highly favourable influence on the development of their respective characters. They were not too much alike to be friends. They had pursued the same object by different roads. Goethe had travelled along a very smooth road, and the soft scenery of his life's journey had given an expression of contentment and repose to his fine face. Schiller had been the striving man, and his worn features told of the time when 'the world was not his friend.' These two remarkable men, who had hitherto belonged to different schools, became sincere friends, and generously helped each other in their literary designs. Their correspondence has been published, and is interesting to the student. It was partly through Goethe's interest that Schiller received the appointment to the chair of History at the university of Jena; to which he had recommended himself by his 'History of the Revolt of the Netherlands.' On entering upon this new office, the poet was received with the warmest enthusiasm by the students of Jena. He had now found his place—the very station for which his genius fitted him—and a prospect of happiness was opened before him. He enjoyed his labours at Jena, and, still more, his holidays at Rudolstadt. But soon afterwards, his health failed. In one of his letters to Goethe, he says—'And now, when I have attained, as I believe, to such a degree of intellectual clearness, and have established in my mind such principles of art, that, if I might be spared, I could perhaps do something great and good, my bodily constitution is threatened with decay.'

It may be well to mention (as a warning to other students) that

this failure of the poet's health may be partly attributed to his habits of nocturnal study. He had built for himself a little summer-house in a garden overlooking the valley of the Saale, where he yielded himself to the luxury of poetic creation, chiefly during the silence of night. To sustain his enthusiasm, he had recourse to the excitement of wine, injurious to a man of fervid poetical temperament, in a degree not to be imagined by men of duller feelings. Such refreshments make the lamp of life flare away rapidly, and even the temporary lustre they seem to give is of a delusive nature. Goethe remarked that the questionable inspiration of wine might be tasted in some of Schiller's productions at this period. Doering (one of our poet's biographers) tells us 'he had strong coffee or wine-chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish or Champagne standing by his writing-desk. Often his neighbours heard him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night; and some, who could easily overlook his chamber from the height opposite his little garden-house, on the other side of the dell, might see him, now speaking loudly, and pacing hastily to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down into his chair, and writing—now and then drinking from the glass beside his desk. In winter, he was at his desk until four, or even five o'clock in the morning; in summer, until towards three.'

Soon after the publication of 'Wallenstein,' the Duke of Weimar gave our poet a pension of 1000 dollars. But prosperity could not lull genius into indolence. Suggestions of new works called for fulfilment. The flower must open, the tree must grow to maturity, though, in so doing, it also hastens to decay. From 1799 to 1801, Schiller produced his dramas, 'Maria Stuart,' the 'Maid of Orleans,' the 'Bride of Messina,' and his fine ode 'The Song of the Bell.' He again visited the Körners at Dresden, and thence journeyed to Leipsic, where he was in the theatre at the performance of the 'Maid of Orleans,' and when the curtain fell, the audience shouted aloud 'Long live Frederick Schiller!'

In the spring of 1804, after a visit to Berlin, the poet suffered from a severe attack of his constitutional malady, from which he only faintly rallied; and about a year afterwards, the disease returned with fatal power. On the 28th of April, 1805, he was seized with fever, and lay for about a week, still cherishing hopes of life. On the 6th of May he fell into delirium. On the 7th he seemed restored to self-possession, and began to converse with his sister-in-law on 'the nature of tragedy.' At the beginning of this illness he had regretted the interruption it must occasion to his projected tragedy of 'Demetrius.' Now, on the night of the 7th, his servant, watching by his bed, heard him reciting several lines

from the drama upon which his mind was still engaged. In the evening of the next day, when his sister-in-law asked him how he felt, he answered 'Calmer and calmer.' Then he longed to behold once more the setting sun; they drew aside the curtains, and he looked, for the last time, with a poet's sympathy, on the great light. The next day he was exhausted and speechless, and in the evening he expired. So died Frederick Schiller, aged 45 years. His life was short; but it was a life—not a sleep. He had devoted himself to a great object, to win a high place among the poets and intellectual heroes of his country; he used the means of attaining this end; he studied long, and felt deeply, esteeming his vocation more than his earthly life—and he gained his object—he was crowned with more than the admiration, with the love of his people, and died as he touched the goal. In the night of the 11th of May, the poet's mortal remains were carried to the grave by twelve young men of the city; but 'several young artists and students,' says Doering, 'out of reverence for the dead, claimed a share in the ceremony.' It is pleasant to mention, in connection with Goethe and Schiller, their generous friend and patron, KARL AUGUST, the Duke of Weimar (1756–1828), a man of refined taste, who found his greatest delight in the society of men of genius.

The poetical works of Schiller consist of several graphic ballads, didactic poems, dramas, and lyrical pieces. The celebrated 'Song of the Bell' (1799) stands almost alone as a successful attempt to unite poetry with the interests of daily life and industry. The poet describes the casting of a church-bell, and gives spirited outlines of various scenes in human life, such as a marriage, a funeral, a conflagration, the outbreak of war, and the celebration of peace. This original and remarkable poem has been frequently translated into English, and may be regarded as a fair specimen of the author's genius. In his didactic poem, 'The Artists,' Schiller recommends the study of the beautiful in poetry, sculpture, and painting. One of the purposes of this versified essay is to correct the notion that the love of beauty and cultivation of the fine arts must be opposed to utility. It requires no great penetration to see that if human elevation and improvement is the end to which the useful is devoted, the fine arts must be esteemed as immediately tending to produce that result. The argument of the poem traces the ideas of goodness, truth, and beauty to one fountain, and describes them as all mingling in one result. The 'Walk' is another didactic and descriptive poem, in which the writer gives the discursive meditations suggested by a walk in the country and the view of a city. He strays into the fields, and exults in the beauty of nature. After tracing the relations of man with nature, and describing the progress of civilisation, he is depressed by

thoughts of the conflicts and disorders of society. From these reflections he returns to the contemplation of nature, and the poem closes with the following passage:—

THE CONSTANCY OF NATURE.

'But where am I? My path is lost. I find
Myself alone on wild and rocky ground:
Gardens and hedge-rows all are left behind;
No trace of human life or toil is found;
But rude, uncultured hills about me stand,
And basalt piles wait for the sculptor's hand.

The torrent from the mountain's melted snow,
Foams over rocks, and roots of trees laid bare,
And pours its waters in the dell below;
While o'er the desolate place, in the lone air,
The eagle hangs, with outspread wings, on high,
And knits the savage landscape to the sky.

No winds can hither waft the faintest sound
Of human joys or cares. Alone I seem,
And yet am not alone. Thy arms surround
Thy child, maternal Nature! 'Twas a dream
Of human woes that led me far astray;
But now thy presence drives my fears away.

From thee I drink once more a purer life;
The hopes of youth revive within my breast.
The minds of men, in a perpetual strife,
Revolve from age to age, and find no rest;
While nature, in unfading youth and beauty,
Obeys one everlasting rule of duty.

Upon her constant bosom, ever green,
Beneath her sky of never-fading blue,
Lived all the generations who have been,
And still her children find her fresh and new.
And the same sun that, o'er some Grecian hill,
Homer beheld, is shining on us still!'

In his lyrical ballads and romances, Schiller rises above the didactic and descriptive style. 'The Cranes of Ibycus,' and the 'Fight with the Dragon,' may be especially noticed as instances of graphic metrical narratives inspired with noble purposes. Schiller was an interesting man, a philosopher, an historian, and a critic, as well as a poet. He has often been spoken of in a collective style, rather than criticised distinctly as a poet. For this reason, perhaps, several of his poems, if strictly examined as productions of art, will be found inferior to the general estimate of

Schiller's genius, and deficient in simplicity, graphic clearness, and variety. Mr CARLYLE has observed that in the general praise of this poet some of his particular merits have been overlooked. On the other side, it may be said that the poet's character has shed a lustre over his writings, which must fade in some degree when we review them critically. Are his dramas, laying aside their poetic beauties and good sentiments, excellent as dramatic productions? Are his lyrics pure and clear in their style? Such are the questions which must be answered, in order to form a true estimate of Schiller as a poet. In his personal character he displayed fine qualities. His aspirations in literature were noble and benevolent. He regarded poetry especially as something far better than a trivial amusement—as the companion and cherisher of the best hopes and affections that can be developed in human life. In his 'Song of the Bell' and other poems of similar tendency, he gave examples of pure poetry associated with the highest interests in a style which, if it had found successful followers, would have elevated the poetical literature of Germany above the rank which it now occupies.

But, since the days of Goethe and Schiller, the movement in German poetry has been on the whole retrograde, and few recent productions can claim particular notice. It is impossible to describe here all the contemporaries and successors of Schiller who have written pleasing verses, but have not produced poems of remarkable originality. A few selections will be sufficient to show the want of distinct character and interest in many modern versifiers. Though poetry is so far an object of taste, that the criticism of any writer may appear arbitrary to some readers, there are rules for the formation of judgment which are founded in nature, and have been approved by impartial public opinion. The comparatively few poetical works which have been marked and preserved as classical productions, will be found generally to possess three united qualities—power of imagination, beauty of style, and interesting import. In the last of these qualities recent German poetry is peculiarly deficient, as several of the following brief notices will show.

JOHANN HEINRICH VOSS (1751–1826) was far more respectable as a self-educated man, and a translator of Homer and Virgil, than as an original poet. He delighted in writing descriptions of homely and commonplace objects, such as fowls in a farmyard, or even household cats, in long and tedious hexameter verses. In this style he produced a domestic idyl, 'Luise,' which was received by some with admiration, but by others with laughter. A few lines, describing a pic-nic party, will give an idea of its very homely character:—

'Then spoke the mother, full of care and bustle:—
"Hans, bring the kettle; here we'll light the fire
Where the cool wind will drive the smoke away.
Where shall we sit? Here, under this old beech,
This good old family tree, whose rind is marked
With all our names! How large the letters grow!
This moss about the roots is like a pillow.
Pleasantly sounds the plashing of the lake.
Now, children, gather wood to boil the kettle;
Who would have pleasure, must have trouble too;
'He that would be a fish, must not fear water!'
I know a fountain pure, and sweet, and cold;
Around its brink, they say, the fairies dance;
Thence I will draw the water. From this day
We'll give it a new name—*Luise's Spring!*"'

The verses of FRIEDRICH MATTHISON (1761–1831) seldom rise above mere description and sentiment, but are sometimes pleasing, as in the following specimen:—

RECOLLECTIONS.

'I long to see once more, before I die,
The fields in which I wandered when a child,
Where all the happy dreams of opening life
Around me hovered.

The rill, with banks of violets, that flowed
Among the alders which my father planted,
Would give me greater pleasure than the sight
Of classic rivers;

And that low hill, crowned with a linden-tree,
Where, round and round, with hands together clasped,
I and my playmates ran, would tell me more
Than Alpine mountains!'

GAUDENZ SALIS (1762–1834) was also a descriptive versifier, in some respects superior to Matthison. Many names present themselves here, such as NEUFFER, NEUBECK, KOSEGARTEN, BLUMAUER, GOTTER, BAGGESEN, and THUMMEL—all poetical writers of mediocrity. There are some good traits of nature in the verses of L. H. GÖCKING (1748–1828), and in the songs of MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS (1740–1815), which still preserve a place in the popular memory. Several of the versifiers thus briefly noticed were associated with Voss, Burger, and the Brothers Stolberg, as partisans of a national school of poetry.

Other writers endeavoured to revive a classical style of poetry, but with little effect. AUGUSTUS WILHELM SCHLEGEL was more worthy of fame for his tact and taste as a translator, especially of

Shakspeare, than as an original poet. His antique drama, 'Ion,' like the 'Alarcos' of his brother, possesses no true interest for modern times. FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL wrote several elegant poems; but his fame rests on his great services as an historian of literature. The unfortunate poet, FRIEDRICH HOLDERLIN (1770–1843), reproduced, in a style often marked with clearness and beauty, the ideas and images of antique Greek poetry. His character presented an extreme instance of the results of visionary speculation; for not only in his verses, but in his serious opinions, he rejected the religion, the manners and customs, and the literature of his native country, and attached himself to the ancient Grecians, whom he regarded as the models of mankind. Holderlin fell into a condition of intellectual debility, in which he lived for the long space of forty-one years. ERNST SCHULZE (1789–1817) was remarkable chiefly for the melody of his language; but devoted himself to a melancholy and monotonous strain of sentiment, fatal to the production of vigorous poetry. After losing, by early death, the young lady on whom he had placed his affections, he devoted his imaginative reveries to immortalise her name—Cecilia—in a long poem containing twenty cantos.

In melody of versification, FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1789) is superior to all his contemporaries; but his numerous poems show that want of distinct interest which is found in many recent productions in verse. Rückert is not only a poet, but also an enthusiastic Oriental student, and has made the German language flow in the metres and styles of the Persian poets with remarkable facility. He has also succeeded in didactic verse, giving the maxims of the ancient Brahmins of India in a laconic style. He accepts and versifies the legends of many foreign countries, as if his native land was worn out as a poetical subject, and could supply no more materials on which to exercise invention. This partiality for foreign subjects is found in a great part of recent German poetry, though lately political and patriotic lyrics have become fashionable. The merit of Rückert's poems is so often confined to their external form, that many of them will not bear translation; but the following lines may give some idea of their flowing style:—

A POET'S UTOPIA.

'I long to build a city fair
Under heaven's serenest air,
Embosomed in a blooming wood,
And laved by some transparent flood;
The focus whence life's gladdening beam
Through all the land should freely stream;
Where life, as in a circle flowing,
From centre to circumference going,

Thence to the middle-point again
Should flow as rivers to the main.
Within the midst a kingly hand
Should hold in unity the land,
A king with nobles round him spread,
Like blossoms round a rose's head;
While through the kingdom every soul
Should share the glory of the whole,
Contented but a leaf to be
Upon a healthy, blooming tree.
From the throne a blessing streaming,
O'er the land the king's smile beaming,
Joy to every home is bringing;
Labour bears his burthen singing;
For every one throughout the land
Gives every one a helping hand.
Each is happy in his part;
The reaper sings with merry heart,
And from the throne a lustre shines
Upon the dresser of the vines.
Then the gentle arts shall come,
And in my city find their home,
Not dwell in dull seclusion lone,
But in the streets and round the throne,
As friends of every one, shall stand,
And throw their magic o'er the land.
And not to please a pedant's taste
The artist shall his labour waste,
But in the people's gladdened eyes
Find his labours' richest prize.
There shall music's temple rise,
And fill with harmony the skies;
And palaces, where art divine
Makes earth in heavenly colours shine.
The poets shall not tell their tales
To moonlit woods like nightingales,
Nor give the cheerful lyric strain
To old-world fables dull and vain,
Of knights and saints in ancient days,
Nor fill with idle dreams their lays;
But in the city bards shall dwell,
By king and people honoured well;
And poetry, no idle art,
Shall cheer the universal heart.
There one shall show, with tragic hand,
The hero's death for Fatherland;
Another, with a comic grace,
Will show the people their own face,

And lyric poets with the lay,
Shall gladden every festive day.'

Augustus von Platen (1796–1835) resembled his friend Rückert in his partiality for foreign themes, and in the care with which he polished the style of his poems. He professed a contempt of his native country, and celebrated the beauty of Rome, Venice, and Naples. If the human interest of his poems had equalled their finish and gracefulness, they would be excellent productions; but the chief merit of Platen consists in his imitation not only of the metres, but also of the style and spirit, of old classical poets, especially Horace. The following is a translation of a poem founded on an anecdote in the life of a great painter :—

LUCA SIGNORELLI.

'Twas at the hour of evening prayer—
The painter from his easel rose,
And gazed upon the picture there—
How lifelike every aspect glows!

Hark!—what can mean these sudden cries?—
A pupil comes with hasty tread,
Enters the painter's room, and sighs,
"Master, your only son is dead!

"Alas! his beauty brought his doom;
He fell beneath a rival's hand,
And yonder, in the minster's gloom,
The praying monks around him stand."

Then Luca cried—"Oh, misery!
Thus have I lived, and toiled in vain!
This moment takes away from me
The fruit of all my labour's pain!

"What care I that my paintings' glow
With joy Cortona's people hail?
Or that Orvieto's church can show
My 'Judgment,' making gazers pale?

"Nor fame, nor laurels round my brow,
Can bind this wound, and heal my smart;
Thy last, best consolation now,
Bestow on me, belovèd art!"

Straight to the church the master went—
He shed no tears—he said no more—
His pupil, guessing his intent,
Beside him brush and palette bore.

He steps into the minster. See!
From many a shrine his paintings gleam:
The monks their funeral litany
Chant by the lamps' undying beam.

He gazes on the beauteous dead;
Then all night in that solemn place
He sits, with colours near him spread,
To paint the dear boy's sleeping face.

He sits and paints beside the bier,
With father's heart and painter's skill,
Till morning dawns—"I have him *here*—
Bury the corpse whene'er you will."'

ADALBERT VON CHAMISSO (1781–1839) was by birth a Frenchman, whose parents left France during the Revolution. Adalbert attended a Russian expedition to the Arctic circle, and after his return, resided at Berlin, and gave his attention to literature. He wrote a well-known fantastic romance, which contains some traits of his experience as an exile, under the title of 'Peter Schlemihl.' His poems show a partiality for gloomy topics.

The national tone of German poetry has been sustained by LUDWIG UHLAND (1787) in many romances and ballads, marked by very simple diction, which may be placed among the most natural and genuine poetry, though not of the highest order, which recent years have produced. Indeed these ballads so fairly represent the character of a large department of German poetry, that one of considerable length may claim a place here:—

YOUNG ROLAND.

'The lady Berta in the cave, deplored her bitter lot;
Her darling Roland, glad and brave, was playing near the spot.

"King Charles, my honoured brother still! alas, I fled from thee!
For love I left thy princely court, and thou art wroth with me.

"Oh, Milon! oh, my husband dear! the waters swallowed thee—
For love I left all other joys; yet love has fled from me!

"Come hither, Roland, darling boy, I'll clasp thee to my heart;
My love, my pride is all in thee—my sole delight thou art!"

King Charles, within the gilded hall, sat down to royal fare,
And waiters served up rosy wine and dainty dishes there.

And every heart was gladdened there with music bold and brave:
Alas! the music could not cheer the lonely forest-cave!

And in the palace outer-court sat beggars blithe and gay,
Who loved far more the meat and drink than all the minstrels' play.

The king looked through the open door upon the beggars there;
And from the ragged crowd came forth a stripling bold and fair.

The boy was clad in motley rags, but had a noble face;
He pushed his way among the crowd, to reach the dining-place.

He stepped into the princely hall as careless as in play,
Thence took a dish of dainty meat, and carried it away.

Then thought the king, "a daring trick!" as on the boy he gazed;
But silently he let him go—his courtiers were amazed.

A little while had passed away—again the boy came up,
Even to the place where sat the king, and seized the royal cup.

"Ha!" cried the king, "the trick is bold, you little daring thing!"
But Roland held the golden cup, and looked up at the king.

The king, at first, looked dark enough, then laughed in merry mood—
"You walk into my gilded hall as if into a wood.

"You take the dainty dishes, boy, like apples from a tree,
And wine as you would water take from any fountain free!"

"The country maid may water drink, on apples she may dine;
My mother must have royal fare, and drink the rosy wine."

"Ha! is she, then, a noble dame? Where lives she?—tell me where;
She has a castle, I suppose, and many servants there?

"Tell me, who is her chamberlain? who is her butler, tell?"
"My right hand is her chamberlain; my left hand serves as well."

"Who is the warder on her tower?" "My eyes have that employ."
"Who is the minstrel of her court?" "My mouth," replied the boy.

"Your lady has a servant brave, in motley livery dight;
For like a rainbow is your dress, you little, daring wight.

"Sure such a noble dame as yours the king must long to see—
Three gentlemen, and ladies too, this lady bring to me!"

Young Roland, with the golden cup, walked quickly from the court,
And knights and ladies followed him—(the king would have his sport).

Then in a little time, returned, the knights and ladies came,
And with them walked into the court the royal, banished dame.

"Good heaven! who comes?" the king exclaimed in strangely altered mood;
"And have I mocked in open hall my own—the royal blood?

"Good heaven! my sister Berta, pale, in pilgrim's mantle gray,
To come into my royal court in beggarly array!"

Then Berta, speechless, faint, and pale, beside his feet fell down;
The royal anger rose again, his forehead wore a frown;

And Berta kneeled upon the ground amid the gazing ring,
While Roland, with a fearless brow, said "Uncle" to the king.

Then spoke the king with milder tone, "Rise, Berta! tremble not!
Since, for the sake of this brave boy, our quarrel is forgot!"

Then up rose Berta in her joy, "Thanks, brother! thanks!" said she;
"And this brave boy shall pay you well for all your grace to me!

"For he shall grow up like the king, a hero in his day,
And banners many-coloured bring from vanquished lands away;

"Shall take the spoils from many kings, with strong and daring hand,
And riches, honour, and renown, win for his mother-land!"'

GUSTAVUS SCHWAB (1792) may be named as one of many associates of Uhland who have celebrated in their ballads the local traditions of their native country. Such ballads, having some popular associations, have been received with favour in Germany, but have little of general and permanent interest. We know not where to look for a German poet who gives the traits of real life among the people, and especially the peasantry, of his country, in the style of George Crabbe or Robert Burns.

The writers of patriotic songs may be mentioned next to Uhland's school of poetry, with which they are connected by their national tone. Among these, none have equalled the martial lyrics of MORITZ ARNDT (1769), which are clear and spirited, and may be truly called 'songs for soldiers.' But the celebrated glee of 'Fatherland,' by the same writer, is more worthy of a lasting reputation. A few verses will show its character:—

FATHERLAND.

'Where is the German's Fatherland?
Is't Prussia, or the Swabian land?

Where by the Rhine the grapes are growing?
Or where the Baltic waves are flowing?
"Oh no! Oh no!
Far wider is our Fatherland!"

Where is the German's Fatherland?
Declare to us where is that land.
Is it the soil of William Tell?
"That land, that people please me well;
But no! Oh no!
Far wider is our Fatherland!"

Where is the German's Fatherland?
Declare to us where is that land.
"As far as 'neath the spreading skies
Our German hymns to God arise—
All that wide land,
Brave brothers, call our Fatherland!

"All Germany we call our own!
May God behold it from his throne;
And give to all who in it dwell
True hearts to love and cherish well
All this wide land—
All Germany, our Fatherland!"'

Among patriotic poets, THEODOR KÖRNER must not be forgotten. He was born at Dresden in 1791, and after receiving a favourable education, resided at Vienna, where he wrote with remarkable facility several dramatic pieces entitled 'Zriny,' 'Rosamund,' 'Hedwig,' and 'Expiation.' His circumstances and prospects were flattering, but he sacrificed them in favour of what he believed to be the sacred interest of his country. Leaving his pleasant studies, he joined a troop of volunteers, and animated his comrades by his martial songs, of which the most remarkable, 'The Song of the Sword,' was written only a few hours before the young poet's death. He was shot during a skirmish with an ambuscade in August 1813. His name is remembered with affection in his native country. MAXIMILIAN SCHENKENDORF (1783–1819) wrote several patriotic lyrics, which may be ranked with Arndt's songs.

The only novelty of any importance in poetry during late years, is found in the political songs of HERWEGH, HOFFMANN, and other versifiers. But these lyrics are more remarkable as signs of political tendencies than as poetical productions. Their tone is generally violent, and expresses the impatience of young minds, who have no faith in any gradual and pacific progress of liberty and social improvement, and who therefore write martial songs, and

proclaim the necessity of civil war. It is certainly a serious sign of the times, that the minds of a very large number of educated young men in Germany are entirely alienated from all the institutions, both civil and religious, of their native land. In our own country, where fair means of discussion on all public questions are abundant, it appears as a mere degradation of poetry to employ it in political declamations; but in Germany, the censorship of the press seems to have impelled many to write songs on topics which should be discussed in newspapers. Among the writers of these lyrics, few have shown poetical talent of any value. FERDINAND FREILIGRATH (1810) has written two volumes of miscellaneous poems; but many of them contain little more than descriptions of foreign scenery, while only a few, like the following, unite social interest with poetical imagination:—

GERMAN EMIGRANTS.

'I cannot leave the busy strand!
I gaze upon you standing there,
And giving to the sailor's hand
Your household furniture and ware.

Men from their shoulders lifting down
Baskets of bread, with careful hand,
Prepared from German corn, and brown
From the old hearth in Fatherland;

Black Forest maids, with sunburnt faces,
Slim forms, and neatly-braided hair,
Come, each within the shallop places
Her earthen pitchers all, with care.

These vessels carried oft to fill
At the familiar village spring,
When by Missouri all is still,
Visions of home will round them cling.

The rustic well, with stones girt round,
The low stone wall they bended o'er,
The hearth upon the family ground,
The mantelpiece with all its store—

All will be dear, when, in the West,
These pitchers deck the log-hut lone;
Or when reached down, that some brown guest
May quench his thirst, and travel on.

Tired in the chase, the Cherokees
Will drink from them on hunting ground;
No more, from glad grape-gleaning, these
Shall come with German vine-leaves crowned!

Why, wanderers, must you leave your land?
The Neckervale has wine and corn:
Tall firs in our Black Forest stand;
In Spessart sounds the Alper's horn.

'Mid foreign woods you'll long in vain
For your paternal mountains green,
For Deutschland's yellow fields of grain,
And hills of vines with purple sheen!

The vision of your olden time,
Of all you leave so far behind,
Like some old legendary rhyme,
Will rise in dreams, and haunt your mind.

The boatman calls—depart in peace!
God keep you, man, and wife, and child!
Joy dwell with you, and fast increase
Your rice and maize in yonder wild!'

Count Auersperg, Geibel, Dingelstedt, Beck, and Halm may be mentioned as poetical writers who have enjoyed considerable popularity. Many other names might be added here, and some of them perhaps are not inferior in value to several which have been noticed; but the popularity of recent poetry has depended so much upon accidental excitements and temporary tastes, that, in giving a full account of poetical literature during the last ten years, it would be necessary to mention many productions which will probably be soon forgotten. This section may, however, be extended by a brief notice of one poetical writer whose style is peculiar. Leopold Schefer (1784) is one of the few who have gained popularity by didactic verse. His 'Layman's Breviary' and 'Vigils' contain the doctrines derived from philosophical speculations, many of which would be condemned as extravagant and visionary by an English judgment. They are, however, occasionally interspersed with didactic passages, in which good lessons are conveyed in an enthusiastic style, as in the following lines:—

A PLAIN ANSWER.

'"This dull, dark strife with unillumined souls,
Ending not with the day, but every morn
Afresh returning for another day—
Such warfare makes at last the noblest mind
Heavy and hopeless. Earnestly I wish
'Twere done, that I might rest, and silent be!"
So speak you. But distinguish well the truth.
The conflict is not gloomy. Grieved you see

Around you but a dull distracted house,
The old false world with evil deeds, wrong words,
Heavily pressing on all noble minds.
The conflict is right clear, in daylight waged,
With brightness ever pressing on the gloom!
Nor is your conflict with irrationals
(For all would wiser be, and every one
Has faculties for better—wiser—growing):
See, then, your only conflict is with men,
And your sole strife is to defend and teach
The unillumined, who, without such care,
Must perish. Every unenlightened man
Commends himself to you, even as your child.
How easily for him and for yourself
Life's burthen may be lightened, by your words
Opening the spring of truth in his own breast,
And cleansing out the roots of all his errors;
Destroying, even with a single word,
A coming harvest of injurious weeds!
If, then, the Better never must grow weary,
But always think of better, and fulfil it,
How shall the Wise be weary of his task
To show the right, and for the truth contend?
How shall the heart of the good man grow weary,
Though hand and tongue are worn out in his work?
And how can gentleness be ever weary?
(For all true love is gentle, falling on
Men's souls as gentle rains upon the earth).
How can you e'er grow weary of the truth?
Weary of gentleness and genuine love?
Be firm and happy, therefore, in the strife!
And keep love in your heart all life's day long,
Till like the eternal stars its beams are spread.'

The impossibility of noticing here all the writers of verse who have gained temporary reputations from the beginning of Goethe's career to the present time, is at once explained by the fact, that their number would amount to two or three hundred. Perhaps the name of LUDWIG I., ex-king of Bavaria, should be added to the above notices of minor poets; but the king will be remembered rather for his munificent patronage of artists than on account of the three or four volumes of his smooth and amiable verses which have been published. Among these poems we find a series of epigrams addressed to 'the seventeen best artists of Bavaria;' such men as Cornelius, Schnorr, Kaulbach, and Schwanthaler—a pleasing instance of royalty paying homage to genius. On the general merit of the king's verses we may accept his own judgment, as given in an epigram addressed to himself:—

'Of all your verses, few would have been read,
Had you not worn a crown upon your head.'

Yet in one point of view these poems are noticeable. A melancholy tone pervades them: the writer predicts a general decay of poetry and other imaginative pleasures; he feels that the life and interest of old times cannot be revived, and, at the same time, is unable to keep pace with the movements of the present age. This is the condition of many other minds. Among the unpoetical features of our time, the ex-king especially notices 'railways,' as destined to spread prose, dulness, and civil equality over the whole world:—

'The saying that the world must end in smoke
Seems true in these last days of steam and coke,
When the loud engine, on the iron rails,
O'er ancient ties and sympathies prevails.
Homeless, and counting love of home a dream,
From land to land we pass in clouds of steam,
For ever on the same, dull, level ground,
With universal sameness all around.'

It must be admitted that the old scenery of German poetry, consisting of ruined castles, abbeys, the armour and costumes of chivalry, and other relics of the Middle Ages, seems to be worn out, while few attempts to introduce new features have been successful. It must require some time before the old traditional and poetical sympathies which have belonged to undisturbed nature—the sea, the mountains, legendary valleys, and gray remains of antiquity—become firmly attached to rails, locomotives, and stations. The human heart does not always move in accordance with the mind. Our own Poet of the Lakes does not love to think of Ambleside as 'a station,' and would not share in the enthusiasm (perhaps artificial) with which Count Auersperg, a modern Austrian poet, thus celebrates railways:—

STEAM.

'I hear sad hymns, and downcast faces see—
Our prophet-bards have had a boding dream,
A mournful vision of dear poetry
For ever banished from the earth—by steam.

What! had your crooked roads, then, such a grace,
That long, straight lines must grieve a poet's eye?
Is just five miles an hour the poet's pace?
And must not Pegasus attempt to fly?

Out with your coach, as in a happier day,
Harness again your galled and spavined team
(But keep within the old ruts all the way),
And chase the goddess borne away by steam!

Or take a boat, and row well (if you can)
After a steamer on the swelling sea,
And never murmur though the waterman
Can tell you nothing of your poetry.

Or man a ship, and every random gust
Sent from the wind-god catch within your rag,
As gladly as a beggar some stale crust
Takes with a bow, and drops into his bag.

Or, if 'tis calm, 'twill quite poetic be
There, as if ice-bound, on a summer's day—
Perhaps a dolphin rising from the sea
Of poetry may something have to say;

While I, along the vine-clad, rocky Rhine,
On a black swan, the steamer, proudly swim,
And lifting up a cup of golden wine,
Sing loudly human art's triumphal hymn;

And gladly celebrate the master-hand
That seized the fire-flame, like Prometheus old,
And, through the black shaft 'mid the grassy land,
Dragged up the iron from Earth's rocky hold:

And gave command to both—"Ye shall not rest
Till striving man is from his bondage free;
Go, fire, and bear man's burthens, east and west,
And, wheels of iron, on his errands flee!"

See how they go, with thunder, through the land—
Beneath the steam-clouds heavy masses flee;
So marches on an elephantine band,
With towers and battlements, to victory.

See, from his seat beneath the shady tree,
The village patriarch from his sleep arise,
And throwing up his nightcap hastily,
Share in his grandsons' rapture and surprise!

And, 'mid some fears, he hopes for better days,
For which, in youth, he ventured in the fight—
"May this new power," the village patriarch prays,
"Establish Fatherland and freedom's right!"'

THE DRAMA.

It may be concluded, from the description of Goethe's genius already given, that he had no ambition to produce any popular acting dramas. His 'Tasso' (1790) has no good qualities for the stage, but is a poem of psychological interest, founded on a simple event—a dispute between Tasso the poet, and Antonio, a courtier

employed by Duke Alphonso. From this dispute the writer derives a useful lesson, which is conveyed to the reader in an elegant style. We learn from the errors of Tasso that the man endowed with poetical genius cannot live happily if he cultivates only his imagination, neglecting to exercise patience, self-possession, and sound judgment. Goethe's representation of the relation existing between the unfortunate Tasso and his patron Alphonso, differs very much from that given in the indignant stanzas of 'Childe Harold.'

One of the favourite maxims of our author was, that a poet, like every other artist, for his due and true development, needs *education;* and this truth is illustrated in the drama now before us. In his correspondence with Zelter the musician, the author gives us the following observations, which deserve consideration:—'To have cultivated our natural gifts in an artist-like manner remains one of our most satisfactory feelings; but, at the present time, it has a greater merit than in former days, when beginners still believed in such things as *schools*, rules, and mastership, and modestly submitted themselves to the grammar of their art and science, of which the youthful aspirants of our day will not hear a word. Our artists have for thirty years been under the illusion that a natural genius can form itself, and a swarm of passionate amateurs encourage them in this idle notion. A hundred times have I heard artists boast that "they owed everything to *themselves*." I generally listen to this with patience; but sometimes I am provoked to add, "Yes; and the result is just what might be expected." What, let me ask, is a man in and of himself?'

The lesson of the drama is this—that the poet cannot fulfil his duty by cultivating merely his *imagination*, however splendid and powerful it may be. Like all other men who would be good and great, he must exercise patience and moderation, must learn the value of self-denial (a virtue better styled self-possession), must endure hardships and contradictions of the real world, contentedly occupy his place, with its pleasures and its pains, as a part in the great whole, and patiently wait to see the element of beauty and brightness which flows from his mind win its way through the obstacles presented by human society. All this great lesson is deduced from a trivial circumstance—a dispute between Tasso, the fervid poet, and Antonio, the cool, correct, and prudent gentleman. The drama opens with a scene in the duke's garden at Belriguardo, where the princess and her companion, Leonora, are engaged in entwining wreaths of flowers, with which they deck the busts of Virgil and Ariosto. Of course, during this occupation of their hands their tongues are not silent; and in the current of their pleasant conversation, Leonora gives an excellent descrip-

tion of the poet whose genius breathes enchantment over the scene:—

THE CORONATION OF TASSO.

'*Leonora.* His eye scarce seems to tarry on the earth;
His ear receives all nature's harmonies;
And all that life and history can give
Is treasured up in his capacious breast.
His mind collects the scattered rays of light;
His soul can animate the lifeless clay.
Things that to us seem common he exalts,
And what we prize, to him seems vanity.
Thus in a magic circle wanders on
This wondrous man, and draws us after him;
Seems to approach us, yet remains apart;
And often seems to fix his gaze upon us,
While spirits, in our likeness, stand before him.

(ALPHONSO *enters.*)

Alphonso. I seek for Tasso, and he is not here.
Can you give me no tidings of our poet?

Princess. I saw but little of him yesterday:
To-day I have not caught a glimpse of him.

Alphonso. 'Tis his old fault; he cleaves to solitude:
And I forgive him when he shuns the crowd
Of idle men, and with himself converses;
But cannot praise his wisdom when he shuns
The true and cordial circle of his friends.

Leonora. If I mistake not, you will change the tone
Of your complaint ere long to cheerful praise.
To-day I saw him, in the distance, walking,
With book and tablets, writing now and then;
And a chance word he uttered yesterday,
Seems to imply his work is almost done:
He tarries but to change a few stray lines,
And then to put complete into your hand
An offering worthy of your gracious favour.

Alphonso. He shall be welcome *when* he brings the work,
And give his mind a long, bright holiday.
Even as my interest in his labour grows,
Increases my impatience day by day.
He cannot end it, will not say "'tis done!"
But, ever-changing, for perfection striving,
Puts out of reach the crown of all his toil.

Princess. I cannot blame the modesty and care
That lead him, step by step, to crown his work.
The Muses must give favourable hours
To fold so many labours into *one.*
He longs to see his work a finished *whole,*
And not a string of fables to amuse

A while, then fall, like scattered words, asunder.
Allow him time, good brother, for his work:
That future times with us may share the joy,
In patience we must let the work mature.

Alphonso. Dear sister, you and I must act together.
When I am hasty, you must temper me,
And when you are too patient, I must urge:
Thus we shall bring him to the hoped-for close.
Then Fatherland and all the world shall wonder;
And I shall have some portion of the fame,
And Tasso shall be led into the world.
A noble man can never reach perfection
Kept in a narrow circle. He must bear
Both praise and blame, and find himself constrained
To know himself by measuring with others.
There solitude shall flatter him no more;
His foe *will* not, and his friend *dare* not spare him.
In the world's strife the youth puts forth his powers,
Finds what he is, and feels himself a man!

Leonora. So you will finish all your work in him.
One talent may unfold in solitude:
In the world's stream a character is formed.
Oh that his mind and temper, like his art,
Inspired by your example, may be taught
No longer to avoid the haunts of men,
Lest his suspicions turn to fear and hate.

Alphonso. He only dreads mankind who knows them not,
And he who shuns men, easily mistakes them
As Tasso does, and thus, by sure degrees,
His noble mind is darkened and enslaved.
Thus is he oft too anxious of my favour,
And cherishes suspicion in his breast
'Gainst many who would never do him wrong.
If but a letter miss its way, a paper
Be missing from its place, he thinks of treason,
Of malice that would blast his happiness.

Princess. Yes: but, my brother, we must not forget
That from himself the man can never go;
And if a friend, while walking at our side,
Stumbles and lames himself, we lend our hand
To lead him gently on.

Alphonso. But it were better
If we could cure him, and with good advice,
Make him right sound again, and then proceed.
But I will not, dear sister, be too hard;
I only would instil into his mind
Good faith and confidence in those about him.
Oft, in the presence of the court, I give him
Marks of my favour. To his long complaints

I yield attention, as I lately did
Even when he fancied they had robbed his chamber.
As we must put forth all our faculties,
I exercise my patience upon Tasso;
And you will help me in the work, I know.

Princess. I see our Tasso coming slowly on;
Sometimes he stands, as unresolved, a while;
Then hastens towards us—now he stays again.

Alphonso. Disturb him not, if he is in his dreams.

Leonora. No: he has caught a glimpse of us, and comes.

(Enter TASSO, *bringing a book bound in parchment.)*

Tasso. I come, at last, to bring to you a work
Which I am half-ashamed to lay before you.
I know too well it still is incomplete,
Although the tale seems ended. Twofold fear
Has kept me hesitating; while I feared
Lest I should place it at your feet imperfect,
And lest my gratitude should tardy seem.
Such as it is, receive it; *'tis yours.*

(He gives the book to ALPHONSO.*)*

Alphonso. You bring me, Tasso, with this gift delight,
And make this beauteous day a festival.
At last I hold it surely in my hand,
And, in a certain sense, may call it mine.

Tasso. If you are satisfied the work is done,
The whole belongs to you in every way.
When I regard the labour of my pen,
I might declare, the work is surely mine:
But when I ask what gives my Poesy
All that it holds of inner worth and beauty,
I do confess I have it all from you.
Though nature gave to me the soul of song,
How easily might contradicting fate
Have hid from me the face of this fair world!
The poverty of parents might have cast
A dismal gloom o'er all my youthful thoughts,
And if my lips had opened but to sing,
A mournful elegy had issued forth,
Accordant with the sorrows of my home.
You raised me from that narrow sphere of life,
Lightening my soul from cares, that, in full flow,
The soul of song might glorify my days!
All that I have your bounty gave to me,
And, like a heavenly genius, you delight
Through a poor mortal to reveal yourself!

Alphonso. The beauteous crown, the poet's meed, I see
Upon the forehead of your ancestor:

(Pointing to the bust of Virgil.)

Has chance or some good genius brought it here?

Methinks I hear old Virgil saying now:
"Why deck, with verdant coronals, the dead?
My marble image is adorned enough.
The living crown becomes the living poet."

*(*ALPHONSO *beckons his sister, who takes the crown from Virgil's bust, and approaches* TASSO*; he steps back.)*

Leonora. Why hesitate? Whose hand bestows the crown?

Tasso. How, after such a moment, shall I live!

Princess. You will allow me, Tasso, the delight
To tell you, without words, all—all I think.

(He kneels down, while the PRINCESS *places the crown upon his head, and* LEONORA *applauds.)*

Tasso. Oh take it off, ye gods! and, glorified,
There let it hang, suspended in the heavens,
High, inaccessible!—let all my life
Be a continual aiming at that mark!'

A bright world now expands itself before the poet, who sees all things coloured by the radiance of his own genius. Assured of the affectionate regard which the princess cherishes towards him, he feels restored to confidence and good-will. He is ready to embrace even his suspected foes. But though a splendid poet, he is still an uneducated man. He knows not how to make prudence the friend and supporter of genius. Whatever he does he must do as he writes poetry, by inspiration, disregarding the cold, harsh rules and habits of actual life. He forgets how many minds he has still about him not accordant with his own; that all men are not just now in the glow of enthusiasm which he feels after the completion of his poem and his conversation with the princess. Determined to obey her desires, he resolves to make an offer of friendship to Antonio, the courtier, the politician, and the gentleman. But what the poet does he must do quickly; no time can he allow for mutual esteem gradually and truly to unfold. Deliberation, in the warmth of his passion, he feels to be an insult. Antonio's mind is quite in another tone. He has not just come from a tender interview with a princess, but from the details of political arrangements with the prince. He receives the poet coldly, hesitates to return the offer of friendship, and refuses the hand stretched out. Tasso's feelings are outraged by this cold reception; and, after the interchange of some satirical remarks, the poet, who so lately vowed devotion to the princess, draws his sword upon her friend, when Alphonso steps forward and prevents the duel.

'The singular merit of this dramatic poem is this: that it is the fruit of genuine experience, adorned with the hues of a beautiful imagination, and clothed in classical language. It is a work written for the *few:* but it sets the example of a style of poetry,

based upon reality, which may be addressed to the *many*. Some will regard the poet as a merely imaginative man; but here the poet speaks, we have no doubt, from true experience. 'Tis true the work does not go very far: it only acquaints us with some of the peculiarities and dangers to which the constitution of the poet's mind and temperament is liable—but so far as it goes, it is in the true direction. Let us only have the various characters into which human nature divides itself as truly and as beautifully described, and that will be the school of poetry which is wanted in these times; and the poet will again take his place, where he ought to be, in the foremost rank of those minds who enlighten and guide the human race. The poet must be a man of observation and genial wisdom, not sacrificing the ideal excellence which he aims at in his conversation with the realities of human life, nor, on the other hand, leaving the world of realities to indulge in the flights of imagination. The higher and more beautiful sentiments of our nature, which are flattered by the descriptions of poetry, are not intended to be thus immediately gratified by neglect of the "stern realities of life," but by triumph over them.' *

'Iphigenie' (1787) is a fine imitation of the antique Greek style; but is marked by few events, and contains no modern interest. 'Egmont' (1788) has some pleasing scenes, but is deficient in several respects as a drama. The 'Natural Daughter' (1804) was another failure, and several other pieces in the dramatic form may be described as containing some pleasant poetry and little dramatic interest. While Goethe refused to write dramas for the people, the low playwright, KOTZEBUE, found it easy to delight the public with frivolous productions.

The violent tone of Schiller's first tragedy, 'The Robbers,' was not original, but was suggested by the style of several dramatic writers, of whom MAXIMILIAN KLINGER (1753–1831) was the most remarkable. In the time when Schiller began to write, wildness and absurdity were esteemed as the chief characteristics of poetical genius. Klinger possessed these qualities in abundance. Wieland describes him as 'a strange man, who walked about in Weimar in a very scanty and ragged suit of clothes,' and displayed a total neglect of his personal appearance, which some persons regarded as a proof of original genius. He wrote several dismal and absurd tragedies which are beneath criticism. Afterwards he became a practical man, in the service of the Emperor of Russia, and wrote novels to convey his views of human life, which were very gloomy. He is still remembered by the Germans as one of the heroes of their 'stormy period' of intellectual excitement.

* 'The Spirit of German Poetry:' by Joseph Gostick. (1846.)

Schiller gave to his dramatic works more movement and popular interest than can be found in Goethe's dramas; but yielded too much to the sentimental tone so prevalent in German poetry. He maintained a noble principle respecting the moral influence of the stage; but brought forward his didactic purposes in a style injurious to dramatic interest. He often gave to his characters either an ideal virtue, or an unredeemed propensity to vice; thus showing that he was more acquainted with abstract qualities than with real life. 'Fiesco' (1782) was written in a better style than 'The Robbers,' and for this reason was less suited to please the low theatrical taste of the time. The manager of the theatre at Mannheim would hardly believe that Schiller could condescend to write such a tame peace as 'Fiesco,' deficient in all the points of consummate bad taste which the public required. 'Don Carlos' (1787), though defective in dramatic art, showed improvement in the poet's ideas and style. 'Wallenstein' (1798) was the result of long and careful study, and won for the poet a universal reputation in his native land. It contains passages of grandeur and beauty; but when critically reviewed, it must be acknowledged that it is disfigured by long digressions and other defects. 'Maria Stuart' (1799), 'The Maid of Orleans' (1801), and 'The Bride of Messina' (1803), were indebted to the fame of 'Wallenstein' for a great part of their success; but the last of these three dramas is perhaps the highest specimen of the author's poetic diction. 'Wilhelm Tell' (1804) was the most popular of Schiller's plays, and is still esteemed by many readers as his best production. Here the love of liberty, which was so widely expressed in 'The Robbers,' appears in its true and refined character. But in this play, and indeed in all the dramas of Schiller, we find many instances of strained sentiments, and endeavours to produce merely theatrical effects. These faults may be found perhaps in the following characteristic scene from 'Wilhelm Tell:'—

THE DEATH OF GESSLER.

(SCENE:—*The narrow pass of Küssnacht. On the rock* TELL *appears, armed with a cross-bow.)*

'Along this close defile the Vogt must ride:
There is no other way to Küssnacht. Here
I end my work, for which the place seems made.
This alder-bush will screen me from his view,
And hence my arrow can be surely pointed.
The rocky cleft will hinder all pursuers.
Now, Gessler, balance your accounts with Heaven—
Your latest hour has sounded. You must go!

I once lived harmlessly, and only pointed
My shafts against the creatures of the forest—

I thought not then of hurting human life:
But you have driven from me all thoughts of peace;
Ay, *you* have changed the current in my veins
To poison. When you forced the father's hand
To point the shaft so near his darling boy,
You made me think of aiming at your breast.

Now, to defend my children and my wife
I'll spend this shaft. When last I drew the string,
'Twas with a faltering hand, to strike the apple
From my boy's head—then, while I prayed in vain
That I, a father, might be spared that trial,
I made a vow (within my secret breast
Breathed deeply—God was witness of that vow)
That the next target for my arrow, Gessler,
Should be thy heart! And now the vow I made
In that dark moment of unuttered pain
Shall be fulfilled: it was a sacred oath.

* * * *

(A Marriage Procession, accompanied with music, winds through the defile. . . . . ARMGART, *a poor woman, comes with her children, and occupies the entrance of the pass. . . . .)*

Friesshardt. Make clear the path! Away! The Landvogt comes!

*(*TELL *retires.)*

Armgart. The Landvogt comes!

*(*GESSLER, *attended by* RUDOLPH, *enters on horseback.)*

Gessler (*to Rudolph*). Say what you will, I am King Albert's servant,
And all my care is to obey his wishes.
He did not send me to this stubborn land
To soothe the people. No! the question now
Is this—who shall be ruler; prince or peasant?

Armgart. Now is the moment! Now I press my claim!

(She approaches GESSLER.*)*

Gessler. I did not bid the people to bow down
Before the hat at Altorf as a jest:
No; but to bend the sinews in their necks,
Which would not bow before their rightful lord.
I used it as a wholesome discipline,
To keep in their unwilling minds the truth
That I am master, and must be obeyed.

Rudolph. And yet the people have some ancient rights.

Gessler. We have no time to talk about them now:
There are more serious interests at stake.
The Emperor's house must flourish: what the father
Began so well, the son must not neglect.
This people is a stone upon our path,
And must be moved, or else be trodden down.

*(*ARMGART *kneels in the way before* GESSLER.*)*

Armgart. Mercy, lord governor! Hear my petition!

Gessler. Woman, how dare you thus obstruct the pass?
Armgart. My lord! my husband in a dungeon lies—
All his poor orphans scream for bread. Have mercy!
Have pity, governor, on our distress!
Rudolph. What is your name?—who is your husband, woman?
Armgart. He was a peasant on the Rigi hills,
And mowed, for life, the scanty grass that grows
Over the mouths of fearful chasms and sides
Of rocks, where even wild cattle dare not climb.
Rudolph (*to Gessler*). Good Heaven! a poor and miserable life!
I pray you let this wretched man be free:
Whatever his transgression may have been,
His life is a sufficient chastisement.
(To ARMGART.*)*
You shall be heard; but this is not the place:
Apply to us when we arrive at Küssnacht.
Armgart. No, no! I will not move, sir, from this spot
Until my prayer is granted. Free my husband!
Six moons have o'er his dungeon passed away,
And still he lies there, asking for a trial.
Gessler. Woman, no more of this. Make clear the path!
Armgart. Justice for me, my lord! You are our judge!
The servant of the Emperor and of God:
Perform your duty. If you have a hope
That Heaven may listen to your prayers, hear mine!
Gessler. Away, I tell you! This audacious people!
*(*ARMGART *seizes the reins of his horse.)*
Armgart. No, no, sir! I have nothing now to lose.
You go not through this narrow pass until
My prayer is heard! Ay, you may knit your brow,
And roll your eyes in anger—I care not.
I tell you that we are so wretched now,
We care not for your fury!
Gessler. Woman, move!
Or over you I soon shall find a way.
*(*ARMGART *seizes her children, and throws them in the path before* GESSLER.*)*
Armgart. Ride on, then! Here I lie with all my children.
Now trample on us with your iron hoofs;
It will not be the worst deed you have done!
Rudolph. Surely the woman's mad!
Armgart. For years you've trodden
Upon the Emperor's people in this land.
I'm but a woman; if I were a man,
I would do something better—not lie here
Down in the dust before you. Now ride on!
(The music of the wedding-party is heard.)
Gessler. Where are my servants? Call my followers
To drag this wretched creature from the path;
Or I may do what I perhaps shall rue.

Rudolph. Your followers are all detained, my lord;
A marriage company fills up the way.
Gessler. I see it—I have been too mild a ruler
Over this people. Now I know my error.
The cords to bind them must be stronger still.
I will break down these rude, presumptuous minds:
A new law shall be issued in the land.
I will——

(An arrow strikes him. He places his hand on his heart.)

Oh, Heaven be merciful to me!
Rudolph. My lord! What sudden horror! Whence came that?
Armgart. He falls—he dies! The governor is slain!
Rudolph dismounts. Haste—call for help! Pursue the man! My lord,
Confess your sins, and pray: your time is short.
Gessler. That was Tell's arrow!

(Tell appears on the summit of the rock.)

Tell. You know the marksman! Seek not for another.
Free are our huts, and innocence is safe:
The tyrant's hand shall vex our land no more!'

Little can be said in favour of the dramatic writers who followed Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller. German genius has failed more remarkably in the drama than in any other department of literature; and consequently, while some caterers for the theatrical taste have endeavoured to supply the want of a national drama by reviving the tragedies of Sophocles, others have filled the stage with extravagant spectacles, that the eye at least may be amused, while the heart and the mind are neglected. The natural tendency of a theatrical taste seems to be toward extravagance and false excitement, and the efforts of many writers who have attempted to blend moral and artistic excellence with dramatic interest appear to have been wasted. Platen said truly of the German drama during his time—'Other theatres have declined, after enjoying a season of respectability, but ours was a failure even in its beginning.' The national style of drama which Lessing had introduced, was degraded to commonplace in the writings of Iffland and Kotzebue. The name of Augustus Kotzebue (1761–1819) might be passed over in silence by all who care for the honour of German literature; but the popularity which his productions once enjoyed demands some notice. He wrote 211 dramatic pieces, generally worthless both in a poetic and a moral sense; and their temporary success can only be explained by the theatrical tact of the author and the low condition of public taste, which demanded mere novelty and excitement, and was careless of all other qualities. The dramas of Matthäus von Collin

(1779–1824) rose above the frivolities of Kotzebue in purpose, but were deficient in action and interest. Heinrich Kleist (1777–1811), a military officer, who died by his own hand, wrote dramas which display considerable, but undisciplined talent. Zacharias Werner introduced a series of dramas, which he called 'tragedies of fate;' and Howald, Mullner, and Grillparzer, wrote in a similar style; but almost the best thing that can be said of these writers is, that for a time they drove the pieces of Kotzebue from the stage. The dramatic works of Platen, Raupach, Oehlenschleger (a Dane), Immermann, Julius Mosen, and Prutz, are more respectable than the pieces just mentioned; but have failed to maintain interest on the stage. In Germany, even more distinctly than in England during the same period, a separation has taken place between the theatre and all respectable literature. New pieces of scenery have been considered as of far more importance than poetical genius. Playwrights have found that a display of tinsel will serve their purpose better than solid gold; and the admiration with which unmeaning operas and spectacles have been received, shows a state of public taste not essentially superior to that which prevailed even in the fifteenth century. A recent writer, R. C. Prutz, in his 'History of the German Theatre,' speaks with some hope of the good effect which an improved national drama might exercise upon the people; but he reasons in a circle, as he admits that popular taste must be refined before such a drama can be supported. Nearly all that can be said either against or in favour of dramatic entertainments may be found in the clear and eloquent lecture delivered by the poet Schiller at Mannheim in 1784, and in the essay by Ignatius Wessenberg on the 'Moral Influence of the Stage.' The lecture is one of the best of Schiller's prose writings. Among the arguments which he employs in favour of theatrical representations we may notice the following, and leave the reader to weigh them against the one serious objection on which Wessenberg chiefly dwells. Schiller contends that 'the natural thirst for intellectual and moral excitement beyond all that is found in the ordinary circumstances of life must be supplied. If superior excitements and amusements are discouraged, the popular taste will find lower gratifications.' This Schiller uses as the lowest argument, and then proceeds to observe that a superior drama may powerfully, though indirectly, assist even the laws of a country in the support of morality. 'Even if religious and moral sentiments were almost entirely deficient in the minds of spectators, still, on the impulse of self-preservation, they must feel a wholesome dread of crime when the great poet brings the murderess, Lady Macbeth, upon the stage, walking in her perturbed sleep, and muttering,

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!" These theatrical impressions (says Schiller) cannot be esteemed as adequate substitutes for good moral teaching; but they are strong and durable upon the minds of the common people, and must have some moral value. I have heard more than once popular indignation expressed in such words as, "Why, the man is as wicked as Frank Moor!"' (a well-known character in the German drama). In the same style the lecturer proceeds to argue that 'the exhibition of noble characters in the drama must excite sympathy, and prompt the spectators to imitate good qualities.' 'Could any lecture, or essay, on the hateful nature of ingratitude produce the effect of Lear's exclamation to his daughters—"I gave you all?" But there are many minor virtues, or vices, pleasing qualities, and foibles in human nature, which religion and law cannot condescend to notice; yet they are worthy of observation, and without personality or malice, are placed before us in the most lively and entertaining manner in legitimate comedy. In this mirror we may see the defects and inconsistencies which are found in our own characters, and, without having to submit to personal exposure or reproof, we may be secretly thankful to the comic dramatist for giving us some wholesome hints, while he raises a laugh only at the expense of an imaginary character. If against these observations it is argued that reality and practical life contradict them; that spectators with callous minds can witness representations of the best moral dramas, and still feel no wholesome influence; that, in fact, the "Harpagon" of Molière has not yet made all extortioners ashamed of their practices; that the suicide of "Beverley" has not proved an effectual warning to all gamblers; or that the tragical end of "Karl Moor" has not frightened away all robbers, and made all our highways and houses safe—still, admitting the force of these objections, I would say that the drama must not be condemned for having failed, as all other institutions have hitherto failed, to produce any such complete reformations in society.' Thus Schiller reasoned on this question; and the remaining points in his lecture may be viewed as all depending on the supposition that a legitimate and moral drama can be maintained. On the opposite side the argument of Wessenberg may be given:—'The drama,' says this author, 'however noble in its character, must not give its lessons in a direct, didactic style, but must place before us, in fair contrasts, the lights and the shadows of human nature, and must make us acquainted with the good, the wise, the virtuous, and also with the base, the foolish, and the unworthy. And characters must be naturally drawn. Even the goodness which accompanies evil must claim our notice. The moral or the general purport of a drama cannot

appear in every part. This would spoil the drama as a work of art. It must rather result from a fair view of the whole. Here is the formidable difficulty. Can we hope, even if a drama is in itself good, that all the spectators will take a fair view of the whole? May it not be good for some, and evil for others? One book is not addressed to all classes, ages, or characters; but the theatre is open to the whole public, invites the attention of all, and must conciliate the taste of the majority. If a rogue is introduced on the stage, he must be made interesting to the spectators; his good-humour and his cleverness, his temporary successes, must be fairly exhibited. This will not lead a cultivated and discriminating mind into error; but in the audience you may find many young and untrained minds who will admire the hero, and almost forget that he is a rogue. His cleverness and success may captivate their attention; their sympathies are enlisted on his side, and they may feel, not satisfaction, but regret when they see the failure of his cunning plot. I see no way of avoiding this evil; for if you would make the drama a school for popular instruction, you must injure its character as a work of art. A piece which presented its lessons in a direct style, without fair and full expositions of character, might be well-meaning, but must forfeit all dramatic value.'

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

The numerous prose-fictions of the Germans may be conveniently arranged in four classes. The first will comprehend historical romances. Few productions in this department will bear a comparison with the writings of Scott. In the second class, containing novels which profess to describe characters and scenes in real life, German fiction is comparatively poor. A third class may comprise all the fictions marked by particular tendencies respecting art, literature, or society. Writings in this style have been received with more favour in Germany than in England. GOETHE's 'Wilhelm Meister,' and WAGNER's novels, may be mentioned as specimens. In the fourth class, including imaginative and poetical tales, German literature is especially rich. To this department of fiction, in which the imagination is allowed to wander far beyond the bounds of real life and probability, the Germans apply distinctively the term 'poetical.' The extreme meaning attached to this term may be explained by a short quotation from a literary critic, GUSTAVUS SCHWAB, who gives the following estimate of Sir Walter Scott's fictions:—'In England, these novels and romances are still generally read and admired

as classical productions; while in our country, where they were once very fashionable, they are now perhaps too much neglected. Their style is generally *prosaic* in the extreme, though sometimes it approaches very near to *poetry*.' An English reader will naturally ask 'What can be the meaning of the word "poetry" in this passage?' and will be surprised to find that, while he regards such romances as 'Waverley' and 'Ivanhoe' as sufficiently 'poetical,' the German critic refuses to apply this term to Scott, and reserves it for such writers as JEAN PAUL RICHTER, TIECK, FOUQUÉ, and ARNIM.

All the imaginative and mystical fictions of these and other authors must not be confused together. There is an important distinction between such tales as convey some substantial moral truth and interest under an array of visionary adventures, and others which are merely fantastic, and almost destitute of meaning. The tales of Fouqué belong to the former subdivision, while many of the stories of Hoffmann belong to the latter, and would not demand notice here if they had not enjoyed a considerable popularity in Germany. The different effects produced on the minds of readers by these two varieties of imaginative fiction will clearly distinguish one from the other. In the former style, the imagination is for a time occupied with visionary images and characters; but at the conclusion of the story, its moral meaning leaves a satisfactory impression, and all the fantastic incidents which have served to excite attention are forgotten: they melt away in the light of moral truth, as the uncertain images of night are lost in the morning. Thus something may be said in favour of visionary and symbolical fictions, or at least they may be distinguished from merely fantastic stories.

Goethe's novel of 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship' (1795) may be classed with fictions intended to convey certain views of life. But though it contains the results of experience and reflection, it cannot be esteemed as a perfect work of its kind, for the object of the writer remains in a mist, even at the end of the story. Wilhelm is an imaginative youth, who meets the circumstances of real life with ideal expectations. Some of the disappointments which he encounters are narrated graphically, and with a peculiar quiet humour, especially where he joins a band of theatrical adventurers, and finds a painful contrast between his notions of dramatic dignity and the actual miseries of a wandering actor. Whatever the latent meaning of this singular novel may be, its scenes and adventures are often marked with such traits, that it cannot be generally recommended. The sequel, entitled 'Wilhelm Meister's Years of Travel' (1821), conveys, or rather conceals, its doctrines in a mystical style. Another novel by

Goethe bears a title, 'Wahlverwandtschaften'* (1809), which cannot be clearly translated. It has many beauties as a work of art, but has been severely censured by some critics, on account of its supposed immoral tendency; while others have regarded it as a fair representation of the consequences of unhappy matrimony. The following passage is extracted from 'Wilhelm Meister':—

POETRY AND REAL LIFE.

'Our young poet had preserved all his productions up to this time, when a great change suddenly passed over his views of life. His poems lay neatly bound together in a box; for he had intended to take them with him when he started to try his fortunes in the great world. But now he unlocked the box with another purpose. He glanced over the poetry of his youth, like a person who reads in his own letters his sentiments recorded in past years, and is surprised to find himself an altered character. He threw the first packet of poems into the fire. At this moment his old friend Werner stepped into the room, and was surprised to see the conflagration of papers. "What can you be doing?" said he. "I will show you," said Wilhelm, "that I am in earnest when I talk of renouncing a profession in which I despair of attaining excellence." So saying, he threw the second packet of poems into the flames, and would not allow Werner to save it from destruction. "Really, I can see no reason in this conduct," said the old book-keeper; "we don't act so in business. Supposing your poems are not first-rate, yet why should they be turned into smoke? Every article has a certain value." "Your rules of business, Werner, will not pass in poetry," said Wilhelm: "here no mediocrity, no feeble imitation must be tolerated. You have seen, after a rope-dancer has performed in a town, all the boys making caricatures of his clever tricks on the tops of gates and railings. And when a musical artist has delighted the public with his fine execution on some instrument, many persons become amateurs on this instrument. So it is in the highest art. One true poet excites many youthful imitators to fruitless competition. It is well when they learn in early life the folly of such attempts." "Still, I cannot understand your reasoning," said Werner: "why must you run from one extreme to another? Why burn these poems, which, if, as you say, they are *not* first-rate, yet have cost you some study? I say nothing should be wasted. Why may you not devote yourself to business, and still write a few verses now and then, as a pretty amusement for an idle hour?" "Poetry must not be treated in such a style," said Wilhelm indignantly; "it demands the devotion of a life. The genius who has a world of wealth in his own bosom, must live in the enjoyment of his intellectual treasures, and must not be disturbed by the cares and trifles of this commonplace world!" (Here Wilhelm broke into a rhapsody on poetry, to which old Werner listened with blank astonishment.)

* This compound word means strictly, *Elective Affinities*; or freely, *Congeniality*.

"Would you," he continued, "expect the poet to stoop down to your low cares?—a spirit born to soar over the earth like an eagle, and only to alight on its loftiest places! Would you take him, and yoke him, as you would an ox, to a plough?"

'The common sense of Werner was for a moment astounded by this burst of eloquence; but he recovered himself, and replied, "Well, well, it would be all very good if men were indeed like the birds, as you say, and could live happily without spinning and weaving, or if they could fly away from cold weather and scarcity of provisions at the approach of winter. But unfortunately this is not the case."

"Ah!" said Wilhelm (now brought down to the earth again), "there *was* a time when poets were honoured, and made free from earthly cares; and, being wealthy in themselves, they did not require much external help. But they were received as honoured guests in the courts of kings. Men listened to their lays as we listen to the song of the nightingale. The conqueror revered the poet as the maker of an immortal renown; and even the rich man enjoyed his treasures and productions of art in the highest degree when they were celebrated in the lays of the poet."'

It may be observed here that Goethe favoured a suggestive and symbolical style in fiction, and chose rather to imply than to express clearly his didactic purport. He thought that all good and effective impulses must spring up in a man's own bosom, and cannot be forced upon him by any coercive doctrine; and that the duty of a writer must be to suggest, to animate and encourage, rather than to teach in a direct style. In accordance with this view, many doctrines are implied in 'Wilhelm Meister.' For instance, Goethe maintained that characters are displayed in daily habits rather than in extraordinary actions. He draws a portrait of an idle and vain woman, and speaks indignantly of her neglect of neatness and domestic economy, while he passes over her more notorious bad conduct with few words, as he considers that it was all implied in the description given of her general disorderly habits.

The imitators of WIELAND'S prose-fictions may be passed over without particular notices here, as they followed chiefly the objectionable tendencies of his writings, while they often neglected the good taste and elegance of his style. FRIEDRICH MÜLLER (1750–1825) wrote several short stories in a pastoral and sentimental tone, and marked by some pleasant descriptions.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER (1763–1825) endeavoured to unite the English humour of Sterne with German sentiment. His principal fictions, 'Hesperus' (1795), 'Quintus Fixlein' (1796), 'Titan' (1803), 'Levana; on Education' (1807), and 'Fibel' (1812), are characterised by a profuse expenditure of unchastened imagination and fancy, and a strange mixture of humour and pathos, not without affectation. His style is diffuse and eccentric. All fancies

that glanced across the receptive mind of this writer were honoured with a place in his pages, apparently with little care about their real value. Consequently, there is a show of rich imagery in his writings; but it is in a great measure the gaudiness of an unweeded flower-garden. His works are so destitute of artistic form and beauty, and so full of repetitions of ideas, that a small collection of remarkable passages would be as valuable as the whole series. As books are multiplied rapidly, while leisure becomes scanty in these modern days, the interest of literature seems to require that severe criticism should be exercised upon authors who cover an immense space of paper with diffuse, tautological writing. Jean Paul was an arch-offender of this class. He expanded to sixty-five volumes the few ideas which an artistic writer could have developed in two or three stories. His humorous pictures of quiet domestic life are his most successful productions, and in this style he might perhaps have become a classic author, if he could have wisely limited his ambition. But he filled his pages with the results of multifarious reading, so that sometimes, to understand one of his stories, simple enough in its outlines, the reader must have some acquaintance with geology, chemistry, astronomy, and other sciences. If an author would collect some hundreds of similes and allusions from works of science, old histories, and newspapers, then throw them together, and shake them well in a bag, and lastly, write a story to employ them all as they came to hand, he would make some approach to the style of Jean Paul, who actually prepared his works on a plan not unlike that just suggested. These serious faults, and others, have been overlooked by many readers, who admire the benevolent character of Richter, as it is displayed in his fictions.* The censure of this author's style by no means implies a disposition to undervalue the beautiful thoughts and sentiments which are scattered through his writings; but these beauties make us regret that they have not been displayed in clear language. The following is a condensed version of one of Jean Paul's shorter tales :—

THE MORNING AND THE EVENING OF LIFE.

'Suggest to me some great thought to refresh my mind.' HERDER (*on his deathbed*) *to his son.*

'Gottreich Hartmann lived with his father, an aged clergyman, in the little village of Heim. Happy were the old man's declining

* As Richter has enjoyed great celebrity in England as well as in Germany, the above criticism on his style may be regarded by some readers as bold and severe. But, while it is independent, it accords with the judgments of the well-known literary historians, Gervinus and Vilmar. The latter says: 'A reader who has enjoyed the prose-style of classical antiquity, or such prose as was written by Luther, or Lessing, or Goethe, or Schiller, must soon turn away with impatience from a style like that of Jean Paul.'

years; for, as his strength failed, his son stepped into his place, and fulfilled his duties; and truly edifying were the homilies of the young preacher to the father's heart.... If it is painful to differ in opinion from one whom we love, to turn away the head from one to whom the heart is always inclined, it is doubly sweet at once to love and believe in accordance with one in whom we find our own better self sustained and perpetuated with youthful energy. Thus life is like a fair starry night, when no star sets until another has arisen. Gottreich had a paradise about him, in which he held the post of gardener for his father, enjoying all its fruits, while he laboured chiefly for the gratification of the old man. Every Sunday brought a new delight in a new homily prepared to gladden the father's heart.... The moistened eye of the old clergyman, his hands folded now and then in silent thanksgiving during the sermon, made for the young preacher an Ascension festival out of every Sunday. Those who imagine that the preparation and delivery of a course of homilies throughout a year must be a dry task, should have heard this father and his son conversing on the last, or consulting on the next, discourse for the little congregation at Heim. A new member was added to this congregation. Justa, a young maiden of considerable wealth, and an orphan, left her residence in a neighbouring town to find rural happiness in the little village where Gottreich lived with his father. Two may be happy together, but three may be still happier; for two may talk on the merits of the third, and so the harmonic triad of friendship will allow several pleasing variations. This required third person was found in Justa; for, after she had heard four or five of the young preacher's homilies, she consented to listen also, very patiently, to his addresses, and resolved to withhold her hand only until the disturbances of the country (for it was then the time of our war with the French) should subside into peace.... In the fresh delight of this May morning of his life, Gottreich could not avoid thinking that his morning star must some day shine as his evening star. He said to himself—"My prospects are clear and joyous now—the happiness of life, the beauty of the universe, the glory of the Creator, the constellations of eternal truths—I see and feel them all clearly and warmly. But it may be otherwise with me in the latest hours of my life; for approaching death sometimes holds an inverted telescope before the eye, and then nothing is seen but a drear, void space, extending between us and all whom we love. But should this mere optical deception be taken as the truth? No; *this* is the truth which I see and feel now, in the youth and vigour of my life. Let me remember it well, that the light of my morning may appear again in my evening sky." With this intention he opened a diary, and wrote down his best sentiments under this title—"Recollections of the Fairest Hours Preserved to cheer the Latest Hours of Life."..... From these happy occupations Gottreich was called away by the demands of his country during the warfare of liberation. He left his father under the care of Justa, and took a place in a regiment of

volunteers. He closed his campaign after some active service, but, somewhat to his disappointment, without a wound. And now, as peace again brooded over the rescued country, the young soldier travelled homeward through towns and villages full of festivity, but knowing that none were happier than himself. As he approached his native place, the little church tower of Heim seemed to grow up out of the earth, and as he went down into the valley, the lowly parsonage again met his eye, while all its windows were shining in evening radiance. But when he entered the house, he was surprised to find the lower rooms empty. A slight noise called his attention to his father's chamber. He entered it, and found Justa beside the bed of the old clergyman, who sat propped up by pillows, while his pale wasted face gleamed strangely in the rosy light of evening. Justa related, in few words, how the father had overwrought himself in attention to his duties, and had remained now for some days half-sunk in lethargy, taking no interest in all that had once been dear to him. As she spoke, the old man heard not, but sat gazing on the setting sun, surrounded with crimson and golden clouds. After a little time the sky was overcast, a dead calm lasted for a few minutes, and then a heavy shower fell, accompanied with lightning. This disturbance of the elements seemed to waken the dying father from his stupor. "See!" said he, pointing to the sky; "see the glorious works of God! And now, my son, tell me, for my comfort, something of the goodness of the Almighty One, as you told us in your sermons in the spring." Gottreich wept, as he thought that the little manual which he had written for his own consolation must first be read at his father's deathbed. He drew out his little book of "Recollections," and read a passage with a faltering voice, while the old man folded his hands in silent prayer. "Have you not known and felt," said Gottreich, "the presence of that Being whose infinitude is not only displayed in power and wisdom, but also in love? Remember now the sweet hours of childhood, when the clear blue sky of day, and the dark blue sky of night, opened upon you, like the eyes of your preserving Angel. Think how a thousand reflections of the Eternal Goodness have played around you, from heart to heart, from eye to eye of mankind, as one light shines from sun to sun, and from world to world, throughout the universe." .... Gottreich read other passages from his manual, and administered Christian consolation to his father. The old man drank in the words of his son, and seemed to be refreshed with the recollections of his own life, as he whispered now and then, with failing breath, "All is good!—all is good!" At last the brightness of all these views of life was lost, not in the darkness of death, but in the superior light of another life.

"He is gone," said Gottreich.... "The sun has set and risen at once, and he knows now that the same light makes glorious both the morning and the evening."'

As Jean Paul has been celebrated for the humour as well as the

pathos of his writings, two short humorous sketches may be appended:—

SNUFFING THE CANDLE.

'The evil genius who delights to raise matrimonial disputes out of mere trifles, had thrown into the way of our hero, Siebenkäs, a classical anecdote about the wife of Pliny the Younger, who held the lamp over her husband's table while he was engaged in writing. Siebenkäs admired this example, and as he had no lamp, he suggested to his wife that she might imitate the noble Roman lady in some humble degree, by punctually snuffing the candle.

"With pleasure!" said Lenette, taking up the snuffers, and immediately commencing her task.

'For about a quarter of an hour the plan succeeded admirably, and Siebenkäs wrote without being disturbed by one thought of the candle; but as no two individuals can exactly coincide in their opinions with regard to the amount of snuffing which a candle requires, the calculations of Lenette and her husband were soon at variance. This produced some impatience on his part, which was at first slightly manifested now and then by a turn of his chin toward the candle; then it was expressed by a gentle exclamation, "The light!" and at last it produced a whole sentence—"Lenette, *do* be so kind as to amputate that stupid, black snuff!"....

'The wife obeyed, and again attended punctually to her duty for some time; but just before supper a crisis arrived. Lenette had been too much engaged with her needlework, and had allowed the snuff to rise almost above the flame. A dark shadow fell over the paper on which Siebenkäs was writing. He raised his head, gazed solemnly on the black nuisance, and said, with studied mildness, "I suppose, for anything you will do, the wick may grow up to the ceiling. Now I will perform this duty while you spread the supper, and then I shall take the opportunity of expressing my thoughts on this subject in a reasonable style."

"Very well," said Lenette.

"I had expected," said he, "to make good progress in my work this evening, as I did not suppose you would fail in doing for me such a service as the noble lady of Pliny gladly performed for that author. However, I will now explain to you psychologically the nature of the case, so that you may see it is no trifle. You must understand that, while I am waiting for you to perform your duty, the flow of my thoughts is suspended. For this mental act of waiting must be a thought (you surely see that?), and this thought cannot have a place in my mind even for a moment without discomposing better thoughts. So you see my best ideas are sacrificed while you compel me to meditate on such a miserable subject as the snuff of a candle!"

'Lenette attended to this metaphysical lecture very patiently, and promised to do better another time..... This promise was duly remembered the next evening; for now she would hardly keep her

fingers from the snuffers for five minutes. As Siebenkäs expressed his thanks for her attentiveness by frequent nods, she imagined that she could not be too active, and was thus led into an extreme. Her husband observed this, and said, "Try to preserve a just medium." But again Lenette was too hasty. "Really," exclaimed Siebenkäs, "was there any need of snuffing then?" Lenette now tried to find "the just medium," but was too late. "Now, now!" said the author. "Yes, yes!" she responded, immediately performing the required amputation. At length Siebenkäs became deeply engaged in his writing; and Lenette, being left without a prompter, thought so much of her needlework, that the forgotten wick rose again in dismal blackness as a witness against her. Siebenkäs fixed a despairing look upon it; then threw down his pen, and exclaimed, "This is a miserable life for a poor author! I have not in all the world a friend who will even snuff a candle for me!" So saying, he hastily snuffed it out.

'In the interval of darkness which followed, he walked to and fro, and expressed some unfavourable views of feminine characteristics. "Women," said he, "have no just sense of moderation; but will always do either too much or too little!" As this abstract theory provoked no answer, he proceeded to apply his remarks, and complained that his wife had always been unwilling to perform for him even the most trifling services. Even this extorted no reply.

"Indeed," he exclaimed, rising to a declamatory tone, "when have I required any save the slightest services? And when have even these been paid to me? Now I demand an answer. Speak!"

'Lenette said nothing; but lighted the candle, and placed it on the table, while Siebenkäs saw tears in her eyes for the first time since their marriage. At the same moment he saw something more—his own besetting sin of impatience; and without delay, he expelled the offending Adam of bad temper from his bosom. Lenette received his confession with a reconciling smile. So light and peace were at once restored.'

THE LOTTERY TICKET; NO 19,983.

'Nobody could purchase a trifle with more indifference than I manifested when I paid to the lottery agent here in Bayreuth (Herr Gunzenhäuser) the sum of twelve Rhenish florins, and received, as an acknowledgment of my cash, the ticket marked No. 19,983. To tell the truth, I felt like one who has foolishly thrown away a few florins, rather than like a man enjoying a prospect of enormous wealth. And yet, it is true, I may be successful; and if No. 19,983 prove the winning card in this game, what a destiny will be mine! According to the proclamation made under royal authority at Munich, I shall possess, in the first place, "all those most desirable estates named respectively Walchern and Lizelberg, in the district of Hausruckviertel, charmingly and beautifully situated between Salzburg and Linz; estates which, even in the year 1750, were valued at 231,900 Rhenish florins; *item*, the saw-mill in excellent repair,

and the complete brewery situated at Lizelberg (these two buildings have been valued at 90,000 florins); *item*, 50,000 guilders, which have been accumulating such an interest as will at least suffice to clear the estates from all mortgages." Such is the gold mine of which I shall be the possessor if my ticket (one out of 36,000) prove fortunate, of which I am strongly disposed to hope. . . . Yet with this prospect before me, I remained calm and patient until the last day in last year, which had been fixed upon as the drawing-day; and again I waited patiently until the 18th of February, when the authorities of Munich determined that the drawing shall certainly take place on the last day in the coming June. So now I can put my finger on the spot in my almanac marking the day when, like an aloe suddenly bursting into bloom after forty years without flowers, I shall expand my golden blossoms, and flourish as the German Crœsus of our times. While meditating thus, I did not dream for a moment of any formidable danger attending my golden expectations, until I received a letter from my old friend the poor schoolmaster, Seemaus, who had also bought a lottery ticket, and had become quite hypochondriacal with anxiety and suspense. A rector of a school in one of our small market-towns is a likely subject for hypochondriasis and the temptation of a lottery ticket. The whole interest which poor Seemaus has hitherto had in the money-market consists in a few petty debts, of which various memoranda are now and then presented to him by chandlers and other small shopkeepers. The respectability of being responsible for heavy debts has never been the lot of my friend, owing to a difficulty in finding creditors. In short, his circumstances have been exactly suitable (as government seems to think) to his scholastic profession. When Moses was preparing to become the teacher and the lawgiver of the Jewish people, he fasted forty days upon a mountain; and from this sublime example our legislature seems to have deduced the conclusion, that the man who would be the guide and teacher of the rising generation, must prove his capabilities by his endurance of fasting. A starving schoolmaster is consequently one of the features of our civilisation, and my friend Seemaus is a perfectly normal specimen of his class. Under the excitement of a lottery ticket his frail nerves are quivering, and in a letter which he has sent to me, he expresses an apprehension that if he finds himself, on the 30th of June, owner of "the princely estates of Walchern and Lizelberg, peopled by 1000 families; *item*, the new and spacious mansion, with the brewery, and the 700 acres of forest, with shooting and fishing"—he shall die for joy! His letter contains the following paragraph:—

. . . . . "In my excited condition, I have been so injudicious as to read several chapters of a translation of 'Tissot on Nervous Disorders,' in which I have found several accounts of persons who have died under the influence of sudden joy. For instance, we read of a pope dying in his delight on hearing of a victory gained by his friends, and of a hound which died in the joy with which it hailed its master after a long absence. Weber (another author) tells a story of a man

whose nerves were so much affected by a sudden shower of good fortune, that he became paralytic, and was afflicted with stammering. The 'Nuremberg Correspondent' has lately given an account of two great bankers who both died suddenly in one day, one in joy on receiving a large profit, and the other in sorrow for a heavy loss. I have also read of a poor relation of Leibnitz, who heard with calmness the news of a rich legacy bequeathed to her; but when the real property—the costly linen and valuable silver plate—were spread out before her eyes, she gazed upon them for a moment in silent ecstasy, and immediately expired! What, then, must I expect to feel when I look upon the princely estates of Walchern and Lizelberg, &c. &c. &c. and realise the fact that they are *mine!*"

'To calm the fears of my worthy friend Seemaus, I addressed to him the following letter:—

"My Dear Seemaus—I assure you I can fully sympathise with your excited feelings; for I am now in circumstances exactly like your own. I have taken No. 19,983, and am now looking forward to the day of doom, June 30, which happens to be my name-day—St Paul's festival. Many others around me here are hoping and fearing to evaporate in joy on that day, and such is the benevolent feeling prevailing here just now, that every one is perfectly willing to become a martyr for the benefit of his fellow ticket-holders—willing, among 36,000 men, to be the one man doomed to die! .... However, as you wish to cherish your hope of gaining Walchern, Lizelberg, the excellent saw-mill, and the complete brewery, &c. &c. without giving up (beside your twelve florins) all hope of life, I will give you some means of calming your fears. Allow me to recommend to you an umbrella to defend your head against the sudden thunder-shower of gold; or (if you like this figure better) a parasol to guard you from the *coup de soleil* of good fortune. It appears to me that the real danger to be apprehended when we step suddenly into the possession of such enormous wealth, is, that our minds will be unprepared to cope with our external circumstances. We shall be utterly bewildered. A thousand schemes and suggestions of expenditure and enjoyment will at once present themselves. While our nerves are tingling with delight, and our veins are throbbing, the brain will be oppressed and confused by ideas too vast, too new, and too numerous to be comprehended, and even the fatal explosion which you apprehend may take place. To prevent such a calamity, we must now calmly prepare ourselves for the great crisis. We must familiarise our imagination with the contemplation of enormous wealth. During the few weeks which must elapse before the decisive drawing, you will do well to imitate the plan which I have now completed for my own use. In the first place, I have made myself perfectly familiar with the supposition that I am now 'Baron of Walchern and Lizelberg.' I have covered half a quire of paper with an inventory of my property, a valuation of the rental, and plans of expenditure. I know exactly what I shall do with the 700 acres of forest, the game,

the fisheries, and the 1000 families of tenants. I have even made accurate charts of the travels I shall enjoy during my first year in possession. Having done all this, the property no longer overcomes my power of comprehension: I have a definite notion of it, great as it is—I can see how it may be expended; in short, I have mastered the subject, and now I can calmly wait until I see my prize announced in the 'Munich Times,' when I shall receive my deeds from the agents with an unfaltering hand, like one long accustomed to wealth. If you could visit me now, you would find among my papers some very elegant plans and elevations of houses (for after all that has been said in favour of the new mansion, I shall build another to suit my own taste); *item*, an extensive catalogue for a new library; *item*, a plan for the benefit of the tenants; besides sundries, such as memoranda, 'to buy a Silvermann's pianoforte,' 'a good hunter,' &c. &c. You will not be surprised to learn that I intend to continue my authorship; but it will be in future conducted in a princely style, as I shall maintain two clerks, as quotation-makers and copyists, and another official to correct the press. But my great care has been to prepare a constitution and code of laws for my 1000 families of subjects.... Allow me to remind you (as you are also in danger of becoming a ruler rather suddenly) that you should instantly be preparing to give a constitution or some little *magna charta* to your subjects; for all rulers must be bound in some measure before they can be trusted and obeyed with safety.... Thus the old Egyptians wisely tied together the fore-claws of the crocodile, in order that they might worship him without danger of being devoured by the idol.

"Prepare yourself according to my plan, dear Seemaus; and then you need not fear that the great gold mine of June 30 will fall in and crush you as you begin to work it. At least let us enjoy for a few days the dream of hope for which we have paid twelve florins: let us not spoil it with fears and anxieties. This hope is like butter on a dog's nose, which makes him eat dry bread with a relish. With their noses anointed with this butter, all our fellow ticket-holders are now eating their bread (black, brown, or white, earned by toil, or tears, or servility) with an extra relish. This, for the present time, is a positive enjoyment, and if we are wise, we shall not disturb it. So, hoping that you will possess it until the 30th of June, I am, yours truly, JEAN PAUL FR. RICHTER."'

To the above notice of Richter we may add the following remarks on his character as an author by Dr Vilmar:—'Richter was the favourite author among sentimental readers at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. He may be distinguished from the humorous writers of an earlier period by the sentimental tone which prevails through all his writings, and is found even in his latest production, "Selina." In this we observe that, as in the case of all other eccentric humorists, there

is no regular development of poetic genius to be traced through his career: a humorist, indeed, can have no such development; for if he could once attain a true clearness of style, or artistic perfection in writing fiction, he would cease to be a humorist. . . The characteristics of all Richter's works may be summed up in the word "youthfulness." He was the favourite romancist for youth, appealing chiefly to young minds full of happy dreams, mysterious doubts, imaginative delights, and great vague thoughts strangely mingled with the sportiveness of boyhood; and readers who have stood still in intellect, and have retained the taste they had in their minority, may still find delight in Jean Paul's pages; while others who have advanced to a manly taste can no longer relish their former favourite.'

Therese Huber (1764–1829) was the authoress of several popular and pleasing fictions, which appeared under the name of her husband. 'The Family Seldorf' (1795) and 'The Judgment of the World' (1805) show considerable knowledge of characters. Friedrich Jacobs (1764) is better known as a philologist than as a novelist; but has stooped from his classical studies to write many short tales for young people, in an elegant style and with unexceptionable tendencies. George Reinbeck (1766) affords a similar instance of a literary historian and critic who has written several tales, in good taste, and in opposition to the frivolity which has unfortunately prevailed lately in both German and English works of fiction. 'This frivolity,' he says truly in one of his prefaces, 'is never an attribute of poetic genius, but is rather a miserable expedient of inferior minds, seeking for popularity.'

Ernst Wagner (1768–1812) wrote several romantic narratives, such as 'The Travelling Painter' (1806), and 'Willibald' (1806), which are partly imitations of Goethe's style in 'Wilhelm Meister.' The historical romances of Benedicte Naubert, 'Thekla' (1788), and 'Hermann von Unna' (1788), are mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as sources from which he had derived some suggestions. The unpretending authoress, who published them anonymously, had the pleasure of receiving her own works as a present from her husband, who was unacquainted with their origin.

Augustus Lafontaine was the writer of numerous sentimental novels, once very popular, especially his 'Domestic Narratives' (1803–1804). Caroline Pichler was another novelist of very fruitful invention, whose tales of 'Leonore,' 'Olivier,' 'The Swedes in Prague,' and many others (1812–1820), were accounted among the best fictions of her times.

Friedrich Hölderlin (1770) wrote 'Hyperion; or the Hermit in Greece' (1797), as a vehicle for his imaginative views of human

life. It displays an enthusiastic admiration of the life, poetry, and even the religion of ancient Athens.

Heinrich Zschokke (1771–1847) was remarkable as a man and an author. His literary activity extended over more than half a century, and his tales and miscellaneous writings, chiefly of a utilitarian character, enjoyed considerable popularity. His studies were generally directed towards human improvement, as we find in his 'Goldmakers' Village,' where he describes the progress of industry and civilisation among a degraded population.*

Ludwig Tieck (1773) has resembled Zschokke in the length of his literary career, but in no other respect. Between 'William Lovell' (1795) and 'Vittoria Accorombona' (1839) a great number of novels and tales of various styles, fantastic, visionary, humorous, and satirical, have been produced by this author, though he has been an invalid during the greater part of the time. His writings form a library of romance, more likely to excite and confuse than to clear and refine the mind of a young reader. The short tales collected under the title of 'Phantasus' (1812) present the most favourable and popular specimens of Tieck's imaginative style. His narratives are often interspersed with reflections on art and literature. The following passage contains some just remarks on a life devoted to sensuous music and imaginative pleasures; but it should be premised that these censures are only applicable to poetry and the fine arts, when cultivated merely as selfish luxuries. The truly great artist, who knows how to unite his creations with human interests, and the literary man inspired with noble purposes, are not to be ranked among idle dreamers, but rather with the greatest benefactors of society. But unhappily there is a class of frivolous amateurs in art and literature to whom the following remarks may be fairly applied :—

THE SEDUCTIONS OF ART.

'Surely it is a noble endeavour in man to create a work of art, transcending all the low and common utilities of life—a work independent, complete in itself, subservient to no utilitarian purpose—a beautiful object shining in its own splendour. The instinct to produce such a work seems to point more directly to a higher world than any other impulse of our nature..... And yet this beautiful art is a seductive and forbidden fruit; and he who has once been intoxicated with its sweetness, may be regarded as a lost man in practical life. He becomes more and more absorbed in his own internal pleasures, and at length finds that he has no heart to feel, no hand to labour for his fellow-men. Is not such a devotion to art

* An abridged translation of 'The Goldmakers' Village' may be found in 'Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts.' (No. 34.)

a superstition? We take one of the works of man, the mere product of self-pleasing imagination, and in our admiration of this object, we forget the whole to which it ought to belong: we forget humanity itself. For my part, I am shocked at my own folly when I reflect on my whole life devoted to the luxury of music! Here I have sat, a self-indulging hermit, drawing sensations of sweetness from harmonious tones; while all around me the great world of mankind to which I belong, and for which I do nothing, is involved in the care and strife that must attend its progress. I cannot avoid knowing that thousands are suffering under as many varieties of affliction: I know that every vibration of the pendulum is like the stroke of a sword for some fellow-creature, and that the world is crying loudly for all possible help—and still here I sit, amusing myself with luxurious music, as carelessly as a child playing with bubbles; as if I knew nothing of the earnestness either of the life around me or the death that awaits me..... Here is evidently a seductive poison in the apparently innocent love of art. The luxurious emotions of the artist may overcome the common feelings and interests of humanity. In striving to be an artist, I may forget that I am a man. I may become like a mere theatrical hero, who fancies his stage to be the real world, looks on the world round his theatre as a very dull piece, and only regards the actions and sorrows of mankind as crude materials out of which dramas may be manufactured.'

We subjoin a short specimen of Tieck's satirical humour, which is certainly legitimately employed in this case:—

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

'"It requires some art and good taste," said Lothario, "to make a dinner or a supper-party agreeable." "There must be harmony," said Antonio. "Whatever the provisions and the display may be, they should correspond. I do not like indifferent viands and bad wine with costly services. And the case is still worse when your host insists on making you acquainted with the full value of his hospitality; when he will not let you empty a flask of wine without drinking in at the same time the information that it cost so much per butt, or so much per dozen in bottles. This naturally leads to a valuation of the splendid sideboard. But if your host possesses pictures and rarities of art, alas for you! He will lead you all over the house, will tell the structure and cost of every picture-frame, and will give you no rest until he finds that he has produced in you a profound sense of your comparative poverty."

"Then, in another party," said Lothario, "you may always expect the grand maternal scene to close the performances. The dear little children are introduced, though we have not had the pleasure of their company during dinner or tea. Now we have the most touching narratives of their ideal virtues, and the pathos of the scene sometimes draws tears from the good mother.... But these are trivial errors. What shall we say of the terrible great assemblies now

in fashion; of parties, so-called, where the known and the unknown, little and great, friends and foes, the clever and the dull, young ladies and antique dowagers, are arranged together at a long table, or series of tables, covered with a banquet—a prodigy of profusion and bad taste—the result of eight days of incessant study on the part of the hostess, who has apparently endeavoured to discharge all her debts of hospitalities by this one vast payment? What do you say of conversation that reminds us of nothing but such noises as we may imagine to be mingled in chaos? How do you like this new, barbarian style, which threatens to destroy all social intercourse and rational hospitality?"

"Why," said Manfred, "if we may compare our friendly little parties, in old times, with neat and pleasant miniature paintings, I suppose we must call this modern fashion the Michael-Angelo style of hospitality, for it is certainly very terrible, if not sublime."'

TIECK, FOUQUÉ, NOVALIS, HOFFMANN, BRENTANO, and ARNIM, may be classed together as belonging to the Romantic School of fiction, which is distinguished from the Classic School by several features; such as mysticism, and a fantastic mixture of natural and visionary adventures. Several of the writings of these romancists show tendencies in favour of some of the manners and customs of the Middle Ages, and also a bias toward the Romish Church. FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL, who belonged to the Romantic School, and CLEMENS BRENTANO, one of its writers, practically developed the purport of their writings by submission to Roman Catholic doctrines. It may appear singular to English readers that fantastic fiction should be employed as a vehicle to convey religious sentiments; but this is the case in several tales by the romancists. These writers have been supported in their partiality for imaginative and mysterious topics by the Brothers Schlegel and others, who wrote in favour of imaginative literature, and in opposition to the philosophy which would reduce history, poetry, and religion, to the compass of human comprehension. These contrary tendencies, one toward 'mysticism,' and the other toward 'rationalism,' are the distinguishing marks of many recent productions.

FRIEDRICH HARDENBERG, generally known by his assumed name NOVALIS (1772–1801), was the friend of Friedrich Schlegel, and wrote a romance styled 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen,' besides several poems and fragments in prose, all pervaded by a mystical philosophy. CLEMENS BRENTANO (1778), the author of 'Godivi' (1801), may be mentioned in connection with his friend LUDWIG ARNIM (1781–1832), one of the most remarkable among the writers of fantastic romances. His fictions, 'The Countess Dolores' (1810) and the 'Crown Guardians' (1817), describe mystical adventures,

but display a fine poetical imagination and a fluent style. In the former there are passages which show that this writer might have succeeded in fictions more accordant with the facts of real life. For instance, in the 'Countess Dolores,' Arnim gives an excellent sketch of the character generally known by the name 'sentimentalist.' 'Waller,' the so-called poet, is a man who deludes himself with a notion that he possesses genius, cultivates no faculty of the mind except imagination, neglects all the common duties of life, and, as far as he is able, makes all such names as 'genius' and 'poetry' contemptible. As we have given several extracts from portions of literature connected with the interests of real life, we may, as a contrast, give the following sketch of a literary man of the purely fantastic order:—

WALLER, THE SENTIMENTALIST.

'The count had not been gazing out of the window many minutes, before he called the attention of his lady to a very picturesque group of figures slowly coming along the carriage-road towards the mansion. A man in respectable dress was leading a slow-paced nag, which carried a lady who appeared to be an invalid, for she was supported in her saddle by several cushions and pillows. Beside these two figures, two boys were riding on goats of an unusual large size, with long horns. As this group approached the house, the count and his lady went out to meet them. The strange gentleman, whose sunburnt and wrinkled face showed an expression of intelligence, immediately addressed the count, and explained that the lady, who had been an invalid for some time, had undertaken this rural journey to restore her strength, but had found no benefit in it, and was now so much exhausted, that she must beg for permission to rest awhile. The count instantly assured the stranger that all the provisions of the house were at his service. The nag was led beside a green bank near the garden-house, so that the lady could dismount without steps; and her husband led her into the garden-house, where she reclined on a sofa. As she raised her veil, she displayed a countenance having some beauty, but very pale and languid. She now addressed the count, and after thanking him for his kindness, assured him that in this instance his hospitality was well bestowed; for he had now the honour of entertaining in his mansion the "celebrated poet Waller," whom to call her husband was her highest pride and delight. Hereupon various compliments were exchanged, but not without some awkwardness; for the count and his lady differed in their opinions of the poet, whose productions they had lately read. The count could not say that he regarded all Waller's verses as counterfeit coin, and the countess durst not say how much she admired them. Waller at first received their compliments in a quiet style, and only replied with two or three jocose remarks. He then reminded his wife that she must not hurt her chest by talking too much; and accordingly she took up her portfolio and

crayons, and began to sketch the landscape. Meanwhile the two boys, who were named Traugott and Alonzo, milked the goats, and brought a glass of the milk to their mother, who drank it. As a reward for this attention, she told them that now they might play where they pleased; and truly they soon began to enjoy this liberty in an extreme sense. Taking sundry playthings from their pockets, they bounded away, and soon began to play at hide-and-seek. They ran into the hall, explored several rooms in the mansion, and plundered the garden and the pantry, as if they had no more knowledge of any rights of property than young monkeys. The servants were offended, and began to complain; but the count was highly amused when the father of these ill-bred boys smiled, and coolly said, "Ha! they are training to become such men as the future will require (!)—they are acquainted with want, and know how to help themselves. They can soon adapt themselves to any new circumstances."

'As the lady now required rest, the count retired, and led his new acquaintance into the house. Here Waller soon became so confidential, that, with little invitation, he began to give, in an animated style, various details of his personal history. We must condense his narrative, as it was inflated with many passages of questionable sentiment, and numerous quotations from his own poems. He first explained how, like other men of genius, he had been poor, but had found a wife who possessed some property. . . . As the lady was deeply in love with him, he could not make her unhappy, so he married her, though he confessed that he had found (to use his own words) "a fatal possession" in a wife; for the cares of matrimony disturbed the development of poetic genius. He had persuaded his wife to sell her house in town, in order to purchase a rural cottage and a garden which had charmed his fancy once as he rode through a lonely part of the country. The lady had at once consented; for "in all things she obeys my pleasure" (said Waller), and he had travelled down to the romantic cottage to prepare it for her reception. He spread the bedding and the linen in the sunny garden, arranged flower-pots in the windows, and made a triumphal arch of green boughs and flowers over the porch. He then sat in the bower, and while waiting for his lady, wrote an inscription for the arch, containing the following verses and a few more of equal poetic value:—

"Here now a poet leaves
All earthly cares and fears;
In quietness he waits
Until his bride appears.

And when she comes, she reads
These words, inscribed above
Our lowly, rustic porch—
'Welcome, my life, my love!'"

But this speedy arrival was merely imaginary; for one of the wheels of his lady's carriage was broken on the road, and her coming was

delayed until Waller's patience was exhausted. Besides, in his zeal about the flowers, he had forgotten to provide food; so the first rural delicacy which he enjoyed in the country was a dinner of brown bread and milk. At last he became so impatient, that he threw down the pretty arch, tore the inscription, and received his wife with reproaches. However, she spoke kindly, explained the cause of her delay, and he was soon restored to good-humour. The next morning he had resolved to begin to write a great poem. He had long waited for fine weather and rural solitude to produce poetic inspiration, and now his desires were granted. He went into his study. The day was fine, with a soft south wind and a blue sky, but he could not fix his attention on his subject, but sat all the morning gazing from the window into the garden, where two hens were scratching the ground, and a stout maid-servant was digging up potatoes. So one day was passed after another in vain attempts to be romantic and happy. He had determined that his wife should be, like himself, an enthusiastic admirer of nature; so he led her over the damp pastures, and through plantations of firs, in the early morning, to see the sun rising; but this practical poetry was accompanied with such unromantic realities as wet stockings, colds, and coughs. Waller was surprised to find that real nature was not so pleasant as she had appeared in the verses which he wrote when in town, and that the rustics who lived near his cottage were not of the Arcadian kind. He read his verses to some of them, but they could not understand such poetry, and still preferred their own vulgar stories and jest-books. This was in the summer, but in the winter rural happiness was sad indeed for Waller. He wrote to all his friends, begging them to come and see "a poor poet in a wilderness;" but the roads were deep in snow, and no friend would undertake the journey. The poet was therefore left in domestic quietude, until he became quite weary of the company of his wife, and expressed his unamiable sentiments in such verses as the following:—

"In this, my lonely nest,
I see no welcome guest;
In vain my letters go—
The ways are deep in snow.
My heart is restless as an aspen-tree—
Ah, why did fortune link my wife and me?

She whom I called 'my bride,'
Sits spinning at my side;
From home I long to stray,
But snowy is the way.
My heart is restless as an aspen-tree—
Ah, why did fortune link my wife and me?"

"My dear friend," Waller continued, after reciting the above touching verses, "I know not how I could have survived that dull winter; but my wife meanwhile presented to me this boy, Alonzo, and thus our cottage was enlivened with the company of nurses and the

village doctor. This new excitement lasted until spring appeared, and then I hastened away over hill and dale to the book-fair at Leipsic, where I hoped to sell my manuscript poem. In my pleasure at finding myself once more in the society of civilised men, I quite forgot my wife, the rural cottage and all the beauties of nature, until one day, as I was sitting at my dessert in Mainoni's hotel (I was eating almonds and raisins), the bookseller's boy brought to me a letter from my wife; and what did it contain? My absence had excited my wife, for the first time in her life, to write verses. I will quote one stanza from her poem addressed to me:—

> 'I see the clouds each other chase
> Across the moon's half-hidden face:
> I envy them; for they may stray
> Toward my love, so far away.'

Well, what could I do after receiving this touching letter intreating me to return? I hastened away from Leipsic, and left my transaction with the bookseller unfinished. For a time I continued my studies in our lonely cottage, and my wife (who is a clever artist) prepared drawings to illustrate my poem. But now a new trouble arose. I had bought a little estate with my cottage, and knew nothing of its management. I was losing money, so I persuaded my wife to let me sell the cottage; and we returned to live in the town once more. Here our circumstances began to be straitened; my wife was anxious, and worked hard, so that all her drawings were finished before half of my poem was written. To incite my industry, she now wakened me early every morning, and prepared for me a cup of coffee in my study. Of course she meant well in all these little attentions and indulgences bestowed on me; but she did not know that all such things tend to depress poetic genius. In a gloomy mood I now wrote an elegy, in which I represented myself as a weaver, and my wife as a spinster. I will read it to you." [Here Waller tried the count's last degree of patience by reciting some absurd, sentimental verses, in which he complained that his wife was too kind and attentive.]. . . . . At last, after Waller had talked long in a romantic and affected strain, and had also exhibited his weakness in a silly dispute with his wife about a mere trifle, the count became quite tired of his guest, and honestly told him that if his forthcoming volume of poetry might be judged by the specimens of sentimental taste already given, it could have no value.'

Bettina (1785), the sister of Brentano, and widow of Arnim, resembles these authors in her imaginative character. She wrote a singularly enthusiastic book, entitled 'Goethe's Correspondence with a Child,' which was gravely accepted and criticised by some persons as a valid contribution to biography, though it was so sentimental and romantic, that Goethe must have laughed at it if he had seen it. Imaginative pictures in words, interspersed with sentiments, characterise the writings of Bettina and other

romancists, while they show little power in the construction of probable plots, or the development of real characters. Such exercises of the imagination must hold a subordinate place in literature, as the highest class of poetry and fiction is marked by the union (not the confusion) of the real with the ideal. The following is one of the pictures in words drawn by Bettina :—

SUNDAY.

'Here is a little circular chapel. A splendid altar almost fills the interior, and at the opposite side an organ projects from the wall. Over the altar a large golden pelican, with expanded wings, is feeding a brood of twelve young ones. As I entered, the light was beaming through the dark-red and bright-yellow panes of the painted windows, and spreading like a halo over the golden pelican and the altar, covered with rich decorations, and dressed with fresh roses and yellow lilies. A young Franciscan monk from the monastery at Rauenthal was preaching, and I heard the concluding passage in his sermon, which I remember :—"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." "I think of these words when I hear Christians complaining. He who, in the fulness of his love, said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' who cradled on his bosom the head of St John, found no place wherein to rest in this world, much less one friend who could sympathise with and share all his deep sorrows. Yet his love, which found no return of gratitude upon earth, did not utter itself in complaints, but was transmuted into the divine fire of self-sacrifice..... With such an example before us, shall we, when afflicted by the loss of a friend, or any other calamity, hang down our heads, and refuse to bear our burthens and fulfil our duties? Nay, rather let us follow the steps of our Guide, who overcame sorrow and death!" .... These concluding words of the sermon accompanied me throughout the day, like celestial music or the calm radiance of a Sabbath morning. I went down from the upper church into the round chapel, where another priest had celebrated the mass. Here an aged dame was now extinguishing the candles on the altar. I asked, "Are you the sacristan?" and she told me that her son, who held that office, was to-day paying a visit to some friends. "And where do you find all these beautiful flowers?" said I, pointing to the roses and lilies on the altar. She said, "They are all gathered out of our garden here close beside the church: my son cultivates them." At my request she soon led me into the beautiful and peaceful little nook beside the sanctuary, and we sat down together on a little wooden bench in front of her cottage, and under a canopy of mingled vine-leaves and roses. The seat was evidently intended to accommodate only one person; so I held the hand of the old lady to support myself. I noticed that her hand seemed to be hardened with toil. "Yes," said she, in a tone of perfect contentment, "I can still dig a little; but the soil here is hard and rocky." Before us

lay the little garden basking in sunshine: it seemed like one of nature's sanctuaries, placed beside the gray walls of the church; and here nature, on her simple turf altar, offered up fruits and flowers, as her most beautiful productions, to Heaven. The pebbled walks of the garden were trimly bordered with box. I love this simple, lowly shrub; for in the summer it is the companion of bright flowers, and even in winter it keeps its greenness under the snow. The old lady replied to this sentiment in her own style. "Ah," said she, "the box is a hardy thing, and bides all kinds of weather." On the left side of the vine-covered cottage the garden-wall was decked with jessamine. Tall lilies grew beside the gate, and near them was a spreading honeysuckle. A mulberry-tree flourished in one corner, and in another two fig-trees spread out their broad, glossy leaves. In a shady nook a fountain of clear water was bubbling into a stone trough. The centre of the little plot of ground was gay with the colours of hyacinths, pinks, gillyflowers, and lark-spurs, and the air was fragrant with lavender. Canaries were singing in the cottage. I felt that I could stay long in this home of Sabbath quietness. And now the kind dame shook down some ripe mulberries, and brought them to me upon a large fig-leaf. While I was eating them, she culled for me a nosegay of carnations and lark-spurs. As I was admiring my bouquet, the door of the cottage was opened, and the young priest (who had been taking a humble breakfast prepared for him by the old dame) came into the garden, and spoke to me in a friendly tone. "Ah," said he, "have you ripe mulberries already?" I presented the fruit to him, and he took two or three, and in my confusion (I know not why) it seems I also gave him my nosegay; for I did not know that I had done so until I saw him placing it on his sleeve.... Such were my little adventures on this quiet Sunday, which left such an impression on my memory.'

Two writers may be mentioned in contrast here, to explain the distinction between symbolical and merely fantastic romances. In the latter style, THEODOR HOFFMANN (1776–1824) surpassed Richter, Tieck, and Fouqué in inventing marvellous incidents, but was far inferior to them in poetical genius. His stories mingle the circumstances of real modern life with grotesque and visionary adventures. No description can be given here of such tales as the 'Night-Pieces' (1816), 'Serapion's Brothers' (1819), 'Kater Murr' (1820), and the 'Princess Brambilla' (1821), any further than by saying that they offer deleterious excitements to the imaginations of young readers.

FRIEDRICH DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ (1777) rose far above the style of his friend Hoffmann, though both employed fantastic materials. Fouqué leads his readers among mysterious knights, gnomes, elfs, fairies, enchanted forests, and talking waterfalls. He uses all the means of producing mysterious excitement which are found in the romances of Mrs Radcliffe, but without giving natural solu-

tions of his wonders in the ingenious mode of this English authoress. Instead of this, he generally gives a moral solution. His style is clear and fluent; his descriptions are poetical; and it is often his pleasure to wrap a deep and true moral in the disguise of wonderful and supernatural imagery. His works were once much admired, especially by young readers, but are now comparatively neglected. The 'Magic Ring' (1812), 'Thiodolf' (1815), and 'Undine' (1819), are the most favourable specimens. It may be questioned whether novels which represent false and romantic characters and events as parts of real life, are not more objectionable than these fictions of Fouqué, in which the incidents are so visionary, that they cannot be mistaken for realities. It is certainly desirable that novels and romances should be more clearly distinguished than we find them in many instances. What name shall we find for books which give us neither the truth and reality of life, nor the beauty of poetic imagination? As a specimen of Fouqué's mysterious and symbolical style, and also of a class of fictions very numerous in German literature, we may give the following tale. Here, under the disguise of a ghost story, our author tells us that an evil passion, such as avarice (presented to us as personified in the old man with the 'red mantle'), cannot be overcome by the use of its own weapons. The story will convey its own moral:—

REDMANTLE.

'Berthold was a German commercial man, and in one of his solitary journeys he encountered the following adventure:—One evening he had lost his way in one of the mountainous and thickly-wooded parts of our country: and as he was travelling alone on horseback, and carried in his portmanteau a considerable quantity of gold and precious articles of trade, he began to be anxious, if not fearful, when the twilight gathered over the oak-trees around him, while no path was visible. He was now assured that he had wandered into a very lonely part of the country; for even the wild animals, which now came out from the thickets, did not look upon him with fear: they seemed, indeed, altogether unacquainted with the dangerous powers of man; while the gray owls, with their melancholy hootings, fluttered about his shoulders so nearly, that he often bowed his head to prevent their flying in his face. Berthold felt so lonely in this woodland solitude, that the face of any honest man would have been the most pleasant sight in the world, and great was his pleasure when he saw on the forest-side a man dressed in the humble garb of a charcoal-burner. In reply to Berthold's questions, the stranger pointed the way to his lonely hut in the forest, and offered to the traveller a night's secure rest and guidance on his way in the morning. Though Berthold could not distinctly see the face of his friend, he followed him until he came to his lonely hut. Here the

wife of the charcoal-burner soon came to the door, bearing a light, while several children stood behind her; and as the rays of the candle fell upon the plain but honest features of the husband, and illumined the faces of the innocent children, all Berthold's fears and suspicions passed away. He now unstrapped his portmanteau, and took it into the cottage, carrying with him also his pistols, while the charcoal-burner led away the horse to a secure place. When the host returned, Berthold took the best seat beside the fire, and conversation soon became interesting. Berthold told tales of his travels, and the host talked of the wondrous legends of the woods and mountains. At last the children joined in singing a hymn while their father and the stranger were drinking the contents of a bottle of home-made perry. At this moment there was a singular knock at the door. "Come in, father!" said the charcoal-burner in a friendly tone.

'The door was immediately opened, and a gray-headed, quiet-looking old man, of very small stature, entered, and accosted all the family in a friendly style, but gazed with an expression of wonder on the stranger. Berthold returned the look in a similar style, while the new-comer went to the round table and took a seat on the lowest stool, which seemed to have been left vacant for him. There was an expression of sorrow on his face, which excited the sympathy of Berthold, who wished to ask if this was the grandfather of the children. But the old man folded now his hands, and asked the host if he was ready for evening-prayer. At this question the husband immediately began to sing the fine old hymn—

"Now all the woods are sleeping,
Peace over all is spread"—

while his wife and all the children joined softly in the melody. But the voice of the old man was predominant, and he expressed, by several angry glances, his displeasure against Berthold, who did not sing. When the hymn and the evening-prayer were concluded, the dwarf suddenly rose and left the house; but, after closing the door, he opened it again for a moment, and looking in, threw upon Berthold such a fierce and angry glance, that our traveller was amazed at the sudden change of a countenance lately composed in an expression of quietness and devotion.

"This is not the old man's usual way," said the charcoal-burner as an apology to Berthold.

"He is crazy, I suppose?" said Berthold.

"He may be," said the host; "but he is quite harmless: at least he has not done any harm here for a long time. You need have no fear, though he has a free entrance into our house at all hours of the night. The door of the chamber where you must sleep does not shut, and the old man often wanders into that chamber; but I assure you he will not hurt you, nor will he even disturb you, if you are as sleepy as myself; for, as you must have observed, he has a very light tread, and glides about like a ghost." At this story Berthold tried to smile, but did not feel easy in such mysterious circumstances.

However, after taking up his portmanteau, his pistols, and a cutlass, he followed his host up a very narrow staircase into a low, ruinous little chamber, through which the night-wind whistled. The host, after lighting a lamp, and suspending it from the roof, said "good-night," and Berthold was left to dream of the day's adventures. He threw himself upon the lowly bed; but could not sleep soundly, nor could he remain properly awake. Sometimes he fancied that his portmanteau was not placed securely on the bed; sometimes that his pistols were not near his hand; then a gust of wind suddenly startled him up from his pillow; then he lay down again, and fell into commercial speculations, which were strangely mingled with thoughts of the forest, the charcoal-burner and his family, the evening-prayer, and the strange old man.

'It was now midnight, and though he could not sleep, his eyelids were too heavy to be kept open, when he imagined that he heard a light sound of footsteps in the chamber. He looked, but saw nothing distinctly. "'Tis my fancy," said he, as he closed his eyes again. But again and again the noise disturbed him, until he arose and saw, in the dying glimmer of the lamp, the gray-headed dwarf, who seemed to have designs on the portmanteau. "Robber!" exclaimed Berthold—"dare not to touch my property!" At this the intruder seemed to be terrified: he folded his hands, assumed a devotional aspect, and quickly glided out of the chamber.

"Oh, he cannot be a robber," said Berthold; "he is crazy, as my host told me; but, however, I must see that the contents of my portmanteau are all right." So saying, he unfastened the straps, and began to turn over the golden treasure which was so dear to him. While thus engaged, he felt that somebody was breathing close beside the bed. "It is the wind," said he; "the window is not tight." But again he felt the breath upon his cheek, and turning his face, he suddenly met the aspect of the old man, who had been also gazing into the portmanteau. At first Berthold was terrified; but he collected his courage, and said—"What do you want here? Go to bed and warm yourself, old man."

"Ah, my bed is cold enough," said the strange visitor; "but I love to see such shining gold as you have here! Yet I know where there is far more of it—gold—heaps of gold—plenty!"

"Is this all a dream?" said the traveller inwardly: "am I asleep or awake? What do you mean, old man?" And so ready were the thoughts of Berthold to turn to profit every adventure, that he even entertained the supposition that in this strange way he might hear tidings of some hoard of gold. "What mean you, old man?" said he. "Where is the gold of which you speak?"

"I will show you if you will come with me," said the dwarf. "It is under the earth—in the forest—under the moorland." The speaker's face showed strange excitement.

"Well; if I venture to go with you?" said Berthold.

"I will be back in a minute," said the old man, going out of the chamber. "I must put on my mantle."

'He had not been out of the chamber more than a minute, when another figure entered. This seemed taller than the former one, and was covered from head to foot in a blood-red mantle. He held a drawn sword in one hand and a musket in the other. "Now," said Redmantle, "come along! Let us hasten to the forest!"

'Berthold seized his weapons. "With you!" he exclaimed: "I will not leave the house with you! Where is the little old man?"

"Ha! you do not know me in this dress!" said Redmantle, throwing back the red cloak from his face. Berthold recognised the features of the dwarf; but their quiet aspect was now changed into a fierce and eager expression.

"I tell you I will not go with you," said Berthold firmly, still holding his weapons ready for action.

"But you *shall!*" said Redmantle, stretching out his arms to seize Berthold, who at that moment fired a pistol at the strange figure. Suddenly noises were heard in the house: the host was hastening in alarm toward the chamber of his guest, and the unwelcome visitor left the chamber, throwing back an angry glance on Berthold.

"Good sir," exclaimed the poor charcoal-burner, as he entered the chamber, "what have you done? You have roused up our *kobold*, our house-goblin, who has been quiet so long. On the stairs I met him in his red mantle, bearing a sword, and looking very angry."

"Your kobold! your house-goblin!* What can you mean?" said the bewildered traveller.

"I will tell you all about it," said the host, "if you will come down to the living-room; for my wife and the children are there, and I must remove their fears."

'Berthold was ready to go down stairs, as he did not like to remain alone in the narrow chamber. He took his weapons and the portmanteau, and went down to the room where the family was assembled. The children were trembling, and looked now upon our traveller with suspicious glances, while their father told the following strange tale:—

"Sir, when first I came to live in this cottage, the unearthly being who haunts this neighbourhood always appeared in the terrible form in which you have just now seen him. No charcoal-burner would live in this part of the forest; for the wanderings of the unquiet spirit extended over a wide circle. It is said that, in his former state of existence, he was a wealthy but very selfish man who lived on this spot, and that he buried treasures of gold in a secret part of

* The demonology of Germany is very extensive, and has been interwoven in so many poems and prose-fictions, that an account of German literature would be imperfect if it did not contain some specimen of such narratives. The 'kobold,' or 'hausgeist,' was a ghost of domestic habits, and attached to some locality. He was sometimes harmless, and even useful, but at other times spiteful, and demanding very respectful treatment. In the present tale, which contains a moral, the 'kobold' symbolises the spirit of avarice, which had been subdued by the contentment and piety of the charcoal-burner and his family, but was awakened and excited by the presence of *a similar spirit* in Berthold.

the forest. It is also said that, to frighten strangers and travellers from the spot, he sometimes appeared, while living, in the garb and with the weapons which you have seen to-night. He died, and left no sign of the place where his gold was buried. Indeed it seems that he had lost his reason and forgotten his own secret; for he was seen nightly prowling through the forest, and uttering cries like one who seeks what he cannot find. Such was the tale told to me when I came to dwell here; but I said, 'Let me pray, and live piously, and the evil one can do me no harm.' But I assure you that, for some time after our arrival, my wife and the children were sorely terrified by the nightly visits of the old man in the red mantle."

"Ah!" said the wife; "and now we shall have the old trouble over again."

'At this moment the door of the hut was shaken violently, and the children began to cry; but the father stepped to the door and said in a loud and firm voice, "Hence, evil one, and vex us no longer!" The sound of a rushing wind followed this exorcism, and then all was quiet again, and the father proceeded in his story:—

"We continued to use the best means of prayers and pious living to subdue the violence of our ghostly disturber, until we succeeded so far, that he laid aside his red mantle, came gently to our door every evening at the hour of prayer, and seemed disposed to be friendly. His aspect was composed and quiet, and even his stature seemed less than that of the figure in the red mantle. But now, in some way which I cannot understand, your appearance here, sir, has awakened in him all his former violence, and we shall require some pains and patience before we again subdue him. However, children, be not afraid. Prayers and patience have availed once in this trouble, and we must now employ them again. Don't fear him, my good wife. We shall subdue Redmantle once more."

'With this assurance, the wife and the children were comforted, and looked cheerfully at the father; but Berthold still felt like a man who awakes in the night, and cannot shake off the impression of a frightful dream. He said to himself—"I must have a fever which has affected my head, and all the strange adventures of this night must be delusions." Then he suspected that the apparently honest host must be the ally of some band of robbers, and that Redmantle would soon return (perhaps with some accomplices) to seize the portmanteau. With these thoughts, Berthold became so excited, that he could rest no longer in the cottage. He called for his steed, and the eldest boy instantly ran to the door to fulfil the stranger's orders. The father said, "You will do better to stay until daylight. I cannot say what you may meet in the forest during the night." But our traveller imagined that this invitation was coldly or insincerely given, and he could read in the faces of all the family that they wished the stranger to leave their dwelling. When his horse was saddled, and the portmanteau was fixed in its place, he offered money to the charcoal-burner, who firmly refused to accept it. A cold farewell was exchanged, and Berthold rode away in a state of

singular excitement—his mind being occupied by many conflicting thoughts.

'Like other men who lived in his times, he had been taught to believe that supernatural agents are sometimes employed to point out the hiding-places of treasures of gold, and the adventures of this night seemed to confirm his faith in such events. As he rode along in the dim forest, he muttered to himself—"Perhaps Redmantle may be right, and the charcoal-burner may be wrong. If my visitor was not a spectre, then my host had some plot against me, and I have done well in leaving his hut; but if it was a spectre, its object may be to point out the place of hidden treasure, and I may be the happy man destined to discover it. Courage! the adventure of this night may make me a wealthy man."

'He had hardly uttered these words, when, turning his head, he saw Redmantle close beside him. The apparition seemed to have heard the soliloquy, and nodded its head in approbation of the resolution of Berthold, who now endeavoured to maintain all the courage he had summoned. However, he could not speak a word to his strange companion; but Redmantle soon broke the silence by saying —"I say, my good friend, I have had a very dull life for some years with the poor charcoal-burner and his family there. The perpetual psalm-singing and praying quite wore me down, until I became a little, feeble, low-spirited old man, such as you saw. But your coming at first excited me strangely, and then encouraged me to return to my old ways again. I saw in you something that reminded me of my former self; for I know you love hunting for gold as I used to love it, and as I love it now again. How the company of a fellow-spirit animates me! You see how much I have grown in one night; and I shall now continue to grow higher and higher still! But no more words! Let us dig for the gold! You see that hillock? There it lies! Ho, ho! the charcoal-burner is too stupid for this work. I could never excite him to it. Come along!"

'Berthold dismounted, and after tying the bridle to the branch of a tree, followed the apparition to the hillock, which was covered with the cones of the fir-tree. "Dig—dig," said Redmantle; and Berthold began to turn up the earth with his dagger, while his companion laboured violently with his bare hands, tearing up the ground, from which a sulphurous smoke issued, until they discovered two earthen vessels, which broke in pieces, and disclosed their contents—mere ashes! At this disappointment the restless demon began to wring his hands, moaned dismally, and pointed to another hillock. Berthold followed, and both began to dig; but their efforts ended again in the same disappointment—they found nothing but ashes! From one hillock they passed to another, and laboured vainly, again and again, until our traveller was exhausted, but still durst not disobey the commands of Redmantle, who, becoming more and more exasperated and violent, struck his fists against the ground until sparks flew from it, and angrily accused Berthold of having found

and secreted gold in the forest. The red mantle streamed in the air, the figure of the spectre rose higher and higher, and assumed violent and threatening attitudes, until——Berthold caught a glimpse of morning-light, and heard the cock crow and the morning-bell tolling in a neighbouring village. Redmantle was seen no more by our traveller, who soon found his steed, and rode away, not being able to determine whether he had been awake or dreaming during the night.....

'Several years passed away, during which time Berthold was employed in mercantile transactions in foreign countries; but when he returned towards his home, and found that his road led him near the mysterious forest, he felt a longing, which he could not resist, to visit once more the cottage of the charcoal-burner, and to hear the sequel of Redmantle's history. Accordingly, late one evening he arrived at the hut, where he was soon recognised by all the family. The children were taller than before, but all things besides in this lonely hut in the forest remained unchanged. The contrast between this sameness and the changing business of the great world in which our traveller had been engaged was striking. Again the charcoal-burner brought out a bottle of home-made perry to refresh his guest; again the children were assembled around the table at the hour of prayer, and Berthold saw, with some dread, the same low stool left vacant for the unearthly visitor. His host seemed to guess the thoughts which were passing in his mind, and at once dispersed his fears by saying—"Sir, I know not what passed between you and our strange visitor when you lodged here some years ago, but I can assure you that we have had since then all our troubles revived again. The restless spirit of Redmantle was excited by some encouragement which your presence afforded, and for some months after you went away, he was roaming in the forest, and disturbing our house every night. But that is all over now, and he is again subdued. You are welcome, sir; yet I would not invite you to stay with us if I did not trust that you will show, whatever may happen, a pious and humble disposition; for *it is when our own minds are ill-regulated that we are most subject to the disturbance of evil powers.* It is our time for prayer, and I hope you will join in our devotion."

'Then the father began the hymn, and all the children and Berthold joined in singing:

"Now all the woods are sleeping,
Peace over all is spread;
Angels their watch are keeping
O'er every numbered head."

While they were singing, a mild radiance gleamed suddenly through the apartment, and a melodious, soft sound, like that produced by musical glasses, was heard at the window. When the children had retired to rest, Berthold inquired the meaning of this phenomenon.

"That," said the host, "is the only way in which our nightly visitor now makes us aware of his presence. *You see that humility and prayer can subdue even the most restless spirits.*"

'Berthold rode away, in a meditative mood, and saw no more alarming apparitions in the forest. How far his adventures may be attributed to the play of imagination it is impossible to say truly at this distance of time; but if his experience in the hut of the poor charcoal-burner must be regarded as a dream, it was certainly a dream possessing some significance.'

Heinrich Steffens, a Norwegian (1776), is known chiefly as a writer on philosophy and natural history. His fictions 'Walseth and Leith' (1826), 'The Four Norwegians' (1827), and 'Malcolm' (1834), are deficient in unity and narrative interest, as they are often interrupted by reflections on various public events; but they contain some good descriptions of scenes and manners in Norway.

OLD SCANDINAVIAN LEGENDS.

'Remnants of those ancient and child-like fancies and superstitious legends which have been driven away by the conventional tastes of modern times, are still found in the more lonely and romantic districts of Denmark and Norway. Tame scenery and tame poetry, cultivated fields and educated minds, orderly, rectangular streets and logical notions, are naturally found together, while, if we would discover any relics of the wild and beautiful fantasies of early times, we must turn aside from the abodes of civilisation, and wander among uncultured mountains and secluded valleys. These old legends arose in the days when rude nature in her primeval mystery lay all around the haunts of men, while her phenomena sometimes excited terrors, and at other times inspired delight. Well might our ancestors, who had to contend for existence with the vast powers of nature, conceive of such adventures as combats with giants and genii; for such tales, indeed, were symbols of the condition of human society. The unmeasured forests wore a threatening aspect, and the wild animals which came out from their gloomy recesses sometimes seemed to be united in a league against mankind; rocks impended over the traveller in the narrow valley; loud waterfalls, with voices of thunder, proclaimed the power of nature, and few and feeble were the contrivances of art to relieve the gloom and mystery of long and stormy nights in winter. Such were the external circumstances favourable to the growth of a romantic imagination; and we may also observe that the feelings of men, not yet softened and relaxed by ease and indulgence, were more intense in hope, or fear, or joy, than we can expect to find them in highly-civilised society. But with stern and strong feelings, our Scandinavian ancestors united some gentle virtues. Resignation to want and suffering was often found connected with courage and energy in the hour of peril. . . . . .

'Amid my researches in natural history, I had always a great curiosity in exploring what I may call the physiognomy of the legends of various districts, or, in other words, the resemblance which these legends bear to the natural scenery amid which they had their

birth. Various districts are marked by the prevalence of various kinds of plants and grasses; granite, limestone, and other rocks give peculiar formations to chasms, hills, and valleys, and these distinctions affect the varieties of trees. The effects of light and shade in the morning and the evening, the aspects of waters, and tones of waterfalls, are various in various districts. And, as I have often imagined, the natural characteristics of a district may be recognised in its legends. I know no better instances to support my supposition than such as may be found on the northern side of the Hartz Mountains, where a marked difference may be noted between the legends of the granite district and those of a neighbouring district of another formation. The old stories that may be collected between the Ilse and the Ocker certainly differ in their colouring from the tales preserved among the peasantry in Budethal or Selkethal; while the legend of Hans Heiling in Bohemia is a genuine production of a granite district. Turning to the flat districts in Denmark, we find old stories bearing the impress of the country. Seeland, the island-home of my childhood, is, on the whole, a level country, and only here and there hilly; but in some parts it can show prospects of surpassing beauty. The hills are rounded with an indescribable gracefulness; there is a charm in the fresh greenness of the pastures; the beech-woods have an imposing and venerable aspect; the sea winds its arms about amid the verdure of these woodland solitudes, and lakes of silver brightness lie encircled by graceful trees. The leaves rustling, brooks murmuring, the sounds of many insects, the plaintive notes of birds, and the gentle plashing of waves upon the lonely shore, are the only sounds which break the silence. While I write of such a scene, I feel a longing to return to the quiet home of my childhood. In such a solitude I have sometimes felt as if I had approached the sacred resting-place of one of the old northern deities, and have almost feared lest I should disturb his long sleep. Here is the hiding-place of the old legends, and in such a solitude we still may feel their power. When twilight gathers over woods, lakes, and pastures, we may see once more the phantom-ships, guided by departed spirits of the olden times, sailing among the green islands; we may hear the melancholy dirges for fallen heroes; or the plaintive song of the forsaken maid; and when the storm is bending all the boughs of the beech-wood, we may hear, blended in the gale, the loud cries of the wild huntsman and his followers.'

A NORWEGIAN HOMESTEAD.

'The valley was bounded on the east side by abrupt walls of rock, covered with dark and lofty fir-trees. On the west, the hills rose gradually, and were marked here and there with lowly homesteads. Between these boundaries an irregularly-shaped lake extended along the valley. Towards the north a rudely-constructed bridge of twenty arches stretched across the narrowest part of the lake, and formed a path to the old stone-built church, which stood on a little hill now covered with leafless trees. Another church of modern

date, built of wood in the cruciform style, stood at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the former. Through this valley the high road from Christiania to Bergen extends, and winds along one of the most mountainous districts of Norway. The central object in the scene was a spacious farm-house, with its extensive outbuildings, situated near the highway. It was two storeys in height, built of planks which were painted yellow, and now the windows of the upper rooms were burnished by the light of the rising sun. The front-door, painted white, with its handle of polished brass, the neat gate and palings enclosing a garden which extended from the front of the house to the road, and other signs, indicated the respectability and good taste of the owner; while the outbuildings, consisting of cattle stalls, a brewery, a house for the servants, and a granary raised upon blocks of stone and piles (to preserve grain and furs from vermin), told of his affluence. These buildings enclosed a quadrangle, and in the middle of one of the outer walls, near the lake, a tower bearing a clock, with bright figures on its dial, rose over the gateway. In the midst of the new-fallen snow which had covered the valley, and in the cold light of early winter morning, this dwelling bore a friendly aspect, and gave assurance of human comfort in a severe clime. Across the lake the mountain rose steeply, its sides here and there covered with tall firs drooping their snow-laden branches; while, in places bare of trees, long icicles, glittering like diamonds, depended from the rocks, or formed perfect columns, reaching down to the masses of ice which lay below, piled up in many fantastic forms, but chiefly resembling enormous clusters of grapes. In places where the ice-columns were broken, the black surface of the rocks was seen in bold contrast. The cottages of the peasants scattered over the valley were built of timber, and green moss filling all the joints of the planks, made them appear like rude log-huts, while their small windows of green glass, dim and dusty, gave no favourable signs of love of cleanliness and neatness in the inmates. This well-peopled valley, embosomed among the mountains, bears marks of population in ancient times. The numerous grave-hillocks bordering the road to Bergen, keep in remembrance the days of our heathen ancestors; while the old stone church (called *Uldnaes*) tells its tale of the times when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed in this country.'

Justinus Kerner (1786), well known as a writer on 'somnambulism' and other mystical theories, has written some humorous tales. In one, he ridicules the pedantry of the supposed university of Mittelsalz, where professors boast that they can make a great scholar even out of a dunce. One incident will be a fair specimen of Kerner's humorous style. He visits the university town, and remembers that, on a former occasion, he had left his walking-stick at a hotel. He finds now that the landlord, after keeping the stick for some time, had allowed one of the learned professors to take it away. As he proceeds along the street, a dull-looking stu-

dent meets him, and exclaims, 'My dear sir, do you not recognise your friend? I am your old walking-stick! One of the professors took me under his care, and has made me such a scholar, that I am now employed in writing reviews!' One of the great inventions for which the university of Mittelsalz was famed is worthy of notice, on account of its benevolent intention. It is described by Kerner in the following passage:—

A SURROGATE FOR SOLDIERS.

'The artist (who had been engaged in painting) now descended from his scaffold, and after complimenting me as an admirer of genius, invited me to step into his house and behold a great invention which he had almost brought to perfection. I and my companion accepted this invitation, and, as we walked toward his house, the artist said to me, "Sir, if the world continues to improve (as I trust it will), this invention of which I am so proud will, in the course of time, entirely abolish the old plan of employing living and intelligent beings to carry weapons. You shall see that I can do their business with wood-work. Step in, gentlemen." When we had entered his house, the great artist carefully bolted the front-door; "for," said he, "my discovery is at present a mystery, and I do not wish any premature descriptions of it to go abroad. Now you must be prepared to see in this 'surrogate for soldiers' that simplicity which, as you know well, characterises all truly great inventions." My companion, Moses, was now very nervous, and looked anxiously at the bolted door, as he expected that some tremendous engine of warfare would be soon brought into play. The artist noticed the alarm of my friend, and said, "You may be quite easy, as there is no danger; for you must know that my invention has two sides, of which one represents a soldier in time of peace (which is done), while the war-side is not quite finished. You shall now see my model military man." So saying, he stooped, and drew from its hiding-place, under a bed, the wonderful machine, which was nothing more than a flat board, cut into the likeness of a human figure. He turned it, and we saw a front view of a soldier painted as in full uniform, and standing on guard, but fast asleep. Of course Moses was at once relieved from all his fears, and I looked like a disappointed man. The artist noticed my dull look, and said, "I daresay you do not see all the merits of this invention at once. It is not probable that you will. They are simple, and yet recondite. But I will explain a few of them. Please to observe, then, that this humble surrogate has the following advantages over the living soldiers who are at present employed by the public at such a vast expense:—In the first place, if you say, 'This soldier will do no useful work;' granted—but you must also remember that, as he will not work, so he will neither eat nor drink; and with regard to the article of dress, he will require only, about once in ten years, a new coat of paint. Secondly, I will warrant that he shall stand against bullets and bayonets better than any

troops that can be named; and lastly—and what an advantage this must be!—this soldier will never *think!*".....

'I could not refuse to acknowledge that there were some very good points in this invention.'

The well-known tale of 'Peter Schlemihl,' by ADALBERT CHAMISSO, may be classed with fantastic tales, as it relates the adventures of a man who sold his shadow for a large sum of money, and found afterwards that he had made a bad bargain. A short extract from 'Peter Schlemihl' will be a fair specimen of the wild and fantastic adventures found in many German fictions. The only interest or merit of such tales must lie in the natural development of character, after a writer has taken the liberty of placing his hero in supernatural circumstances. If any moral can be extorted from such an adventure as the following, it must be, that gold is not to be esteemed in itself, and that it is dearly obtained at the cost of any part, yea, or even the 'shadow' of humanity:—

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW.

['Peter Schlemihl, after being introduced to a strange man in a gray coat, who appears to have an unbounded command of wealth, is surprised by a very singular proposal. The stranger possesses a curious little bag, which has the property of being always filled with gold: it is indeed an unfailing purse—an inexhaustible fountain, from which gold pieces may be poured out *ad libitum*. This wonderful bag the stranger offers to give in exchange for Peter's shadow; and, after some hesitation, the bargain is made.] "Done!" said I, taking the bag:—"For this good purse you shall have my shadow!" The man in the gray frock instantly struck the bargain, and kneeling down before me, he, with admirable dexterity, rolled up my shadow from head to foot on the grass, then took it up, and put it into his pocket. As he walked away, I fancied that I heard him inwardly chuckling, as if he had outwitted me. I never realised the consequences of my bargain before it was done. But now I stood, astonished and bewildered, in the full glare of sunshine, and without a shadow! When I recovered my senses, I hastened to leave the place. Having filled my pockets with gold pieces, I put the cord of the purse round my neck, and hid it in my bosom. Having escaped unnoticed from the park, I found the public road, and walked towards the town. I was lost in a reverie until I approached the gate, when I heard a scream behind me, and looking round, saw an old woman, who followed me, and cried out, "Why, sir—sir, you have lost your shadow!" I was really obliged to the old dame for her reminding me of my case; so I threw to her a few gold pieces, and then stepped into the deep shade under some trees. But when I arrived at the town-gate, my memory of the strange bargain was again refreshed as I heard the sentry mutter, "Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" As I hastened along the

street, I passed two women, one of whom exclaimed, "Blessed Mary, preserve us! that man has no shadow." I hastened away from them, and contrived to keep under the shade of the houses until I came to a wide part of the street which I must cross in order to arrive at my lodgings; but, most unhappily, just as I passed into the broad glare of the sunshine, a day-school was turning out its crowd of unruly boys, and a wicked, high-shouldered little imp (I remember him well) immediately detected my imperfection. "Ha, ha!" he shouted maliciously, "here's a curiosity! Men generally have shadows when the sun shines. Look, boys—look at the gentleman with no shadow!" Enraged, I threw about me a handful of money, to disperse the crowd of boys, and then called a hackney-coach, into which I leapt, to hide myself from my fellow-creatures. "So," said I to myself, "I have bartered away my conscience for gold; and now I would forfeit all my gold to recover a shadow!" My feelings overcame me, and hiding my face in my hands, I wept. When the coach arrived at my lodgings, I would not get out, but ordered all my packages to be put inside, and after paying my old landlord well, told the coachman to drive to the principal hotel in the town, which luckily had a north aspect. Here I escaped from the public gaze, and after hiring one of the front rooms, I told the waiter that I must be closely engaged for several hours. So he closed the door upon me, promising that I should not be disturbed. And now what did I do? I am ashamed to confess my weakness and folly even to a friend. I endeavoured to console my sensation of loss by making a display of my wonderful wealth. I took the purse from my bosom, and scattered gold pieces upon the floor, and stared at them in wild excitement, and then scattered more gold upon them, and conjured up visions of all the schemes I might realise with this wealth, and endeavoured to count my loss of a shadow as nothing, until, exhausted by many thoughts and strong feelings, I lay down and fell asleep upon my riches. . . . When I awoke, the hotel was silent—no servants were moving, and I found that it was early in the morning. Now I did not know what to do with the gold that lay thickly about me, for the purse would not hold it. After some perplexity, I concealed it in a large cupboard, and putting a few pieces into my pockets, I returned the purse to its hiding-place under my waistcoat. As soon as I heard the servants stirring, I ordered breakfast (for I was now very hungry), and while taking this meal, my conversation with the landlord induced me to hire as a servant a man called Bendel. I liked his honest face, and it has not deceived me; for his kind and trusty services have often consoled me in my troubles on account of my very serious loss. Bendel went out to execute my orders, and in the course of the day my chamber (where luckily not one direct ray of sunshine intruded) was crowded with shoemakers, tailors, and all kinds of tradesmen, for whose commodities I was glad to pay in ready money, in order to diminish the store of gold pieces in the cupboard. In the evening I commanded Bendel to light a number of wax-candles,

and to dispose them so as not to expose my singular deficiency to the eyes of the waiters. This poor fellow, whom I had made acquainted with my case, sincerely pitied me, and was always ready to do anything to remedy the defect. But when the candles were lighted, I was tired of my imprisonment in my chamber, and was seized by a strong temptation to venture out in the street, and test the public opinion on my case by moonlight. I could not resist it, but put on my cloak, pulled my hat over my eyes, and stepped into the street, trembling like a malefactor, though I was only an unfortunate man who had suffered a heavy loss. The moon was shining brightly enough, too brightly, indeed, for my purpose. For some distance I crept along in the shade of the houses, until at last I summoned up my courage, and made my appearance in an open moonlit space. I soon discovered the effect produced. Some women passed, and expressed their pity for me; two or three stout broad-shouldered men, apparently proud of their own broad and black shadows (how I envied them!), made some jocose and sneering remarks; but a pretty maiden, who was walking with her parents, wounded my feelings most deeply, though she said nothing. She threw a hasty glance upon me, then looked down at the spot where my shadow *ought* to have been, and then, with an expression of wonder and alarm, drew her veil over her face, and hurried along. I was immediately convinced that I could no longer hope to maintain a respectable station in society, and, with miserable feelings, finding myself condemned to live in perpetual twilight, I crept back into the shade. What a bargain I had made! Possessing boundless wealth, I was scorned by old women and penniless schoolboys; the sentry at the gate, with hardly a heller in his pocket, pitied me; and now my appearance had alarmed a pretty maiden! I hastened back to my hotel, and passed a sleepless night. . . . In the morning I sent Bendel out to make all possible inquiries about the man in the gray frock. When he returned, he told me that he had heard no news of such a person; but that a stranger near the town-gate had sent a message to me. "What is it?" said I, and Bendel gave me this disheartening reply:—"The strange man stopped me near the gate, and said, 'Tell Mr Peter Schlemihl that, as the wind is favourable, I am just now embarking for a long sea-voyage, but after a year and a day, I shall see him again, and shall propose to him another little bargain, which I hope will please him as well as our last transaction. Meanwhile, present my best respects to Mr Schlemihl.'" When I assured poor Bendel that the stranger was the very man I wanted to see, my servant uttered many vain and loud reproaches on his own want of sagacity. In vain I sent him immediately to the harbour—several ships had sailed for various parts of the world—the gray man had vanished, and with him all hope of regaining my invaluable shadow!'

Augustus Steigentesch (1774–1827), a military officer in the Austrian service, wrote several short stories in a lively style.

Heinrich Kleist, another military man, wrote a remarkable story entitled 'Kohlhaas,' containing the experience of a man, once honest and industrious, who was driven to desperation by the oppressive treatment of a nobleman, and exercised his vengeance upon general society. The numerous short tales and novels of Leopold Schefer, who has been mentioned as a writer of didactic poetry, are chiefly intended to convey the same lessons of mystical philosophy and benevolent morality which are found in his poems. Gerhard Strauss (1786) wrote a tale, 'The Autobiography of a Young Clergyman,' in a didactic and sentimental tone, which has been admired by many, and frequently translated. The romances of Philipp Rehfues (1779), 'Scipio Cicala' (1831), 'The Castle of Gozzo' (1834), and 'The New Medea,' are superior to many modern fictions in liveliness of description and elegant style.

Karl Immermann (1796–1840) wrote two romances—'Die Epigonen' (1836), which contains many descriptions of modern characters, and 'Münchausen' (1838), which consists of two dissimilar parts. The first contains many remarks on modern literature, mixed with personalities; while the second gives some beautiful and poetical pictures of rural life in Westphalia. This work may perhaps be classed with the writings of the romancists, as its interest depends rather on its poetic character than on its plot and construction. The same remark will apply to the romances of Joseph Eichendorff (1788), which, while they disappoint the novel-reader by their want of plot and development, are suited to delight persons of an imaginative disposition. One of these tales is entitled 'The Life of a Good-for-Nothing' (1826), and is full of the natural buoyancy and careless humour which characterise the hero. The following passage will give some idea of the story:—

THE WANDERING STUDENTS.

'I see the pleasant country—hail
Austrian woods and birds and streams!
The Danube glitters from the vale,
St Stephen's steeple yonder gleams
Over the hills so far away,
As if it welcomed me to-day!
Vivat, Austria!'

'I was singing the last verse of the song, as I stood on the hill which commands the first prospect of Austria, when suddenly a trio of wind-instruments sounded out sweetly from the wood behind me, and accompanied my voice. I turned round, and saw three young men in long blue mantles. One blew an oboe, another a clarionet, and the third, with a singular cap on his head, played the French horn. To mend the concert, I pulled out my fiddle and played away with them, singing heartily too. At this they seemed amazed,

and looked one at another, like men who have made a great mistake. The French Horn (the player I mean) allowed his puffed-out cheeks to collapse, and looked very earnestly at me, while I civilly returned the stare. He stepped nearer to me, and said—"The fact is, we guessed, by your frock, that you were an Englishman, and thought we might win a trifle, as a *viaticum*, from you; but it seems you too are a musician." I confessed that this was the better guess of the two, and that I had just returned from Rome, and had found it necessary to scrape my way over the country with a fiddle. "Ha!" said he, "a single fiddle cannot do much now-a-days:" here he stepped to a little fire on the ground beside the wood, and began to fan it with his cap—"the wind-instruments do the work far better you see. When we pop on a respectable family at dinner-time, we just step quietly into the portico, and blow as hard as we can, until one of the servants comes out, glad to give money, or victuals, anything to stop our noise. But the coffee is hot now. Won't you take breakfast with us?" I readily accepted this invitation. We sat near the fire on a green bank, and the two musicians began to untie little bundles, and took out some slices of bread. A pot of coffee and milk was soon prepared, of which the Oboe and the Clarionet drank alternately; but the French Horn said, as he handed to me half a buttered roll, "I don't like that black mixture: this is better," he added, drawing out a flask of wine, which he presented to me. I drank boldly; but as I took the flask from my mouth, I could not suppress a slight distortion of my face. "Ha! it is only home-brewed stuff," said he: "you have lost your German taste in Italy I suppose?" He now drew from his pocket an old tattered map of Austria, which he spread out upon the grass, and his companions joined their heads over it, pointing their fingers over various routes. "Vacation ends soon," said one. "We must turn away from Linz here on the left hand, so as to get back to Prague in good time." "Ridiculous!" said the French Horn; "that road will only lead you among woods and ignorant peasants. You will not find a man of refined taste on that road." "Fine taste! Nonsense!" said the Oboe; "the peasants are good-natured, and will not complain of our false notes." "You have not the proper pride of an artist," said the French Horn; "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*" "There must be many village churches in that way," said the Clarionet; "and the parsons will help us on to Prague." "They will give little money," said the Horn, "but plenty of sermons on the folly of a wandering life. However, we are in no great hurry. Our professors are still, I daresay, at Carlsbad, and will not be very punctual on term-day." "*Distinguendum est*," said the Oboe, "*quod licet Jovi non licet bovi.*"

'These scraps of Latin, and other remarks, made me understand that my new friends were Prague students. I felt melancholy when I thought that three young men, who could talk in Latin so fluently, should remain so poor. The French Horn seemed to guess my thoughts, for he said, "You see we have no rich friends: so, when

the other students return home, we put these instruments under our cloaks, stroll away from Prague, and find the wide world at our service. Ours is the best mode of travelling. I would not be a tame tourist, with my bed warmed and my nightcap laid in a certain hotel every evening. 'Tis the beauty of our way of life that we go out every morning, like the birds over our heads, not knowing under what chimney we shall eat our supper." "Ay!" said the Oboe, "and we have some merry times. For instance, we find a kind hearty family at dinner. We are invited into the hall. The maidens dance, while we play a waltz. Then we see a good omen—the master has ordered the dining-room door to be opened that he may hear us. We catch the scent of roast meat; and, better, the servants bring full plates for us!" These remarks dispersed all my melancholy. One of the students now put his clarionet together, and began to practise a difficult passage in a mass in which he had to take a part when he returned to Prague; but the French Horn soon interrupted the solo by striking his fist on the map, and exclaiming in his deep bass voice, "Done! I have it! Here you see, not far from Vienna, is a castle near the Danube. The porter there is my uncle. My dear *Condiscipuli!* we will go and pay our compliments to him, and I am sure he will help us on our journey." At this I started up and exclaimed—"Good! Does your uncle play the bassoon? and has he a large aristocratic nose?" The French Horn nodded assent. "Then I know him very well," said I, "and I know the countess at the castle too. I shall be glad to go with you." Our plan was soon completed. We resolved to go by the next packet down the Danube, and accordingly hastened to the place of embarkation. Here stood the stout landlord, filling up the doorway of the hotel, while the maidens were looking out of the windows at the passengers and sailors. Among these stood an old gentleman wearing a gray frock and a black cravat. I and my friends emptied our pockets, and the steward smiled satirically when he saw that all our fares were paid in copper. But I cared nothing for his scorn. The morning was brilliant, and I was enraptured to find myself once more on the Danube. As we steamed rapidly along between pastures and hills, the birds were singing, village clocks were chiming, and a caged canary, belonging to a pretty maiden among the passengers, began to whistle charmingly. I guessed the old gentleman in the gray frock to be a clergyman, as he was reading in a breviary with a splendidly-gilded and decorated title-page; and I found that my guess was true, for he soon began to talk with the students in Latin. Meanwhile, I walked to the bow of the packet, and stood there gazing into the blue distance, while towers and spires arose one after another over the green banks of the Danube. I took out my fiddle, and began to play some old tunes. Suddenly I felt a tap on my shoulder, and turning round, saw the old gentleman. "Ha! *Ludi Magister*," said he, "do you prefer fiddling? Come and join us at lunch." I expressed my thanks, putting up the fiddle, and followed my host under a little canopy of birch and fir boughs,

which the sailors had constructed on the deck. Here I found a plentiful supply of sandwiches and some flasks of wine spread out before my companions. The old gentleman filled a silver goblet with wine, and passed it round. Our reserve soon melted away. My companions related their adventures, and the old gentleman laughed, and said he also had been a student, and had often wandered far during vacations. At his request we took out our instruments and played. So the hours passed away, till the evening sun was gilding the woods and the valleys, while the banks were resounding with our strains. As we came near the end of our voyage, we passed the silver goblet round once more, and then all joined in the following vacation-song with a hearty Latin chorus:—

"To the south the birds all fly,
And we must wander too:
We wave our caps on high,
And say, 'Dear Prague, adieu!'
Three students bold and gay,
Our instruments we blow:
'Adieu, adieu!' we say,
'Dear Prague! for we must go:'
Et habeat bonam pacem *
Qui sedet post fornacem.

At night through some small town
We stroll—the windows shine:
Within, the honest people
Are sitting drinking wine:
But we are faint and thirsty
With blowing all the day:
'Host! bring a flask of Rhenish!
And with something on a tray:'
Venit ex sua domo †
Beatus ille homo.

Now wintry Boreas, blowing,
Is stripping all the trees:
While on the road we wander,
Our fingers nearly freeze:
And now our shoes are tattered,
Yet cheerily we play;
And when our hands are frosty,
We sing (as well we may)—
Beatus ille homo ‡
Qui sedet in sua domo,
Et sedet post fornacem,
Et habet bonam pacem."'

Wilhelm Hauff (1802–1827) displayed during his short life considerable talents of invention and description. He wrote some fantastic stories; but his best tales, of which 'Lichtenstein' (1836)

* And may he who sits beside the stove enjoy quietude.
† He comes out of his house—blessed be the man!
‡ Happy is that man who sits beside the stove in his own house, and enjoys quietude.

is a specimen, contain pleasant sketches of popular manners in his native country, Swabia.

George Haring (1797), who wrote under the name Alexis, produced a romance entitled 'Walladmor' (1823), which professed to be a translation from an original by Sir Walter Scott. The trick was so far successful, that many bought and read the book, believing it to be the production of the Scottish novelist. Häring imitated Scott's historical style in several other romances. His best work is 'Roland of Berlin' (1840).

The names of a few ladies who have written fictions may be noticed, as feminine genius is a greater rarity in Germany than in England: at least it is less frequently displayed in literature. Friederike Lohmann wrote many short tales of good tendency, and suitable to young readers. The same praise may be given, and perhaps in a higher degree, to the domestic narratives of Henriette Hanke, which are too numerous to be particularised, as they fill eighty-eight small volumes. Many of the stories of this authoress were written to explain her views of the important subject of female education, with reference to its influence on domestic life. In Germany, the education of ladies has been generally narrow in its range. It is not uncommon to find, as the wife of some learned professor or author, an amiable and industrious lady, whose erudition hardly extends beyond the rudiments of learning and the cookery-book. In suggesting remedies for this defect, some writers have advanced extreme opinions, have forgotten the natural distinctions of constitution and duty, and have pleaded in favour of a style of education which would withdraw woman from her proper domestic sphere, and make her the rival rather than the companion of man. This error is exposed in the novels of Henriette Hanke, and also in the educational writings of Caroline Rudolphi. Some novels written by the Countess Hahn-Hahn are full of expressions of discontent with the social position of woman, and develop the tendencies of the French novelist Madame Dudevant (George Sand), while they show little of the genius of this writer. Auguste von Paalzow is the authoress of 'Godwie Castle,' 'St Roché,' and 'Thomas Tyrnau,' novels of aristocratic society, marked by descriptions of costume and circumstances rather than by good delineations of character.

Laube, Kurtz, Brunnow, Gutzkow, Hagen, Koenig, Rellstab, and Kühne, may be ranked among the best of recent German novelists, whose writings are too numerous to be particularly described here. Few of these writers have devoted their powers of observation to illustrate the realities of life in their native country. Too many authors, instead of attempting to fill up the

vacant places which may still be found in literature, regarded as a mirror of life, waste their time in doing again what has been done—in describing scenes which have been well described. Consequently, amid all the fictions of Germany, we can hardly point to one which contains a faithful portrait of the real condition of society in that country, though several novels give some glimpses of reality. The approbation which such fictions have gained, proves that works of the same nature, but of greater compass, would be well received. The 'Tales' of JEREMIAH GOTTHELF, illustrating popular life, have been admired. BERTHOLD AUERBACH, in his 'Village Tales of the Black Forest,' has given some pleasing sketches of rural manners, but not without poetical embellishment.

WILHELM MEINHOLD is known as the author of a singular fiction, 'Maria Schweidler,' or 'The Amber Witch.' Having carefully studied the processes of trials for supposed witchcraft, which were the disgrace of German civilisation in the seventeenth century, Meinhold wrote his story, and published it as a true narrative, founded on a document preserved in an old church. And such was the accuracy of its descriptions of costume, manners, and language, that it was received by many as authentic history. Though the true origin of the tale is now discovered, it may still be read with interest, as it gives a faithful account of a superstition to which many hundreds of lives were sacrificed.

The novels and romances of BECKSTEIN, SCHUCKING, SPINDLER, HEERINGEN, and STERNBERG, rise above the mediocrity of German fiction, but do not require particular descriptions. There has been some doubt respecting the authorship of a series of remarkable novels, portraying natural scenery and human society in America, and published as the works of CHARLES SEALSFIELD. These fictions display a strong imagination in their pictures of forests, prairies, and other great features of the western hemisphere, which are interspersed with many reflections on the condition and prospects of American society. 'Pictures of Life in the Western Hemisphere' (1843), 'North and South' (1843), and 'Morton' (1844), may be mentioned as specimens of these novels, which in some points resemble the writings of the American novelist Fenimore Cooper.

In this fertile department of prose-fiction numerous short stories and simple narratives for juvenile readers have been left unnoticed. But, as a favourable specimen of many short and popular tales, the following, by JOHANN PETER HEBEL (1760–1826), may be quoted:—

KANNITVERSTAN.*

'A man may be led to a wholesome truth by a mistake. Of this we find an instance in the case of a poor German journeyman who was led to some good reflections by mistaking the meaning of three Dutch words. Our friend was wandering about in Amsterdam, amusing himself by gazing on fine houses, crowds of busy men, and vessels in the harbour. At last he was especially attracted by the appearance of a large and noble house. He admired its six chimneys, its cornice, and the tall windows, in which tulips and gillyflowers displayed their beauties. He had not seen such a house in all his travels. "Will you be so kind as to tell me the name of the gentleman who lives in this fine house?" said our friend to a passer-by. "Kannitverstan"—("I can't understand you")—was the hasty reply of the stranger, who knew no more of High-German than our friend knew of Dutch. "Ah!" said the journeyman, "I will remember his name; for no doubt this 'Kannitverstan' is one of the wealthiest men in Amsterdam." Reflecting on the wide difference between his own lot and that of the great millionaire, our friend walked on until he arrived at the harbour, which was crowded with shipping. Here his attention was soon fixed upon one large vessel, lately arrived from the East Indies, and full of sugar, coffee, rice, and spices. There seemed to be no end to the wealth which she contained. Our friend asked one of the porters, who had a cask of sugar in his hands, "What may be the name of the merchant who owns this cargo?" The porter quickly replied, "Kannitverstan;" and now our friend's wonder about the fine house was lost in his admiration of the vessel and its rich cargo. "Ah!" said he, "this merchant, Kannitverstan, may well live in a large house if he has such a trade! But what an unequal world is this? He seems to possess everything, while I have nothing!" With such meditations he left the harbour, and returned into the town. As he turned a corner, he met a long funeral procession. Four black horses drew the dark-plumed hearse along slowly. A solemn array of relatives and friends followed. The great bell of Amsterdam was tolling heavily. Our friend, who was in a serious mood, followed the procession towards the church, and asked one of the attendants (who was just at this moment silently calculating how much he should gain by the improved price of raw cotton), "Can you tell me the name of the deceased?" "Kannitverstan!" was the hasty reply of the stranger, and tears rose suddenly in the eyes of our honest German. "Ah!" said he to himself, "here is a history! Poor Kannitverstan! what remains for thee now of all thy wealth but a shroud? To die, and to leave for ever that beautiful house, that splendid vessel, that rich cargo! I see that death makes all men equal."

'He entered the churchyard, saw the coffin of the great "Kannit-

* This title is composed of three Dutch words, which mean, 'I cannot understand what you say.'

verstan" sinking into the earth, and was more edified by the Dutch funeral-homily, of which he did not understand a word, than he had been by many well-understood sermons. He then returned to his lodgings, where he ate his bread, with a slice of Limburg cheese, in contentment; and afterwards, when he was tempted to complain of worldly inequalities, he remembered the great merchant of Amsterdam—his fine house, his splendid vessel, and his narrow grave. Thus a mistake of three Dutch words led our friend to some wholesome reflections.'

Among recent writers of fiction, ADALBERT STIFTER claims notice, on account of the promise contained in his volumes of short sketches and stories entitled 'Studies' (1847), which, though imperfect when regarded as works of art, are written in a genial, poetic vein, and give some vivid descriptions of the romantic woodland scenery found on the confines of Austria and Bohemia.

POPULAR LEGENDS.

The Volksbücher, or Popular Legends of Germany, are so numerous, and so characteristic of the country, that they must be noticed here. The rural population of this wide land has long enjoyed a literature distinct from that current among the educated classes. While learned professors in universities have expounded a series of metaphysical systems, the peasantry have remained profoundly ignorant of the so-called 'progress of ideas,' and have solaced themselves with the old legends which pleased their grandfathers. Consequently the Germans have an extensive series of Volksbücher (People's Books), to which we have no counterpart in England. The popular miscellany, 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal,' has served, among other good purposes, to extinguish a low and mischievous class of pamphlets, or 'Chapmen's Books,' which were once largely circulated, especially in the north of England; but these miserable productions could not be fairly compared with the popular legends of Germany, which, though they are generally fantastic in their narratives, have some good moral purport. They may be divided into two classes: the first containing legends of local interest, generally associated with the names of old castles or other antiquities; while the second contains purely fabulous stories. These legends and fables are exceedingly simple and popular, yet often poetical in their style; and their incidents are generally marvellous, paying no respect to the laws of probability. The brothers JACOB and WILHELM GRIMM have collected and published a considerable series of these old traditions. Another collection is edited by KARL SIMROCK. The 'Selection of Popular Books' (1843), by GUSTAVUS SCHWAB, contains some of the best stories. Even the

titles of these books show how far they are remote from the literature of cultivated society. 'The Curious and Wonderful History of Till Eulenspiegel' is a collection of rustic jests, which has been a favourite among the people for some centuries. The legend of 'Siegfried with the Horny Skin' may be traced back beyond the epoch of the 'Nibelungen-Lied;' while the tale of Dr Faustus, the necromancer, has enjoyed such long life and popularity, that the following anecdote respecting it may be easily believed:—In a village library of legendary fictions, the copy of 'Faustus' had been worn out by frequent perusals, and some innovator suggested that, as all the villagers had read through this wonderful story many times, some new book might now supply its place. But this proposition was indignantly rejected by a large majority of rustic readers, who voted for 'another copy of Dr Faustus.' The following may serve as one specimen of a great number of popular legends:—

FAITHFUL ECKART.

'Among all the heroes who followed the Duke of Burgundy, there was not one like Eckart in good faith and courage. He had served under Burgundy in many battles, and once, when the duke was almost overcome by his foes, Eckart suddenly appeared on the field, with his son and followers, when the duke's enemies were soon routed. After the battle, Eckart lifted the dead body of his son from the ground, and carried it before the duke, who shed tears, and said, "You have paid a dear price for my deliverance, Eckart." After this event, true Eckart became the most noted man in Burgundy, and people who wished to gain favours, applied to him rather than to the duke himself. For some time this state of things had no bad effect; but gradually enemies arose against Eckart, and spoke evil of him, saying that he was making himself master of Burgundy, until at last even the duke looked on the hero with envy, and regarded him as a rival. Two of the remaining three sons of Eckart were accused of treason, and imprisoned in one of Burgundy's castles. Their father in vain demanded to know what they had done, and where they were confined. No answer was given; and Eckart, who had sworn to be faithful to the duke, was now very unhappy. He could not deliver his dear sons without rising against Burgundy, and this he would not do. At last the third son, Conrad, determined, against his father's advice, to go to the duke's castle, and to demand that his brothers should be made free. He went, but returned no more. The duke accused Conrad also of treason, and Eckart's three sons were put to death.

'When Eckart heard that his sons were slain, he was so torn with grief and rage, that he lost his senses. He left his fortress, and wandered into a vast wood, where he roamed about like a wild beast, and satisfied his hunger with roots and herbs. When sometimes light broke in upon his mind, and he remembered the death

of his children, he tore his gray hair from his head, and cried aloud, "My sons! my sons!" After he had lived thus in the wood some time, his countenance became so changed by despair, that even his friends would not have known him if they had found him. Meanwhile the duke was very uneasy when he heard that Eckart had escaped, and that no man knew his hiding-place. One morning all the duke's followers and huntsmen were summoned to go in many parties, and to explore the forest and all the neighbouring hills. Burgundy, attended by his squire, Wolfram, rode at the head of one party. The day was spent in endeavours to find Eckart; but the duke would not leave the forest even when the sun was going down, for he said that he could not sleep securely in his castle until the traitor Eckart was found and imprisoned. So the followers of Burgundy remained in the forest late in the evening. But after sunset the sky was overclouded, and a black thunder-storm lowered over the wood. The wind howled among the trees, the rain fell fast, and lightnings glittered among the branches of the oaks. The duke rode as fast as he could through the twilight, and lost himself in the heart of the forest, while the Squire Wolfram lost all trace of his master. And now the exhausted steed which carried Burgundy stumbled over a fallen oak, and was lamed. All the huntsmen and followers were far beyond the sound of their master's cries. He called loudly for help, until his voice failed, and he was faint and despairing, when a strange face suddenly appeared before him. A tall man, with long gray hair, made his way through a thicket, and coming near the duke, stood and gazed earnestly upon him. Burgundy prayed the stranger to show pity, and to guide him out of the wood; but the old man drew his sword, and raised it over the head of the trembling duke. In another moment the sword was put back into its sheath, the old man grasped the hand of Burgundy, and led him along until he fell to the ground exhausted with fatigue and terror. The old man lifted his companion and carried him. They had proceeded some distance in this way, when Wolfram the squire found them, and gave his assistance. He climbed to the top of a lofty fir-tree (*Tannenbaum*), and was glad to discover the light of a cottage twinkling not very far off. He then descended, and pointed out the way to the skirts of the forest, while the old man, still carrying Burgundy on his back, followed, but spoke not. At last they reached the cottage, where an old dame received them kindly. The stranger gently placed his burthen on the floor, and Burgundy, recovering from his faintness, kneeled and offered sincere thanks to Heaven for his deliverance from danger. He then turned to thank his friends; but the old man had concealed his face in a dark corner. "I am very ill," said Burgundy, "and feel that I shall not live long after this night of terror. I have suffered more on account of the sins of which I am guilty than from the violence of the storm. Let me do what good I can before I die. Wolfram, I give you my two castles on the hill, and, in memory of this night, you shall change your name, and be called *Tannenhaüser*. And now, old man, let me see your face, and reward

you, for you have saved me from perishing in the wood; though at first you drew your sword upon me—I know not why—but I know *one* who might have slain me justly, for I slew his sons."

'The old man stepped from the corner, and stood in the light, but said not a word. The duke gazed on his sorrowful face, and recognised his ancient hero. He then fell upon his knees trembling before Eckart, and said, "Do I owe my life to the man whom I have made childless?" "Say no more," said the old man; "it is enough. You know now, and all the world will know, that Eckart was *true*." The night passed away, and the illness of the duke increased. In the morning Wolfram summoned attendants, and Burgundy was carried to his castle, holding the hand of Eckart, who walked beside him, and sometimes pressing it to his bosom. At last, as they came near the castle, Eckart returned the pressure of the hand, and spoke a few kind words, which comforted the dying man.... A few moments before Burgundy died, he said to his followers, while Eckart stood beside the bed, "I leave my house and my children in the hands of Eckart, for I know he is TRUE."'

These scanty notices of the prolific department of prose-fiction will suffice to show that this is one of the weakest parts of German literature. Yet we have selected the best novels and romances as the objects of our remarks, and have left almost unnoticed a multitude of inferior fictions which belong to the 'Pariah caste' in the world of books. Some readers may think that such books are altogether beneath the notice of philosophical criticism, or that a valuation of prose-fictions must be referred to the taste of circulating libraries, where the book most worn must be esteemed as the best. But a department of literature still having so many readers must have some importance. To avoid the evils arising from false and unwholesome fictions, some well-meaning persons would suppress entirely all imaginative tales, novels, and romances, good, bad, and indifferent; but the efforts of such reformers appear to be altogether hopeless, and indeed unreasonable; for poetry and prose-fiction arise from natural and permanent impulses of the mind, and have always held the most prominent place in popular literature. If respectable authors do not supply good excitements of imagination, inferior writers will certainly take the vacant place.

To determine the legitimacy and importance of any class of literature, we know no better way than to regard it as a part of that general reflection of human life which should be found in literature. Thus it is an essential characteristic of our minds to remember past events, and to induce from them general conclusions; and in this simple fact we find the basis of all historical writings. Again, the observation of present phenomena, either in

external nature, or in contemporaneous human life, is another essential characteristic of the mind; and from this must arise works containing notices of facts in all the departments of science, books on geography, and descriptions of voyages and travels. But the memory would be only a confused collection of miscellaneous facts without the aid of reason, which arranges facts, distinguishes or unites them in various classes, and induces general laws, so as to give unity and order to all our knowledge. This reasoning process is represented in the literature of philosophy. Some partial minds have treated with contempt all philosophical or metaphysical literature; but it would be easy to show that it arises necessarily from the impulses manifested even in the mind of a child. Every true part of literature is the representative of some essential power of the mind, or some true interest of human life.

In this point of view, we think it will be easy to assign to prose-fiction its proper province, which borders on that occupied by history. History, in its broad and comprehensive outlines, must necessarily leave unnoticed many particulars, many of the finer lights and shades of human life, descriptions of internal motives, private characters, and scenes in domestic life; and to supply these traits in the picture of humanity, appears to be the distinct duty of fiction, which, while free with regard to names, dates, the exact order of events, and the grouping of characters, should still be essentially *true*. From this point of view we may look on the imaginative literature of any country or people, and form a fair estimate of its value. With regard to Germany, as we have seen, a great part of its imaginative writings consists of merely fantastic tales, weak, sentimental fictions, and poor imitations of historical romances. Of the 'popular legends,' though their adventures are fanciful, we would speak with respect, as they are genuine, and fairly represent the play of popular imagination; while, under all their wild imagery, they often convey symbolically a deep and true meaning. Our censure applies chiefly to a large class of fictions, neither real nor ideal in their features, which describe neither this real, present world in which we dwell, nor that better state of society to which the mind naturally aspires. Such tales (in England, as well as in Germany), having no basis either in a truly poetical imagination or in genial observation of life, attempt to supply the defect of these qualities by a dull and worn-out series of melo-dramatic characters. Here we find the mysteriously-wicked steward, the hero full of goodness and pliability, who, without a purpose, is impelled hither and thither by the actions of others, but always without a deed or even a thought which can be called his own, arrives at last at the summit of perfect happiness

in the shape of a princely estate. Here also is the rival, the hero's foil and contrast, full of wickedness, but employing in his schemes sagacity and persevering energy, which are doomed to be made fruitless by a most arbitrary stroke of the novel-writer's pen. Here also is the purely-innocent, but most mischievous young lady, who cannot take a step, cannot even walk into a garden to pluck a rose, without occasioning most tragical or most ridiculous adventures. Lastly (though the stock of absurdities is by no means exhausted), here we meet (too often) the strange, wandering gentleman, without funds, who travels everywhere with no meaning or purpose, who thinks nothing of leaving London, and journeying over the continent (even without a railway), in order to have the pleasure of abruptly meeting the heroine, and saying a few commonplace words to her at Vienna! Such are some of the beauties of third-class fictions: to expose their darker features would require more than ridicule. No reader who has taken the pains to become acquainted with the lower strata in foreign literature will think the above description exaggerated. To supply the defects in their native library of fiction, German readers have largely imported foreign novels; but many of these are bad substitutes even for fairy tales and legends of 'Rübezahl,' and other goblins. Many articles from the notorious Parisian manufactory of fictions, by 'Alexandre Dumas and Co.,' have been imported. Even inferior English novels, devoted to the exploits of highwaymen and housebreakers, are read with pleasure in Germany. It is amusing to find in a German review of some English novels (full of 'long-drawn-out' descriptions and sentimental digressions) a complaint that 'their style is *rather* verbose;' or to read, in a critique on some extremely-exaggerated sketches of English life and society, a statement that 'they are marked by truthfulness.' Among the better writers of novels whose works are translated and read in Germany, we may mention Bulwer, Miss Edgeworth, Washington Irving, Cooper, and Douglas Jerrold. The writings of Charles Dickens have gained in Germany a wide popularity, on account of the same original qualities which have attracted English readers. We have even found allusions to scenes in 'Pickwick' and 'Nicholas Nickleby' strangely employed to illustrate points in abstruse philosophical writings. It is pleasant to find a classical work truly appreciated. The following passage in a German review of Oliver Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield' accords well with English sentiments. The reviewer says, 'This little work is a model of fiction, full of mild humour, true humanity, and practical wisdom, while at the same time it is thoroughly poetical.'

Though we have still to treat of History, Biography, Philosophy,

and Theology, we have already described the works of popular interest (chiefly found in poetry and prose-fiction) which form the *general* literature of a nation. In every age and country there has been a literature of life, united with the habits, affections, and interests of the people, flowing on in accordance with the progress of humanity, and thus distinguished from the literature of the study, or from *special* literature, which consists in a great measure of books produced for the use of distinct classes or parties. To describe the former kind of literature should be the principal task of the historian, excepting when he writes for some special purpose. Having given, as far as the limits of this treatise would allow, a fair account of the poetry and other popular writings in which German genius has expressed itself, we may in this place give some explanation of the principles on which our comparative estimates of various works have been founded. In the preceding sections on poetry and prose-fiction, we have especially complained of the want of extensive and faithful portraitures of real life; a want which we must observe when we glance over the numberless romances, visionary legends, and sentimental effusions found in the library of German poetry. According to the views already stated respecting literature in its relation to life, the filling up of the outlines given in history should be at least one principal part of the employment of poetry and prose-fiction. If we admit this, we must esteem the old 'Nibelungen-Lied,' with all its rudeness and simplicity (not forgetting its imperfect construction and tedious tautologies), as a work of poetry entitled to hold a place above the greater part of modern fiction.

The graphic narrative of the old 'Nibelungen-Lied' is read with interest, despite its poverty of sentiment; and great industry is employed in collecting and reproducing the old legends of the Minnesingers and their times. If some poring book-worm could discover, among old-world records, the manuscript of some pilgrim-minstrel, telling, particularly and graphically, in language however rude, the very lives and manners of the people, from the gay court to the mud-built cottage, in all the lands through which he travelled, how great would be the pleasure not only of antiquaries but of general readers! In some old books of travels or history, how we are disappointed when we look for accounts of life in ancient times, and find only records of visits to courts monotonously gay, or pilgrimages to shrines where the dry bones of saints were preserved! The same curiosity will exist five hundred years hence, and readers will then turn away from endless addresses to 'Laura,' 'liberty,' and the 'moon,' to seek for the poet who will tell how the German people were living, and what they were doing, in the nineteenth century. As the poetry of an individual life

should at least be equal in interest to the real events of that life, so the poetry of a country should be a worthy companion to its history. But German poetry reveals to us but faint traces of that land whose ancient people overthrew the Roman Empire—the land of the Carlovingians—the theatre where the Middle Ages displayed their wonders and terrors, castles, cathedrals, steel-clad barons, hooded monks, and crusaders; where the dreaded Vehmgericht was founded; where Jews were persecuted with sword and fire, and troops of wild fanatics, such as the Brothers of the Scourge, roamed about: the land of Charles V.; the land of Luther—what does German poetry tell of its history? Here, it must be allowed, is a great defect, and those who write for the present may learn something from the errors of the past. We want a more vivid and particularising narrative of life in olden times than the historian has given us: this want the poet should have supplied. Posterity will perhaps feel the same want relative to our own times; for where are the classical works which give a faithful portraiture of the life of the people? History speaks of men as if they were the creatures of politics; it explores not their true nature, it considers man apart from all the influences of nature: history is thus full of half-truths: poetry should supply this defect. The true poet should be the interpreter and the illustrator of life, a companion to the historian, but doing more than the historian does. While the historian notices the bodies of events, the poet tells of the spirit that moves in them; while the historian describes the outward life of man, the poet penetrates into his inner life; the historian records facts, the poet reveals feelings, thoughts, hopes, and desires; the historian portrays the actual man, the poet also keeps in view the ideal man; the historian tells us of what man *has been*, the poet reminds us, either in his dreams of the past, or in his visions of the future, of what man *can be;* the true poet who fulfils such a duty is as necessary to the development and education of mankind as the historian.

These views of poetry, and of general imaginative literature, afford a sufficient explanation of the comparatively low estimates of many authors given in the preceding pages of this work. These estimates have not been hastily made according to individual taste, but have been carefully formed with a regard to the principles of criticism just explained. Thus, among the poets, we have given the greatest space to the name of SCHILLER, because (as his countrymen generally allow) he is the most national of their poets. To justify our neglect of many minor authors of poems, novels, and romances, we have only to say that the toleration of commonplace literature is one of the most mischievous measures for

authors, for readers, and for society. It is (to use Pope's phrase) 'the art of sinking.' The reader, instead of rising by communion with minds higher than his own, is deteriorated by devoting his attention to the productions of writers distinguished only by a little superficial cleverness.

HISTORY.

The extensive historical works of NIEBUHR, SCHLOSSER, and other modern writers, must be esteemed as important features in German literature, not only with regard to their present value, but also with reference to future studies of history. Wide fields of historical knowledge have been explored, and valuable materials have been collected, for the use of future writers; but genius and taste are still required, to impart to the results of sound learning a general interest, and to recommend them by popularity of style.

The progress of historical knowledge is especially important in its relation to philosophy. As all the circumstances of the present age unite to show the necessity of a sober and practical philosophy, we may hope that, as our knowledge of the past is extended, inductive science will be as successfully applied to the facts of history as to natural phenomena, and that thus many imaginative and presumptuous theories will be exploded.

The political circumstances of Germany have in some respects been favourable to the progress of historical studies. Learned professors and industrious students being excluded in a great measure from participation in the political life of their own country, have found solace in exploring the history of ancient nations, and have given, in the shape of historical essays, opinions which they could not venture to apply to the institutions of Germany. While Prussia and Austria were perilous topics, on account of the censorship of the press, liberal and innovating doctrines might easily be promulgated under the disguise of lectures on the progress and the decline of liberty in ancient Greece and Rome. As even abstruse studies may tend to practical results, we find in the circumstances just described some explanation of the present state of Germany. Doctrine and practice have been widely separated; and if political theories have frequently displayed a visionary character, this may perhaps be fairly attributed to the want of that experience which can be derived only from practice.

The study of universal history, to which the philosophical views of Herder gave an impulse, has been diligently prosecuted

during the last fifty years; yet few classical works have been produced in this department. Many historical writings marked by great research, exhibit little of clearness and beauty in their arrangement and style. Some historians neglect proportion in the construction of their works, and fall into the error which they would condemn in an artist who marred the general effect of a wide landscape by introducing insignificant details. Learned and diligent collectors of historical materials are more numerous in Germany than in any other country; but accomplished historians are almost as rare as great poets. The defects of style found in many historical works are hindrances to the spread of knowledge. If sincere and useful books, explaining the progress of mankind, and inculcating the profound lessons derived from experience, are intended to be widely circulated, they must be written in a popular style.

JOHANN MÜLLER (1752–1809), a native of Switzerland, displayed a true historical genius and extensive erudition. His 'Lectures on Universal History,' delivered at Geneva in 1799, and published in 1810, are written in a style which sometimes looks like an imitation of Tacitus. During the French invasion, Müller wrote eloquent and patriotic Philippics against France; but his conduct excited a general wonder, when, in 1807, he accepted a ministerial office under Napoleon. It is only fair to add that his repentance was speedy and bitter, as he soon resigned his place, and passed the short remainder of his life in deep dejection. KARL ROTTECK (1775–1840) wrote a 'Universal History,' in six volumes (1812–1818), which was extended to the year 1840 by K. H. HERMES. This work is marked by liberal political views; but opinions and criticisms often fill the space required by clear statements of facts, and the rhetorical style of Rotteck must be tedious to many readers. The 'History of the World,' by K. F. BECKER (1842), has reached a seventh edition, and may be commended as one of the best books of its kind. K. W. BÖTTIGER'S 'History of the World in Biographical Narratives' (1839–1844), may be mentioned as a work of considerable interest. HEINRICH DITTMAR'S work on the same vast subject has an especial reference to the progress of Christianity; while another compendium by KARL VEHSE, which was published in 1842, describes chiefly the process of civilisation and intellectual culture.

Among works on general ancient history, FRIEDRICH SCHLOSSER'S 'History of the Ancient World and its Culture' (1826–1834) must hold a prominent position. This learned historian has corrected the arbitrary style of confining history to descriptions of military and political movements, and has paid great attention to the literature and humane culture of ancient times. Schlosser,

who was born in 1776, may be ranked among the best modern historians. His works are the results of laborious and conscientious researches, to which he has devoted his life. It is said that he had read three thousand books before he was fifteen years old. ARNOLD HEEREN (1760–1842) opened a new view of ancient history in his learned work on the 'Commercial Relations of Antiquity' (1793–1805). While other historians have been attracted by the sword of the conqueror, Heeren followed the merchant's caravan laden with corn, wine, oil, silks, and spices. His work is a valuable contribution to the true history of humanity. KARL RITTER, who was born in 1779, has united the studies of geography and history in his work on 'Geography Viewed in its Relations to Nature and History' (1817). This great work may be regarded as the result of a life devoted to industrious research.

Turning to the histories of particular nations, three works on Grecian history may be mentioned here. WILHELM SCHORN'S 'History of Greece' (1833) extends from the Ætolian and Achaian Treaty to the Fall of Corinth; KARL LACHMANN'S work (1839) describes the events between the close of the Pelopponesian War and the era of Alexander the Great; and JOHANN DROYSEN has written the life of Alexander in a good style.

In Roman history, BARTHOLD NIEBUHR, who was born at Copenhagen in 1776, stands alone as the founder of a new school of research, by which the fictions which were mingled with the early history of Rome, and copied from book to book, and from one century to another, have been finally exploded. This fact affords a remarkable instance of the work which may be done by a life devoted to study with one prevailing purpose. Through the labours of this historian, modern readers know the ancient Romans far better than they were known by nations who stood in close contact with them. Niebuhr made great preparations for his work, and took good care not to dissipate his powers by appearing too soon as an author. During his youth he visited London and Edinburgh. In the latter city he was acquainted with the Scott family, and mentioned in one of his letters, with an expression of pity, 'the eldest son, dull in appearance and intellect.' This 'dull boy' was afterwards the celebrated SIR WALTER SCOTT. Niebuhr was employed in several political offices during the remainder of his life, until 1823, when he retired to Bonn, and here devoted himself to the task of arranging the copious materials of his Roman history. The French Revolution of July 1830 had such an effect on the mind of Niebuhr, that it hastened his death, which took place at Bonn, January 2, 1831. The following passage explains the purpose of this great historian:—

INTRODUCTION TO ROMAN HISTORY.

'I have undertaken to write the history of Rome from its earliest period to the time when Cæsar Augustus was acknowledged as the sovereign of the whole Roman world. I must begin at that time when settlers from various nations united together and founded a new people; and my goal will not be reached until I arrive at the period when this people had subjected millions to its sway, imparting to them its language and laws; when Rome was mistress of the world from "the rising to the going down of the sun;" and when the last of the kingdoms arising out of Alexander's conquests had become a Roman province. In the early period, so firmly established were Roman institutions, and so faithfully maintained from age to age, that although few trustworthy notices of heroic individuals have been preserved, we still possess materials from which we may induce certain general conclusions respecting the social economy of the nation: but in the latter period we shall find this once compact and powerful state dissolving into a confused assemblage of many peoples, and hastened toward entire disorganization. The changes through which the nation passed from one of these extremes to the other were innumerable. Great events and mighty actions of men worthy to establish a wide dominion, were preserved in memory even during the most ignorant times; but a veil of poetry was thrown over early records, and fiction supplied the want of interest found in dry old chronicles. Among no people do we find faithful historical writing developed at a later period than among the Romans. Yet we are not compelled by this fact to leave their early history in hopeless obscurity. Though we cannot explore all its particular facts, we may induce, from the records of Rome's early days, conclusions as safe and just as those which we have formed respecting the state of the Grecian people during their earliest epoch. Indeed the internal history of Rome may be more certainly explored than the archæology of Greece; for few nations have resembled Rome in long preservation of their institutions free from all foreign influence. Its social organization was preserved in independence, and steadily developed from the earliest to the latest period; and it fell, not suddenly under the attacks of foreign powers, but slowly by an internal decay. So firmly had its laws and customs been knit together, and maintained from age to age, that, even with regard to the most obscure times, by the observation of certain facts we may safely arrive at a knowledge of others, as we may judge of the style of an old building by some fragments of its ruins; or as, in mathematics, we may derive from a few data of proportion the same large results which would be found by an actual measurement of space.....

'Livy endeavoured to forget the degeneracy of the age in which he lived, and to refresh and elevate the minds of his contemporaries by presenting to them a vivid picture of those glories of ancient days which had been feebly recorded by the old chroniclers. He

gave to his country a colossal work of genius, far surpassing every production in Grecian history, and no loss in Roman literature can be compared with that of the books of Livy. . . . . .

'To think of supplying such a loss—to dream of competition with that great historian, would indeed be presumptuous; but a different purpose will attend my task. To explore, connect, and animate the scanty records of times which left no complete history, so as to present to modern readers a picture of antiquity as fair and as full as is now possible—this is the design of my labour. The extent of my success will depend on a higher power than mine; but whatever the result may be, I already owe to my researches in this field of history some of the liveliest pleasures of my youthful years, and I hope to find in my future labour something of that cheerful exercise of mind, even in age, which Livy must have enjoyed in the creation of his great work.'

Next to the work of Niebuhr may be mentioned a 'History of the Roman Constitution,' by J. Rubino (1839), which contains ingenious speculations founded upon careful researches. Wilhelm Drumann has produced a 'History of Rome in its Transition from a Republican to a Monarchical Government' (1834–1844). This work contains the results of very extensive reading, and describes especially the political degeneracy of the Romans during the times of Pompey, Cæsar, and Cicero. By a careful examination of the letters and other writings of Tully, Drumann has represented the character of the great orator in a very unfavourable light. It is curious to find a celebrated public man thus, after the lapse of some eighteen hundred years, convicted of certain falsehoods on the evidence of his own letters; and it is equally remarkable that Drumann urges his arguments against Cicero as zealously as if he had personally suffered by the said falsehoods. In many respects this is an interesting work, but its style and arrangement cannot be commended, as it is wordy, and encumbered with repetitions. Friedrich Kortüm's 'Roman History' (1843) is written in a clearer style: while the work of P. Kobbe on the same subject is remarkable for the boldness with which it attacks some of the positions of Niebuhr.

No period of history can afford more curious and instructive materials than may be found in the Middle Ages; but here especially an historian of the highest genius and literary skill is required to exercise a mastery over numerous and complicated events, so as to reduce them to an orderly and intelligible form. German writers have displayed wide research in their studies of the Middle Ages, but have not produced their results in a classical style. Perhaps the 'Manual of the History of the Middle Ages,' by Heinrich Leo, deserves the highest praise in this department.

Leo has also written a 'History of the Italian Cities' (1829), and other historical works. His earlier writings betrayed a tendency to extreme scepticism, but this has been corrected in his later productions. The following passage is taken from Leo's work on Italy:—

THE ITALIANS.

'Germany and Italy advanced together, in the same course of intellectual development and freedom, until the era of the Reformation. The great Italian artists, in their paintings and sculptures, worked as truly for the liberation of the human mind as our German scholars in the revival of classical studies. Without such preparations, our Reformation would have been a mere ecclesiastical schism, having no great influence on general intellectual progress. But after the Reformation, Germany and Italy were separated in their interests; for, while the latter remained devoted to the fine arts, the former employed its best minds in philosophy. This separation was unhappy; for German thought, divided from the poetical and beautiful, produced only dry metaphysical systems; while, on the other side, the Italian passion for the fine arts degenerated into a frivolous amusement for *dillettanti*—a mere sensuous luxury, destitute of every noble or religious purpose. But the glory of Italy still remains in its works of art. When we look upon the actual condition of the country, we see, in its political feebleness and submission to foreign authority, that nature and circumstances have prevailed over the Italians; but when we turn our attention to the world of art, we find the Italians great and victorious. And this praise must not be confined to a few great painters. These men of genius would not have produced their masterpieces if they had not been encouraged by that taste for the beautiful which pervades generally the people of Italy. Great works require public interest for their consummation. The fine climate and the fruitful soil of the country have been favourable to the physical comfort of the people, and consequently to the cultivation of the fine arts. It is vain to expect that a people worn down by oppressive toil can evince a taste for the beautiful. Leisure is the friend of the Muses.

'Of the truth of these remarks we may find proofs in Italy in almost every peasant's homestead, in the granaries built upon pillars, and the other out-buildings with their neat flat roofs, and in the little field with its rows of trees, as well as in the dresses of the peasant women, which show tasteful arrangements of colour, and in the comely fashion in which the hair is worn. A thousand signs in common life manifest the love of beauty which pervades the people. But who shall describe the splendour of the view over Tuscany's metropolis of art and its surrounding gardens? Who can paint those beautiful boundaries, extending from the point where the pleasant towers of Fiesole are shining, to the blue ridges of the hills of Lucca rising in the golden background of the western sky?

The whole prospect bears the marks of the labours of many generations of men endowed with the love of beauty. And in the centre of this loveliness, Florence, still more lovely, lies like a beautiful flower. From the bold airy tower of the palace, to the wonderful work of Brunelleschi, the cupola of the cathedral, every street of Florence contains beauties of art. And this Florence is only one, though the brightest, of many gems in that diadem of beauty with which the Italians have crowned their land. It is surrounded by other splendours, of which it is worthy to be regarded as the centre. Surely we must be blinded with prejudices, and helplessly narrow in mind, if we refuse to acknowledge the greatness of the Italians in the world of art.'

Friedrich Kortüm's 'History of the Middle Ages' (1836) is distinguished by its notices of the development of civil liberty. The work of Friedrich Rehm on the same subject, published between 1820 and 1839, must be considered rather as a magazine of raw materials than as a finished production. This criticism may also be applied to Hullmann's 'Cities of the Middle Ages' (1825–1829), though this work opens some new views, and is full of curious information. 'A History of the Crusades,' by Friedrich Wilken, which was published between 1808 and 1832, may be described as one of the great magazines of historical facts, which may be advantageously consulted by scholars, while it does not deserve a place among well-written books. The authors of such vast magazines may be compared with a disorderly antiquary, who introduces us to a large room which he is pleased to call his 'museum,' where we find the incongruous relics of many ages confusedly piled together, and mingled with rubbish. This is not a caricature, but a fair illustration of the character of several historical collections, which may excite wonder by their display of erudition, while they are almost totally destitute of artistic arrangement.

The historical writings of Leopold Ranke, born in 1795, connect the events of the Middle Ages with modern times, and especially give valuable notices of political interests in the period of the Reformation. 'The History of the Papacy in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries' (1834) is generally esteemed as an excellent work; but Roman Catholic critics have raised objections against some of its statements. Friedrich Raumer, born in 1781, is an accomplished historian, and writes in an interesting style. His 'History of Europe from the Close of the Fifteenth Century' is marked by the conciliatory style in which it describes the contentions of various religious and political parties. A work on the 'Courts and Cabinets of Europe in the Eighteenth Century,' by Friedrich Förster, contains many curious particulars.

Wachsmuth, Spittler, Heeren, Schlosser, and Gagern, may be mentioned among the best writers on the period extending from the Reformation to our times. Spittler's 'History of European States' (third edition, 1823) deserves especial notice as a concise and useful work.

A 'History of the German People' (1825), by Wolfgang Menzel, is one of the best and most readable books on the subject. It has been correctly said that 'Menzel writes like an Englishman.' His plain and manly style may certainly supply a useful model to some of his learned contemporaries. The following unfavourable estimate of Roman institutions is extracted from Menzel's 'Spirit of History,' published in 1835:—

THE ROMANS.

'The greatness of the Roman people consisted almost solely in their martial career. There are some nations—for instance, the Hindoos—which are known rather by their religion, science, and poetry, than by their actions; but among the Romans we find little that can be called great and original, excepting their military exploits. They borrowed their education and their literature from the Greeks; and if they cultivated religion, science, and the fine arts, it was not with a pure devotion, but chiefly with reference to the glory of the state. This was the great object of all Roman ambition—to extend the glory of the Republic. For this many heroes sacrificed their lives in battle. But when we ask, "in what did the glory of the nation consist?" we find that the professed *means* of adding to national greatness were in reality regarded as the great *end* and object of the nation. As heroes died to defend the Republic, so the Republic lived only to produce heroes! In short, therefore, military glory was the grand idol of Roman worship. Heroes fought—in order to fight again! In this respect we may say that the history of Rome resembles the progress of universal humanity; for all men are born to take their parts in an unceasing warfare with nature and circumstances, and every victory opens a new field of strife. But Rome loved warfare in itself, without regard to any higher object than the glory of the Republic, which, indeed, was only another name for warfare. The whole nation stood forth, in the midst of the world, like a gladiator, living only to fight; or, like the modern Napoleon, throwing down a universal challenge. For what purpose? What noble, moral motive can we find united with this love of contest and victory? It is true that some material civilisation of several countries followed Roman conquests; but "victory," "glory," was the great object; not the cultivation of humanity; not the permanent extension of peace. Rome was a great egotist—a robber—a tyrant on a vast scale! She attempted to overrule the divine plan of a gradual progress in the world by an arbitrary scheme of conquest; but she fell under her own pride and presumption. While longing for external greatness, she neglected to guard

against internal corruption. •In this corruption she would have involved all the known world; but nature now arose against degenerate civilisation, and Rome was not even permitted to fall with glory and dignity; but was wasted away, partly by an internal decline, and partly under the attacks of barbarian tribes from Germany.'

A 'History of the German People,' by FRIEDRICH KOHLRAUSCH, has passed through several editions, and may be described as suitable to young readers. Historical works on particular states and epochs in Germany are so numerous, that only a few of the principal books in this department can be mentioned here:—JOHANN VON ARCHENHOLTZ (1745–1812), a military man, who was engaged in the 'Seven Years' War,' wrote a history of this period, which was published in 1788. Though descriptions of battles are not the best gems of literature, the following passage, describing one of the exploits of Frederick the Great, may be given here:—

THE BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ.

'In August 1760, the Austrians had determined to attack the Prussian camp at Liegnitz, where it was unfavourably situated in several respects. The plan was formidable; for General Daun and his compeer, Laudon, had resolved to fall upon Frederick's army at four points, as soon as the morning of the 15th of August dawned. Thus they intended to intercept the passage over the Oder, and to prevent a retreat to Glogau. And so confident were the Austrians of success in their scheme, that they said they "had a sack ready for Frederick and all his army, and would soon tie its mouth." By a fortunate accident the king was made acquainted with the design of the enemy. As he sat at table with his officers on the evening of the 14th, he said jocosely—"The Austrians are clever enough; but I shall make a hole in the sack which they will not easily mend." He at once resolved to move from his encampment during the night. Accordingly, as soon as the twilight had gathered, he gave command that all his army should quietly move on to the heights near Liegnitz. But peasants were left in the deserted camp, to keep the watch-fires burning, and patrols of hussars were engaged to give the usual sentry-calls during the night. A similar feint was employed in the Austrian camp to disguise the intention of attack. According to the Austrian custom, their drummers were employed to beat their signals during the night; so that these two armies were using against each other the same method of deception. Meanwhile, the king had quietly removed his forces to the heights of Puffendorf, near Liegnitz, while Laudon was marching his troops towards the same station, not expecting to find it occupied by an enemy. It was a beautiful summer night: there was not a cloud in the starry sky, and no wind was breathing. Deep silence pervaded the Prussian camp; but all eyes were open, and,

as the soldiers were forbidden to sing, they amused themselves by muttering over old tales. In the midst of this apparent tranquillity, all were ready, at any moment, for a sanguinary engagement. The king, surrounded by his officers, sat upon a drum, and gazed earnestly over the scene of encampment. So the night passed away, and morning dawned. Meanwhile Laudon, with 30,000 men, was making his way towards the heights of Puffendorf, intending to attack the left wing of the Prussian army; but at daybreak he found, to his astonishment, that he confronted the whole of Frederick's forces. He had relied on the support of General Daun, who was now moving on to attack the right wing of the Prussians in their encampment. Laudon, however, would not attempt a retreat, but boldly made an attack, relying on the bravery of his troops and the good fortune which had hitherto attended him. He also hoped that the noise of the artillery would soon call Daun to the unexpected battle-field; but a violent wind, which arose soon after daybreak, prevented the fulfilment of this hope. He first led on his cavalry to attack that of the Prussians; but was soon driven back into a morass, from which his men with difficulty extricated themselves. The Prussian infantry now entered into the engagement, and, after a severe contest, drove back Laudon's troops. Again the Austrians endeavoured to find a passage through the village of Panten, so as to break the centre of their opponents; but the village was soon wrapt in flames by howitzers and grenades, and thus the contest was still confined to the left wing. Meanwhile General Daun had arrived at the forsaken encampment, and, to his surprise, had found no enemy there. After a fatal loss of time, he came to the scene of action, and attempted an attack with great disadvantage, on account of the nature of the locality. Laudon, who had fearlessly exposed himself to the heat of the battle, and had done all that could be done in such untoward circumstances, was now compelled to retreat, leaving behind him 10,000 men, of whom 4000 were wounded, or slain, and 6000 were taken as prisoners. The dead and wounded of the Prussian army were numbered at 1800.

'It was a beautiful morning, and the sun, which threw his rays over the bloody field, covered with the wounded and the dying, gave light to one pleasing scene. The regiment of Bernburg, which had lost its *caste* by its conduct at Dresden, had entered into this battle with a determination either to win back its honour, or to die in the attempt; and this resolution had excited both officers and men to deeds of valour which had been noticed by the king. As he rode in front of this regiment after the action, the officers stood in silence, hoping that some sign of a restoration of the king's favour would be given, while four old soldiers ventured to seize the bridle of his horse, and intreated that the king would look once more favourably upon them. "Yes!" said Frederick, "you shall have all your honours again—and the past shall be forgotten." .... This battle of Liegnitz lasted only two hours. While all the luxurious classes of society were asleep throughout Europe, and while labourers were

going to their scenes of toil, the Prussians gained this remarkable victory, which prevented the union of the Russian with the Austrian forces, and frustrated all the designs of the latter upon Silesia.'

SCHILLER, the poet, wrote a 'History of the Thirty Years' War' (1792). Another work on the same epoch, by FRIEDRICH BARTHOLD, shows research, and is written in a lively style. LUDWIG POSSELT (1763–1804) wrote a 'History of the German People' (1789), but this author was a warm politician, rather than an impartial historian. KARL VON WOLTMANN (1770–1817) gained a considerable reputation by his historical works, which extend to fourteen volumes (1817–1827), and contain a 'History of France,' a 'History of Great Britain,' and a 'History of Bohemia.' JOSEPH VON HORMAYR (1781) has written 'The Austrian Plutarch' (1807–1820), a 'History of Vienna' (1823), and other works, chiefly relating to the south of Germany and the Tyrol. A 'History of the Hohenstaufen Dynasty' (1824), by FRIEDRICH RAUMER, deserves praise for its interesting narrative of the events of a romantic period. Some of its accounts amply confirm the commonplace observation, that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' The following passage, taken from Raumer's work, presents to us one of the terrible events which marked the era of the Crusades:—

THE STORMING OF JERUSALEM IN A.D. 1099.

'Immediately after their pilgrimage to the Mount of Olives, the Christian army began to make further preparations to besiege the Holy City. The Duke of Lorraine, Robert of Flanders, and Robert, Duke of Normandy, had observed that that part of the city which confronted their encampment was not only defended by higher walls, but had also a stronger military array than would be found in other parts. Accordingly, these captains removed their troops, and took to pieces their preparations for the siege, which were quietly carried away during the night, and reconstructed opposite another part of the city, where the walls were lower, and the ground was more even. A four-cornered tower, overlooking the Valley of Jehoshaphat, stood now on the left hand of the invaders, while on the other side they beheld Stephen's Gate. At the break of day, the Mohammedans, who were guarding the part which had been at first threatened, were astonished to find that the duke's encampment had disappeared, and hoped that he had retreated; but they soon discovered that he was actively preparing to storm a weaker part of their fortifications. At the same time, the Earl of Toulouse had employed his followers in filling up a cavity which lay between the city wall and the wooden tower which he had erected, so that the engine could now be removed nearer to the city. The towers built by the Duke of Lorraine and Earl Raymund were of a similar construction, four-sided, protected from fire-balls and other missiles by a covering of hides,

and having in the front a second covering made of strong timber, which could be let down so as to form a bridge between the tower and the wall of the city.

'And now the storming began. At first the invaders discharged arrows, and hurled large stones against the wall; but the force of these missiles was broken on the bags of straw and chaff and the basket-work which the besieged had employed to protect themselves. The pilgrims, who boldly approached the walls, were repulsed by showers of heavy stones and pieces of timber. Burning arrows ignited their engines. Vessels filled with flaming oil and sulphur were hurled into the towers, and after strenuous efforts during some hours, the fire was only partially subdued. Thus passed the day without producing any serious advantage on one side or the other; but in the evening, the superstitious minds of the pilgrims were animated by a certain so-called "good omen:"—The Holy Cross upon the tower of Godofroy of Bouillon had escaped unhurt by all the fiery missiles of the Saracens. This was unanimously regarded as a sufficient proof of the approbation of Heaven, and a sure sign of victory. Now night interrupted the contest; but on both sides the hours were passed in wakefulness, as fresh attacks were expected.

'When the morning opened, the siege was renewed with increased determination by the Christians, while the Saracens defended themselves like desperate men, who expect, if defeated, to find no mercy. One of the formidable engines employed by the besieged was a large beam of timber filled with nails and hooks, and wrapped in straw and other combustibles, saturated with pitch, oil, and wax: when this was lighted, it was thrown into the tower of the Duke of Lorraine, which was soon covered with flames. At first the invaders had endeavoured to hurl the ignited timber from the tower; but their efforts were vain, as the Saracens held it in its place with a strong chain. Water and vinegar were poured into the tower, and after some time the conflagration was subdued. Thus some seven hours were employed; and now the pilgrims, fatigued and discouraged, were glad to make a temporary retreat. The Duke of Normandy and the Earl of Flanders, despairing of a speedy favourable issue, advised their companies to rest until the following day, while the Duke of Lorraine with difficulty held his followers together. But in this moment of depression, an appeal to the fanaticism of the pilgrims suddenly aroused their courage again. A knight was seen upon the Mount of Olives holding up his glittering shield, and pointing to the Holy City. "See!" exclaimed the duke; "behold the celestial sign! Onward, and fulfil the purpose of Heaven!" At this summons the invaders rushed forward once more toward the walls; even the women seized weapons, and shared in the danger of the siege. The engines of the Franks succeeded in hurling large masses of stone over the walls. The Saracens, astounded by the fury of the attack, now sought for the supernatural aid of magic. Two prophetesses, or female professors of magic, were led out to perform their charms,

and to cast their execrations over the Christian army. But a vast mass of stone, hurled by an engine, fell upon and crushed these female magicians and several young maidens who attended them. This was regarded by the pilgrims as another encouraging sign from heaven. Their efforts were redoubled, and in the space of an hour the outer wall was broken, the intervallum was levelled, and the duke's tower was moved toward the inner wall. Now the bags of straw and all the basket-work which had protected the walls were ignited: the flames spread rapidly; a strong north wind arose, and drove the smoke over the city, and the Saracens, half-stifled, were compelled to retreat from the walls. At this crisis the invaders dropped the timber-bridge attached to the duke's tower upon the wall, and instantly two crusaders, Ludolf and Engelbert, brothers from Flanders, stepped upon it. Duke Godofroy and his brother Eustathius, with many knights and inferior pilgrims, immediately followed: the Gate of Stephen was at the same moment burst open, and with loud cries—"God wills it! God helps us!"—the invaders rushed into the streets of Jerusalem.

'Meanwhile, on the other side of the city the Earl of Toulouse was gaining no advantage, and his tower was so much injured that his followers abandoned it. But the Turks, who had bravely defended this part of the city, heard that the duke's followers had succeeded, and now proposed to surrender to Earl Raymund the tower of David, on the condition that its defenders might be released and allowed to escape to Askalon. Raymund acceded to this request, but was afterwards severely censured by his fellow-crusaders on account of his clemency to infidels. His followers now rushed into the city with such violence, that sixteen were crushed to death in the Zion's Gate-way. Tancred, with his troop, fought along the streets until they came to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where the Christians of Jerusalem were chanting their litany—"Kyrie eleison!" Here a guard was appointed, while the remaining troops hastened to slay the unbelievers. The unhappy Saracens fled from the streets, and endeavoured to defend themselves in their houses. Ten thousand sought refuge in the Temple and its in-walled court; but here the Crusaders soon found an entrance, and rushed in, crying, "Slay the sacrilegious infidels! Spare not one!" A dreadful carnage now began, and was continued until the scene became too horrible for description. The court of the shrine was overflowed with blood. The Crusaders, having seized the spoils of the Temple, now hurried away to the Synagogue, where the Jews who had assembled were burned, together with their place of ancestral worship. The streets of the Holy City were covered with corpses; dreadful were the cries of the wounded and the dying; but nothing could appease the fury of the victorious fanatics, who had been stimulated to slaughter and rapine by a promise that "every Christian should be allowed to keep all the property which he might seize." After the main body of the Saracens had been overcome, the invaders divided themselves into several bands, and went forth to plunder various parts of the city.

No dwelling-house was spared: gray-headed men, women, domestic servants, and children, were not merely slain, but barbarously tortured, and hewn in pieces. Some were compelled to leap from towers; others were thrown from windows; children were torn from the bosoms of their mothers, and dashed against the walls. Some victims were burned by slow fires; the bodies of others were cut open, because it was suspected that they had swallowed pieces of gold. Of 40,000 Saracens (or, as Oriental historians write, 70,000), there were not left enough to bury the dead. The meaner classes of pilgrims, therefore, assisted in the work of burial; while many piles of bodies were burned, partly to prevent the infection of the air, and partly because there was a hope of finding gold in their ashes.

'And now the work was done; and the host of pilgrims, fatigued with massacre and pillage, washed themselves, and marched in a long procession, with bare heads and feet, and chanting hymns of triumph, to the Church of the Resurrection. Here they were received by the clergy with great solemnity, and the highest homage was paid to Peter the Hermit, the instigator of the Crusades. The pilgrims wept in the extravagance of their joy, touched or kissed all the holy relics, confessed their sins, and received plenary indulgence. Such was the height of their fanaticism, that many declared that they had seen the spectres of the Crusaders who had fallen in previous battles engaged in the recent siege, and performing prodigies of valour. Among others, the deceased bishop, Ademar of Puy, had appeared; and when questioned by a pilgrim, had replied—"Not only I, but all the deceased Crusaders, have arisen from the grave to take a part in this glorious victory." That the favour of Heaven was now gained, that everlasting happiness was insured to all who had been engaged in the massacre of the Saracens, was the firm conviction of all the pilgrims.

'Thus, after a siege of thirty-nine days, Jerusalem was taken by the Crusaders on the 15th of July A.D. 1099.'

Another work on the same period, by FRIEDRICH LÖHER, supplies some important additions to the narrative of Raumer. A 'History of Friedrich IV. and his son Maximilian,' by JOSEPH CHMEL, is a good production. HAGEN'S 'Spirit of the Reformation' (1841–1844), and the writings of OECHSLE, BENSEN, and ZIMMERMANN, on the 'Peasants' War,' supply useful additions to the materials collected by Leopold Ranke. 'The History of Austria' (1834–1842), by JOHANN VON MAILATH, is characterised by Austrian and Roman Catholic tendencies in politics and religion. For accounts of modern Prussia, we must again refer to the writings of FRIEDRICH SCHLOSSER, especially to his 'History of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.' As a specimen of the fairness and caution of this historian, we may quote his summary of the character of that singular and despotic monarch, Frederick William I. of Prussia:—

FREDERICK WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA.

'The satire of some writers of the French school has presented to us such a picture of the dark side of Frederick's character, that it is now difficult to lay aside prejudice, and regard the conduct of this stern despot in connection with the circumstances of his times. Voltaire said everything that could be required to make the Prussian king an object of ridicule; Polnitz added some traits to the caricature; and the Princess of Bayreuth, in accordance with the taste of her friend Voltaire, wrote a frivolous satire on the character of her own father! Yet we may affirm that an unprejudiced mind, after reading this satire, will rather commend the rude but honest barbarism of the father, than the false and flippant character of the daughter. The extreme parsimony of the king was indeed ridiculous; but we must recall to mind his times, when extravagance was the fashion in so many courts, and remember that Frederick's penurious habits enabled him to leave his son in a respectable position. And the king's conduct gave a wholesome example to his subjects. He acquired his wealth, not by speculation and banking, but by managing a scanty income with rigid economy; and thus he taught his people that, as they were poor, and could not enjoy the commercial advantages of the English or the Dutch, their only way to prosperity must be in making the best possible use of small means, and despising costly luxuries. Consequently not a word was whispered in Berlin of fashionable dissipations; not a dollar would the king allow to be expended in bacchanalian feasts, or on foreign singers, dancers, and fiddlers, for whom he entertained a hearty contempt. This was good; but, on the other side, we are ready to admit that Frederick's economy was low in its purpose. Learning and all the fine arts were classed with the "dancers and fiddlers," and not a word was said in favour of any study which rose above the common necessities of life. . . . . Yet we may apologise even for this contempt of literature and science, when we remember that in Frederick's time pedantic learning had entirely separated itself from all the interests of human life. If the king looked on the performances of *literati* in his day, he found no results save books made out of books and filled with pedantry. Frederick's common sense saw the frivolity of such learning, and he said—"I want to hear nothing of these men who can make verses in some thirty languages, or who can count all the books in all the sciences. Give me men who think for themselves, and study for some good purpose." . . . . The king had no more knowledge of philosophy or poetry than his rudest subjects; he could not even spell German words; but he could see the necessity of paying attention to the practical sciences at a time when German scholars generally adhered to the pedantry of the Middle Ages. . . . . We find the inexcusable part of Frederick's conduct in his intermeddling with the administration of justice. The property and the lives of his subjects were absolutely under the control of this stern and igno-

rant despot. He observed truly that many of the forms of law were absurdly complicated, and that when there was a dispute between two peasants about an acre of Prussian ground, it was vexatious to refer back to Justinian, and so keep the clients in suspense for a year. But when he took the law into his own hands, his subjects learned, to their sorrow, that even tedious litigation was more tolerable than despotism. He soon solved the most knotty questions. No ruler ever exercised a more absolute authority even among Turks or barbarians. He first made the laws, and then administered them in a rapid *ex tempore* style, without regard to tradition, custom, or any authority beyond his own despotic will. The punishments which he inflicted, even on small delinquents, were often terribly severe; and he would stand by the poor criminal, and see him suffer, or would even condescend to execute with his own hand the sentences which he had invented and pronounced! The king's walking-stick was a terror to the women and children of Berlin; for he would beat severely the subjects who had offended him if he met them in the street. Poor women, and boys, and girls, trembled when they saw the king approaching, for he would catechise them severely respecting their clothing or their household management; and if any of their answers displeased him, the walking-stick was immediately applied to their shoulders. And it was seldom advisable to run away; for he would send his servants to pursue the unlucky fugitive, who only gained an additional beating by his attempted escape. It is only fair to add that the king maintained in his own family the same rigid discipline which he enforced upon his subjects. . . . He even prescribed fashions in dress, and commanded his subjects to wear their hair in the "cue style." To indulge a malicious joke, he took the French ambassador and his company (who had their hair dressed in the "bag fashion") to a review of the Prussian army, where they observed with surprise and vexation that all the provosts (or army executioners) were satirically decorated, *à-la-mode*, with large Parisian hair bags!'

It seems natural to turn from the above singular sketch of a despot, to the department of Turkish or Moslem History. The works of the learned Orientalist, JOSEPH VON HAMMER-PURGSTALL, born in 1774 (one of the few celebrated writers produced by Austria), are valuable, as they give the results of extensive reading of Oriental manuscripts. The 'History of the Caliphs,' and a 'Life of Mohammed,' by G. WEIL, may also be mentioned with commendation as works of original research.

Some historical works distinguished by particular purposes may be noticed here. WILHELM WACHSMUTH has written a 'History of European Morals and Manners' (in 5 volumes—1831–1839). The scheme of this work is comprehensive; but the author has filled a great part of it with notices of literature and jurisprudence, instead of giving details on the important topics so strangely neglected by

general historians—the actual lives, morals, and manners of the masses of the people. Another work of comprehensive design is a 'History of Civilisation and Culture' (1843–1845), by GUSTAVUS KLEMM. It is not easy to guess to how many volumes such a work might be extended; for the first four volumes are confined to descriptions of early stages of civilisation among pastoral and nomadic tribes. Briareus would have been the most suitable writer for a work on this scale. A 'History of European Civilisation' (1833), by JOHANN SCHÖN, is a work of moderate outlines well filled up. A 'History of Trade and Agriculture' (1842–1845), by GUSTAV GULICH, is a good and important production; while a more concise book on the same subject, by WILHELM HOFFMANN, may be commended to general readers. WILHELM SOLDAN has written a curious book on a gloomy feature in history, a 'Narrative of Trials and Executions of supposed Witches' (1843). The number of these executions in Germany, not only before the Reformation, but also for many years after that event, must excite the surprise of a modern reader.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

Books are numerous in this department, many of them being devoted to particular epochs in Church History. The writings of THIELE and HASE may be described as concise and popular manuals of this branch of study. A 'Manual of Universal Church History,' by H. E. F. GUERIKE, extends to three volumes (5th edition, 1843), and maintains strictly Lutheran views. The comprehensive work of AUGUSTUS NEANDER (born in 1789) is in ten volumes (2d edition, 1844). Its style is diffuse; but it is distinguished by liberal views, and describes especially the internal or moral condition of Christianity under various changes of ecclesiastical government. Neander, whose parents were Jews, has acquired fame among theologians by his researches respecting the primitive church, and also by several of his minor works—'Julian' (1812), 'The System of Revelation' (1818), and 'Antignosticus' (1826). A 'History of the Christian Church' (1841–1844), by A. GFRÖRER, is an extensive work, and displays wide research, especially with regard to the political relations of the church in various epochs. The writings of MARHEINEKE, HAGENBACH, NEUDECKER, and SCHENKEL, may be advantageously consulted on the 'History of the Reformation:' and a work entitled 'Reformers before the Reformation' (1841), by KARL ULLMANN, proves very clearly that the tendencies of Luther's times may be traced back to earlier periods; but though it amply fulfils its promise, it does not exhaust the subject to which it is devoted.

BIOGRAPHY.

In this pleasant and useful department modern German literature is comparatively poor. Many books have been produced, but few combine literary excellence with narrative interest. GOETHE'S autobiography, entitled 'Poetry and Truth' (1811), contains interesting notices of his early life, mingled with observations and criticisms on literature. The following passage may serve as a specimen of Goethe's humorous style:—

KLOPSTOCK AND THE BARBER.

'At this time the name of a new poet, Klopstock, was celebrated. At first, we wondered how any man of genius could have such a name; but, after a little consideration, we agreed that the two queer syllables might pass as the name of a great poet. My father, however, had a more serious objection against the new writer; for he had heard that the "Messiah" was written in long lines called hexameters, and without any rhyme! This appeared monstrous; for all our standard poets, Canitz, Hagedorn, Gellert, and others, had used rhyme, without which my father maintained that no true poem could exist. He was therefore impatient when he heard his neighbours praising the blank verses of Klopstock, and determined never to buy such an innovation as the "Messiah." But Alderman Schneider, a friend of our family, and a man of business, who read very few books, had been smitten with the prevailing admiration of Klopstock's work. Its pious sentiments and flow of language had made such an impression on the heart of our friend, that he had made it a principle to read through the first ten cantos once in every year during the week before Easter. And such was his enthusiasm, that he even attempted to bring over my father to the side of Klopstock; but all his efforts were vain; and after some rather angry arguments, he prudently resolved to leave in silence the name of his favourite author rather than alienate an old friend, and lose a good supper every Sunday evening. So my father was allowed to rest in his prejudice against the rhymeless poet.

'But every man desires to make proselytes; and as Schneider could do nothing with the head of the family, he insidiously made converts of the mother and the children. As he never opened his favourite book excepting during one week in the year, he placed it in the custody of my mother, who preserved it as a secret treasure. Whenever I could safely do it, I took the book into some sly corner, where my sister and myself could enjoy its contents. We soon committed to memory some of its most striking and pathetic dialogues. "Porcia's Dream" was one of our favourite passages. Another was the impassioned dialogue between "Satan and Adramelech," in which I took the first part, because it contained the greater amount of energy, while my sister's part was exceedingly pathetic. We were delighted with the violent reproaches and retorts which we thus

learned to hurl against each other; and whenever we had an opportunity, we interchanged such compliments as "monster!" and "traitor!" in the style of Adramelech. But at last our dramatic enthusiasm carried us beyond the bounds of prudence. One Saturday evening my father sat down to be shaved by candlelight, that he might appear, as he usually did, with a clean chin at church on Sunday morning. The barber was applying the soap, while my sister and myself sat near the stove, amusing ourselves by muttering over our favourite dialogue. We arrived at the crisis where Adramelech attacks his opponent. My sister recited, in a low tone, but with strong feeling—

> "Help me! I pray—I kneel—if you require it,
> Monster! before thee—dark, offending traitor!"

So far, we had performed with success; but as the passage rose to its climax, my sister yielded too far to her tragic excitement, and suddenly declaimed aloud, in a tone of wild despair—

> "Oh, how am I crushed down!"

"What can be the matter!" exclaimed the terrified barber, dropping his lather-box on my father's waistcoat. "What *can* be the matter!" echoed my father, starting up from his chair. My sister's thrilling pathos had been too effective, and a domestic scene now took place, which became very affecting when my father suggested what *might* have happened if the barber had been using his razor just at the climax of Adramelech. I and my sister made a full confession, and laid all the blame upon Klopstock. Of course my father was confirmed in his opinion that no good could come out of hexameters, and our new poet was laid under an additional ban.'

Heinrich Döring has written biographies of Klopstock, Voss, Richter, Herder, and other literary men. The 'Life of Schiller' (1840), by Gustavus Schwab, is an interesting book. Caroline Pichler's 'Autobiography' contains some curious notices of the manners of her times; and the same remark may be applied to the 'Memoirs' of another lady—Johanna Schopenhauer. Rahel, the wife of Varnhagen, wrote 'Recollections of her Life,' but in a meditative rather than a biographical style. The 'Autobiography' of Heinrich Zschokke, the philanthropic author, contains many interesting passages. Among other memoirs of literary men may be mentioned a 'Life of Leibnitz' (1842), by G. E. Guhrauer; the 'Life of the Philosopher Johann Gottlieb Fichte,' by his son; 'Jean Paul Richter's Memoirs and Correspondence' (1826–1833); and the 'Autobiography' of Heinrich Steffens, the novelist.

Several works contain contributions to ecclesiastical history in the form of biography. Neander has written 'Memoirs of St Bernard and his Times;' and Mayerhoff's 'Life and Times of Johann Reuchlin' is another work of the same character. The

'Life of Luther,' by GUSTAV PFIZER, may also be mentioned here.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE, born in 1785, is one of the best modern biographers, and has written the 'Life of General Winterfeldt' (1836); the 'Life of Field-Marshal Schwerin' (1841); and other memoirs of military heroes.

PHILOSOPHY.

Though it is impossible, in the limits of this work, to give a full and fair account of the philosophical systems which have prevailed in Germany from the time of Leibnitz to the present day, we may briefly indicate their leading characteristics. Some account has been given of the writings of IMMANUEL KANT and FRIEDRICH JACOBI; but without regard to their metaphysical doctrines, which must be noticed here, as they are necessary to introduce the views of later writers.

Kant began his theories with the scepticism of David Hume; but did not rest in the doubts of the Scottish philosopher. Like Hume, he begins by denying the possibility of a real knowledge of the external world. He admits that we receive all the materials of our knowledge through the senses, and that from these materials we induce general laws in accordance with the nature of the human understanding; but the question remains—Are these laws, or conclusions (which result from the constitution of our mind), in accordance with external truth or reality? Kant asserts that no proof can be given in reply to this question. A modern writer (CHALYBAEUS) has aptly illustrated Kant's doctrine by comparing the mind to 'a kaleidoscope.' 'The world,' he says, 'supplies the objects we behold (like the fragments of glass in the toy), but the faculties of the mind are the slides of the instrument by which those fragments are arranged in various designs.' Kant, therefore, endeavoured to close many controversies by reducing philosophy to a 'criticism of reason.' One of his arguments will indicate the nature of his system. Respecting a belief in a supreme moral Governor of the world, and the immortality of the soul, he argues that we have no absolute demonstration on such topics, but that such a belief is necessary to the harmony and satisfaction of the mind, and must, therefore, be admitted.

Jacobi was displeased with the scepticism of Hume and Kant, and endeavoured to escape from it by a simple appeal to conscience, or innate sentiments. In fact he used the method by which Dr Samuel Johnson once closed a debate on the freedom of the will:—'We feel that we are free, and that is enough.' As the talent of Jacobi consisted rather in declamation than in logical

argument, his writings contain several inconsistencies. Thus, after making an appeal to sentiment as the criterion of truth, he, in another part of his works, exposes the danger of such a plan in the following words:—

'A man cannot reform himself if he makes himself a standard. He is too much the sport of passions, and nothing remains firm but the moral law which is placed over him. It is dangerous to rely upon a man who trusts in "a good heart," and will not submit to the sway of fixed laws. With the best faculties, such a man may easily be led into evil. . . . . The law which supports virtue must be definite and uncompromising. As I have narrowly escaped, during my life's voyage, from shipwreck on a hidden rock, I know not how to warn others earnestly enough. This rock (self-confidence) lifts not itself above the waters. We may easily glide upon it while we are dreaming of security. And we shall not avoid it by watching the uncertain compass of our moral sentiments, but by steering our course by laws not made by ourselves. I am preaching to myself as well as to others; for though now in my fifty-fifth year, I cannot boast that I love the right so as to find it always easy to obey it. Yet I love it sincerely, and would strive to attain readiness of obedience as my greatest good and happiness.'

Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762–1814) rose from humble life, and, after a course of study at Jena, was employed for some time as a private tutor. At Königsberg he became acquainted with Kant, and published anonymously a philosophical work, which was received with admiration as one of Kant's productions. Fichte carried Kant's doctrine to its extreme point in his subsequent writings. His 'Destination of Man' (1806), and a work entitled 'Directions towards a Happy Life,' may be mentioned as expositions of his moral doctrines. His character was generally and highly esteemed.

Friedrich Wilhelm Schelling, who was born in 1775, has devoted a long life to abstruse speculation. After a course of philosophical studies at Tubingen, he was engaged as a tutor, and wrote, in 1797, a work entitled 'Ideas for a Philosophy of Nature.' He studied, in close connection, metaphysical systems and several of the physical sciences. The result of these studies was his system which was styled 'The Philosophy of Identity,' in which he argues that the same laws prevail throughout the material and the intellectual world. This system of philosophy was applied by the author to many departments of science. In 1808 he produced an 'Essay on the Relation of the Fine Arts to Nature,' and in 1809 an 'Essay on Freedom.' His later writings contain theories in which the doctrines of Christianity are united with philosophical speculations. The system of Schelling is too ex-

tensive to be described here, even in outlines. We may observe that Coleridge adopted many of the views and expressions of this philosopher, and some of his ideas may be found in the contemplative poems of Wordsworth. It is generally admitted that his works display multifarious knowledge, and many observations marked by depth and acuteness; but several of his opponents have argued that there is no consistent logical style maintained throughout his theories. The leading principle of Schelling is found in a supposed 'intuition,' which he describes as 'superior to all reasoning,' and 'admitting neither doubt nor explanation.'

George Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel (1770–1831) was an associate in the early philosophical system of Schelling. His numerous writings are exceedingly abstruse, and it may with great probability be conjectured that very few persons in England have read even one of the eighteen volumes in which they are contained. He studied at Tubingen, and was afterwards engaged as a private tutor in Switzerland and at Jena. In the latter place he was noticed by Goethe and Schiller as a man of extraordinary powers of thought. This opinion was confirmed by his writings —'The Phenomenology of Mind' (1807), an original but very abstruse work; 'Logic' (1812); an 'Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences' (1817); and the 'Philosophy of Law' (1821). In these and other works the author attempted to reduce all the departments of knowledge to one science, founded on a method which is expounded in his work on Logic. The writings of Hegel, including reports of his lectures, were collected by his friends and pupils, and published in eighteen volumes (1832–1842). The 'Lectures on Æsthetics' (or, on Beauty and the Fine Arts) are more generally intelligible than the other productions of this author. The notes appended to his 'Outlines of the Philosophy of Law and Government' contain some original and important remarks on the interests of society. The theories of Schelling and Hegel have already produced an extensive library of philosophical controversy, which cannot be explained here. While the followers of these writers have attributed to their labours the highest importance and value, many other German writers refuse to admit that the Identity-System of Schelling, or the Absolute Logic of Hegel, have in reality made any additions to true science. The conclusion of this controversy must be left for a future time. Already we may observe that the indirect influence of German schools of philosophy has affected the tone of literature in France, England, America, Denmark, and Sweden. We may here refer the reader to three recent publications which give comparatively clear and readable accounts of modern speculations. A work by Heinrich Chalybaeus, entitled an 'Historical De-

velopment of Speculative Philosophy,' gives the outlines of various systems in an impartial style. The 'History of Philosophy,' by H. C. SIGWART, has an extensive plan, as it traces the progress of speculation from the schools of Athens to the systems of modern days. The work of KARL BIEDERMANN on German Philosophy from Kant to the present time (1843), regards systems and theories chiefly in their social and political relations.

German philosophy, from the time of Leibnitz to the present day, has been marked by its 'Idealism.' The writings of Locke, Condillac, and others, led to the conclusion, 'there is nothing in the understanding which has not arrived there through the senses.' To this Leibnitz replied by saying, 'Yes; there is the understanding itself.' The whole of Kant's system was simply an exposition of all that was implied in the remark of Leibnitz. Kant explained the laws of the understanding. But are these laws accordant with external truth or reality? Schelling and Hegel have endeavoured to answer this question. The former professes to solve it by an appeal to a 'spontaneous intuition,' which discovers that the human mind and external nature are essentially *one;* or, in other words, that the same intelligence which exists in a conscious state in man, lives in an unconscious condition throughout the universe, pervading 'all thinking beings, and all objects of all thought.' Hegel professes to solve the same question (left open by Kant) in a more scientific style, by a method of thought which he styles 'absolute logic;' a process of reason which (as he shows) is found not only in the human mind, but throughout external nature. The heavens and the earth, and all things within their compass, all the events of history, the facts of the present, and the developments of the future, must be (according to Hegel's doctrine) only so many steps in one eternal process of creative thought. The leading principle of this process is found in the development of a series of oppositions which are at once produced and resolved by reason. Truth is represented as consisting in the just 'relation' of objects to each other. Unity pervading apparent opposition, and variety, is the mark of truth in all systems, both natural and intellectual. It is seen in the most minute insect, as well as in a vast system of cosmogony; it appears in grandeur in a well-ordered commonwealth, and in its beauty in a harmonious family. It finds symbols throughout nature, and in all the arts; it builds up nations, and maintains the order of the moral as of the physical world. It is the rule of the whole universe, and apparent deviations from this rule only serve ultimately to extend its sway. A few examples of its application to various subjects will be plainer than abstract definition. With regard to history, it is represented as containing an eternal or permanent element among all the changes of finite

and transient events. It is a progressive enunciation of truth through a series of imperfect interpreters. Through all the errors of all times the process of truth may be traced. Individuals and communities, and even nations, may fall as sacrifices to error; but even this error is a part of the process by which truth reveals itself. With regard to government, truth is not confined to any one side of any (sincere) opposition; for this would make the other side purely false, wilful, and irrational. 'False views or opinions are defective, one-sided, or erroneous, but must not be treated as absolutely false.' Thus, if monarchy be maintained as an 'absolutely' true principle, then there can be no truth in its opposite—republicanism. The latter must be, in every age and country, utterly groundless and false, which none will affirm. All forms of government are so many finite and imperfect attempts to embody the true idea of developing in unity the greatest and best faculties of mankind. Any one form of government may contain more or less truth or justice, according to circumstances. A true reformation or improvement in society should preserve all that was good in the preceding condition. Thoughts, ideas, or principles alone are absolutely true. Men, and parties of men, are only imperfect symbols. A majority or democracy in any country may rule as oppressively as an oligarchy. The true tendency is toward the dominion of just thoughts or principles. The same guiding thought prevails throughout the treatment of ethics; morality is catholic, consistent with the whole nature of man, and the whole plan of the universe. (This was the doctrine of Leibnitz.)* Vice is partial, inconsistent, and contradictory. If fraudulent parties unite to injure society, here is a unity of several parties in one plot; but it is only a weak, temporary unity; for it is opposed to the general unity and order of society. The union of the bad cannot endure long. It must fail: the plot must be discovered and destroyed; for the general is stronger than any particular or private interest. All the ingenuity and activity of men bestowed upon a false or unjust scheme cannot make it permanently successful; for it contains in itself the contradiction which is the cause of its defeat. It is a part refusing to be subject to the whole, but ultimately it *must* be made subservient. True freedom is a willing and rational accordance with the interests of the whole; slavery is an unwilling or compulsory obedience. The vulgar notion of freedom implies only a release from constraint; but this is very defective as a definition; for true liberty is found only in the union of the internal with the external law. The application of this mode of philosophising to theological topics

* See the extract from an essay by Leibnitz, on page 107.

cannot be duly noticed here, as it must lead to abstruse controversial questions; but the conclusions regarding practical religion, or the duties of the individual, are clear. Vital and operative truth, as distinguished from any barren belief in mere facts or dogmas, consists in 'the relation' between the objects of faith and the believing mind. In a religious history, as distinguished from one of a merely secular or temporary character, there is an eternal element which reproduces itself in a variety of forms. Accordingly, as they preserve more or less of this eternal element (the spirit of religion), various forms of religion must be regarded as more or less spiritual. The Roman Catholic does not believe that any such distinction between the universal substance and the particular form can be safely or correctly made; but maintains that religion must depend on one external form or order (the Church); the Protestant affirms that the same substance may exist under various changes of form: this is the essential difference between the two parties. Hegel and his disciples adhered to the Protestant side of this question, and argued that the Reformation must be progressive, and cannot remain bound by the particular opinions of Luther, or any other authority of a temporal kind. Yet changes of forms and doctrines must not be sought at the risk of injury done to the essential character of a religion. But when a common consent on great catholic and indispensable principles is diffused among a people, wide diversities of forms and opinions regarding inferior topics may be safely allowed. With regard to individual life and duty, the object of life should be, not private happiness, but to maintain a true course of activity in harmony with the welfare of the whole to which we belong. As Fichte says—'That practical application of the greatest ideas and the noblest motives to the common duties of life in which true religion consists, must not be regarded as a distinct work for certain particular days, or festivals, nor as a separate calling or profession of certain men, but should pervade the whole of life. The peasant who, simply with regard to his duty to the Divine Being, cultivates only a little garden; or the lowest workman, inspired by a noble motive, while he labours mechanically, rises higher than the man who merely believes in high doctrines which he does not realise, or who performs great actions without a religious motive.' Opposition and difficulty, arising from what is called natural evil, are the necessary excitements of our activity, and moral satisfaction is the reward of every faithful attempt to overcome the opposition which we must encounter in fulfilling our duty. Without evil, real and active goodness could not be called into exercise. Good and evil, therefore, unite to form active virtue. In a world without trials, labour, pain, and disappointment, there

would be no place for the exercise of faith, firmness, patience, and magnanimity. In the same style, all the oppositions or apparent contradictions found in the world of thought, as also in the external world, are treated with regard to the essential unity from which they proceed. Yet they must not be confused together, but must be regarded as at once distinct and united. These few instances may give some notion of the style of Hegel's logic; but it would be vain to attempt to give in a few pages any adequate account of a system which was expounded in voluminous writings, and extends itself over the whole range of the sciences. In conclusion, we may notice Hegel's statement, that his method cannot be opposed to any other mode of philosophy; 'because it includes all other modes.' To explain this assertion by an example—if some moral law or doctrine is to be established, the disciples of one school will appeal to the conscience of the individual. The Idealist admits the propriety of such an appeal; for he regards the individual conscience in its normal state as being a summary or compendium of universal law; but he also says—'The individual mind may be defective, and therefore such an appeal to its testimony is not sufficient to establish the law!' Again, the disciple of another school will distrust the individual conscience, and will rather make an appeal to the conclusions induced from history. Again, the Idealist admits the validity of the appeal, as he regards large bodies of men, &c. 'the events of history as being pervaded by the same reason which is manifested in the individual!' According to his doctrine, one living mind or soul pervades all nature, rules throughout all the events of history, and manifests itself in an infinite series of individual forms, displaying its inexhaustible riches by producing all the oppositions and varieties of qualities found in the universe, and yet ever maintaining its own essential unity.*

* In the above passage, which may perhaps be regarded as an attempt to do what is almost impossible (to give some brief and intelligible results of a voluminous and abstruse philosophy), it must be observed that there is no intention either to maintain or to dispute the truth of the principles stated. To form a correct estimate of the tendencies and ultimate results of this philosophy, it would, in the first place, be necessary to determine the question, whether its 'moderate' or its 'extreme' disciples give the true development of its principles. Of the extreme party (who may be represented by such a writer as LUDWIG FEUERBACH) little could be said with propriety in a work on general literature; but we may here indicate the nature of their doctrines by saying that they are even more revolutionary than the doctrines prevalent in France toward the close of the eighteenth century. With regard to its indirect influences, the modern philosophy is certainly one of the most important parts of German literature, and seems likely to affect the current of opinions throughout the world. As instances of its indirect influence, we may notice the following facts:—There is good reason for supposing that all the most remarkable and innovating ideas found in the philosophical writings of COLERIDGE were derived from his perusal of the works of Kant, Jacobi, and Schelling. These ideas may be found in Schelling's works on the 'Philosophy of Nature,' and the 'Soul of the World,' which were published in 1797 and 1798. Many of the remark-

THEOLOGY.

The theological works which have appeared since 1770 are too numerous and important to be adequately described in a short treatise on general literature; our attention must therefore be confined to a few writers who represent the tendencies of various schools of doctrine. The wide diversities of belief still existing in Germany—a country which has been the principal source of religious controversies for more than two centuries—may be inferred from the following facts:—The Roman Catholic Church prevails chiefly in the southern states. Orthodox Protestants are distinguished by their adherence to the doctrines defined in the Confession of Augsburg (1530). These doctrines have also been essentially maintained by the Pietists, who have formed separate communities. The Mystics ceased to exist as a party at the era of the Reformation; but the influence of their writings survived, and may still be found in the works of modern authors. The Neologists, or Rationalists, have rejected the supernatural portions of Scripture. Other writers, who may be denominated as Idealists, regard the same passages as symbolical expressions of certain abstract doctrines. Lastly, the German Catholics have separated themselves from the Romish Church, and have endeavoured to establish a communion on the basis of a few general articles of faith.

Johann Michael Sailer (1751–1832), bishop of Regensburg, and a member of the society of Jesuits, wrote a 'Manual of Christian Ethics,' 'Discourses on Religion,' and many other practical and devotional works, which contain some liberal views, and were condemned by certain parties in the Romish Church. Franz Volkmar Reinhard (1753–1812) appeared in early life as an acute sceptic; but after a great change had taken place in his opinions, he became the most celebrated preacher of his time. His 'Sermons,' which have been published in thirty-nine volumes (1837), display earnestness and unaffected solemnity of style.

Friedrich Schliermacher (1768–1834) was educated among the United Brethren, but left their society in 1787, and studied theology in connection with the philosophical system which prevailed at that time. He became celebrated as a preacher at Berlin

able and so-called mystical expressions regarding external nature found in Wordsworth's 'Excursion' (1814) and other poems may be found condensed and given more boldly in a short poem which Schelling published in the 'Journal of Speculative Physics' in 1800. The singular writings of Mr Carlyle are full of the tendencies of Fichte's philosophy. All the most remarkable speculations in the eclectic system of Victor Cousin, the French philosopher, are confessedly borrowed from Schelling and Hegel. The doctrines of the American essayist and lecturer, Emerson, are simply a reproduction of the ideas of Fichte in a new dress. Many other instances might be given.

(1796–1802), and wrote a series of religious meditations entitled 'Monologues.' His 'Critique on Systems of Morality' appeared in 1803; and in the following year he began, with the assistance of Friedrich Schlegel, a translation of the works of Plato. About the same time he wrote his 'Discourses on Religion, addressed to Educated Sceptics.' His singular religious views, arising out of his endeavour to reconcile the recognised doctrines of Protestants with certain philosophical speculations, are contained in his work on the 'Christian Faith' (1821), which is written in an abstruse and complicated style. His practical sermons and some other writings display an earnest character and an acute intellect seriously injured by devotion to metaphysical abstractions. It is rather remarkable that Goethe, who looked on all the philosophical speculations of his contemporaries with great distrust, foretold that their endeavours to reduce theology to a metaphysical system would lead to confusion and controversy. This prediction was fulfilled in the works of Schliermacher and other writers.

Wilhelm de Wette, born in 1780, was the friend of Schliermacher, and may be described as one of the most learned and able representatives of the rationalistic school. His principal work, an 'Exegetical Manual of the New Testament' (1836–1840), is a production of great erudition and labour. Besides this, he has published a new 'Translation of the Scriptures,' in three volumes (1831), and many other works.

Ludwig Friedrich Theremin, born in 1783, was celebrated as a public orator in Berlin. His 'Sermons,' collected in thirty-nine volumes (1836), are imaginative and eloquent. He also wrote 'Adalbert's Confessions' (1835), and a work entitled 'Evening Hours' (1833). Johann Wilhelm Neander, born in 1789, who has been mentioned as the author of an extensive history of the Christian Church, has also written several works on distinct features in church history. Among these, 'Julian' (1812), 'St Bernard' (1813), and 'St Chrysostom' (1836), may be mentioned. Karl Ullmann, born in 1796, attained a prominent place among theologians by his writings on the side of the orthodox Protestant Confession during a time of controversy. These works, like many others of the same period, are so intimately connected with polemics, that no interesting description could be given of them without trespassing beyond the bounds of this treatise. The same remark may be applied to several of the works of Friedrich Tholuck, born in 1799, who is celebrated as a learned exegetical writer. His 'Sermons' (1834–1839) and 'Hours of Christian Devotion' (1840), are his most popular works.

Among the most popular commentaries on the Sacred Writings may be mentioned the work of Friedrich Lisco, entitled 'The

New Testament in Luther's Version, with Introductions and Explanations;' and 'The Explanatory Family Bible, or a Commentary on the Sacred Writings of the Old and New Testaments,' by HEINRICH and WILHELM RICHTER. These works contain the views of orthodox Protestant divines. The same description may be applied to 'A Biblical Commentary on the New Testament,' in three volumes (1836–1839), by Dr H. OLSHAUSEN, which has had a considerable share of popularity. E. W. HENGSTENBERG is the author of several exegetical works, especially 'The Authenticity of the Pentateuch' (1836–1839), and 'The Christology of the Old Testament,' in three volumes (1829–1843), which display extensive learning.

No modern work has excited so much controversy in Germany as the criticism on the four Gospels published under the title, 'The Life of Jesus' (1837), by DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. In this work the author maintains that, while the essential ideas contained in the Gospel narrative are true and sacred, the narrative itself may be subjected to critical inquiry, like any portion of secular history. He therefore proceeds to treat it as Niebuhr treated early Roman history. He denies the historical validity of all statements of miraculous events, and regards them as 'mythical' representations of the ideas which constitute (as he supposes) the substance of Christianity. His opponents (who are numerous) maintain that these ideas or truths depend for their proof on the authenticity of all the statements in the Gospel narrative, and regard Strauss as having attacked the foundations of the Christian faith. To this charge he replies in his 'Polemical Essays' (1838), written to defend the character of the former work, by saying that 'a belief in miracles does not constitute the basis of Christian faith;' that moral and spiritual doctrine has been too long made to depend upon uncertain traditions, and that it must now be maintained in its proper independence. He also asserts that his criticism has no tendency to injure the essential part of Christian belief. The explanation of his views regarding this 'substantial Christianity' is given in his work entitled 'The Christian Doctrine of Faith'—('Christliche Glaubenslehre'), 1840–1841. The work by Neander on this controversy, and Professor Tholuck's 'Credibility of the Gospel History' (1837), may be mentioned as specimens of numerous publications directed against the views of Strauss. Throughout the whole of this controversy, and many other questions of a similar nature, we see that the opponents assume widely-different premises. Those who maintain the exclusive authority of the history, regard it as the only possible foundation of doctrine, and distrust, or rather condemn, all attempts to distinguish, on rational grounds, between the substance of truth and its form.

On the other side, Strauss and his associates argue that such a distinction can be clearly drawn, that a multiplication of tenets and doctrines, requiring for their proof long and careful historical investigations, has produced unbelief and discord in opinions, and that a more simple and liberal exposition of Christianity is now required.

LITERARY HISTORY AND CRITICISM.

Modern German literature has been singularly rich in this department. The circumstances of thoughtful and speculative men which have been described as favourable to the study of universal history, have also promoted the investigation of ancient and modern literature. In the literary republic, students have found the liberty which they could not enjoy in actual life. Poets, historians, philosophers, and other writers, have been studied and criticised not merely as authors, but with especial reference to their respective contributions to the progress of ideas and the movements of society. For instance, FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL, in his comprehensive course of lectures on the literary productions of many ages, did not write merely as an artistic critic, but also as the apologist of certain religious and political principles. It must be noticed that a great number of ingenious works of literary history and criticism have been written rather for the use of studious scholars than for the public. Many German writers appear to despair of communicating their thoughts in a style intelligible to the common sense of the people. Hence there still remains a great part of that distinction between a popular and a scholastic style which we have observed in the Middle Ages, when the literati separated their thoughts from all popular intelligence by writing in Latin. It may be said that in some departments of philosophy it is necessary to maintain a scholastic style; but on the other side, it may be remarked that the habit of writing for the general reading public, though it is attended with its peculiar temptations to shallowness and flippancy, is the best corrective of all tendencies to pedantry and over-refinement. In Germany, learned men write in a great measure for one another, and it is a distinguishing mark of clearness of style in certain works when they are said to be written for 'the laity;' that is, the people. The necessity of such a mark may be explained by the fact, that many philosophical works, though written purely in German, are so technical or scholastic in style, that people of a good common education, and well acquainted with their mother-tongue, cannot understand one sentence. In literary history, also, the object of many writers appears to be rather to accumulate

than to diffuse information. Consequently, in this department we find many learned, but few generally useful books. The literature of past ages, which is in itself too diffuse to be comprehended by men of scanty leisure in modern times, is complicated and extended, rather than simplified and compressed into a readable form. If the labours of learned historians and critics had been directed to popularise, without falsifying the results of sound and extensive scholarship, we might have possessed at this time a useful series of manuals; and even readers, without much time for study, need not have remained without a fair general acquaintance with universal literature. But while concise and masterly summaries are required, many scholars love to wander in never-ending disquisitions. The consequence is, that in Germany, as well as in England, the greater number of readers acquire nothing more than a fragmentary and accidental knowledge of books, and often neglect the best, while they read the worst. Hence we find such strange exaggerations and mistakes regarding the characteristics of various writers. Some German readers, for instance, as we have already noticed, called Jean Paul 'a second Shakspeare,' and mistakes of the same kind, though seldom so egregious, sometimes occur in English literature. As all our judgments must be comparative, it is essential to a fair appreciation of the present that the literature of the past should not be forgotten. Without some fair idea of the whole, we cannot justly estimate the value of a part. A mere poetaster might pass as a true poet with readers who had no knowledge of such minds as Homer and Shakspeare. Besides, many books contain features of interest, while they are not suitable for general reading. There is also an interest in the study of literature as a progressive whole, which cannot be found in fragmentary reading. These remarks, we think, indicate the duties of the literary historian, which have been neglected by many able and learned German writers.

The critical writings of HERDER, which have been mentioned in their relation to poetry, do not require any further analysis, as they were more remarkable for the impulses which they gave to the studies of other authors than for their intrinsic merits. GOETHE and SCHILLER may be mentioned among the writers of criticism, the former, especially, on account of the candour and moderation of his opinions, and the elegance of his prose style. These qualities are displayed in his 'Discourse in Commemoration of Wieland' (1813). In all his prose writings, Goethe showed that the German language might be written with grace, precision, and clearness. There is no apparent effort, no affectation in his style. It is genuine, natural, and beautiful. Goethe found great

delight in studying and describing the characteristics of Shakspeare.

The series of letters written by Schiller on 'the fine arts and poetical literature' are pervaded by a lofty and ideal tone of thought, partly derived from the study of Kant's philosophy. 'The true poet, or artist,' says Schiller, 'must remember his relation to the times in which he lives; but he must not be the creature of his times. His endeavour should be not only to please, but to correct and refine the minds of his contemporaries. To do this, he must contemn mere conventional and accidental tastes. He must look upward to the laws of truth and ideal beauty, and not downward to popular applause.' Schiller was confirmed in this mode of thinking by the conversations and letters of his friend WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT (1767–1832), who was an accomplished philologist, and wrote several works on language and literature. His views of poetry were rather philosophical than popular.

The Brothers Schlegel developed that taste for universal literature which Herder had introduced. Augustus, the elder (1767–1846), first acquired fame by some specimens of a 'Translation of Dante,' and extended his reputation by a 'Translation of Shakspeare.' He was afterwards united with his brother in the production of a critical journal, 'The Athenæum' (1798), and in writing a series of 'Characteristics and Critiques' (1801). He issued a translation of 'Calderon's Dramas' in 1803, and 'Garlands of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese Poetry,' in 1804. His Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature were given at Vienna in 1808. He then devoted his studies with enthusiasm to Oriental, and especially ancient Sanscrit literature.

In all these writings AUGUSTUS SCHLEGEL displayed a mind endowed rather with comprehensive intelligence than original creative genius. His poems are elegant, but not remarkable. He shared in the antipathy against 'rationalism' and 'logical philosophy' which was expressed by his younger brother, and may be regarded as one of the founders of the so-called 'Romantic School' of poetry which has been described in the section on prose-fiction. FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL, the younger brother (1772–1829), wrote his work on the 'Poetry of the Greeks and Romans' in 1798. He was even more decided than his brother in opposition to the sceptical character of some philosophical theories in his day. His mind had a strong predilection towards all that was wonderful and mysterious in literature as in religion; and the result of his studies was, that he entered the Roman Catholic church at Cologne in 1803, which produced some excitement in the literary world. After this conversion, Schlegel made even his

works on general literature the vehicles of his religious and polemical opinions. The tone of his political philosophy recommended him to the patronage of Prince Metternich of Austria. His lectures on the 'Philosophy of History' were evidently written with religious and political purposes, to which he often sacrifices the fair and candid statement of facts. Perhaps the only valuable argument in these lectures is that which exposes the danger of 'negative' reformation; or, in other words, the inexpediency of destroying old institutions before new ideas are prepared to develop themselves in consistency with the order of society. The style of these lectures is by no means clear and masterly. Friedrich participated in the Oriental studies of his brother, and wrote a work on the Language and Philosophy of the Hindoos (1808). But his lectures on the 'Literature of all Nations' (1811–1812) have chiefly extended his fame, as they show great capacity, extensive learning, and critical acumen. The great purpose of the author is to describe the development of literature, in its connection with the social and religious institutions of various nations and periods. He thus elevates literature, and especially poetry, far above the views of trivial and commonplace criticism, and regards it in its highest and most important aspect, as the product of human life and genius in various stages of cultivation. The history of the world of books is thus represented as no dry and pedantic study, but as one intimately connected with the best interests of humanity. In the establishment of this 'humanitarian' style of literature the services of Friedrich Schlegel were valuable. He endeavoured to show the wide distinction between superior men of true genius and the crowd of frivolous writers who have in every period degraded the character of literature. His design was noble, though its execution was disfigured by prejudices, as the following summary will prove.

The first and second lectures are devoted to Grecian poetry, history, and philosophy; but the historian, instead of giving a clear view of this rich department of ancient literature, wanders into digressions on religious and other topics. He censures the Grecian mythology as represented in Homer's 'Iliad,' on account of its shallow and sensual character. In the third and fourth lectures, the imitative character of Roman poetry is exposed, and the oratory and history of the Romans are described as the most favourable exhibitions of their intellectual character. The fifth lecture gives an account of the ancient literature of the Hindoos. The seventh describes the poetry of the Germans during the Middle Ages. The ninth relates the progress of Italian literature during the same time. In the tenth lecture Schlegel ventures to express his censures on the character of Luther. He then proceeds to

contrast the styles of literature prevailing in Catholic and Protestant countries after the Reformation, and expresses great admiration of Calderon and Camoens. The religious prejudices of the writer become clearly manifest in his criticisms on modern literature, as we see in the following passage:—'England still retained more of the influence of the ancient church than other Protestant countries, and *therefore* here we find that poetry again appeared similar in its nature to the romantic poetry of the southern Catholic countries. Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton, derived a considerable part of their poetic inspirations from their romantic predecessors, especially the Italians.' In this style Schlegel attempts to prove that true poetry has flourished chiefly under the influence of the Romish Church. He observes two facts, which are quite correct; namely, that the Reformation in Germany was followed by a dreary period in poetic literature, while in England poetic genius was developed in abundance. But he forgets two explanatory facts: first, that in Germany ecclesiastical and social disturbances occupied the minds of all classes; and secondly, that in England society soon enjoyed a restoration of order and prosperity under Elizabeth. In short, this History of Literature affords a remarkable instance of a work written with a purpose. No objection can be raised against it on this ground; but in the prosecution of his purpose, the author employs sometimes unfair or erroneous reasonings. This characteristic requires particular observation; for if there is any one fault which especially detracts from the value of many learned German works, it is the sacrifice of facts to favourite theories. On the other side, when facts appear to support an author's theory, he is tempted to exaggerate them: of this we find an apposite instance in Schlegel's deduction of the French Revolution from the French Philosophy of the *eighteenth* century. He appears to have forgotten the previous history of the court of Louis XIV., where a German duchess, the mother of the regent, clearly predicted that a 'terrible social revolution must be the result' of the evils which she witnessed in the *seventeenth* century. On the whole, it may be said that these lectures display great ability and strong prejudices.

Franz Horn (1781–1837), though far inferior to the Brothers Schlegel in compass of knowledge, may be mentioned as the writer of several works which directed attention to German literary history, and also as a commentator on Shakspeare. Wilhelm Solger (1780–1819) was an acute critical writer in 'Æsthetics,' or the science of the sublime and beautiful in art and literature, for which we have no English name. 'Erwin; on Beauty and Art' (1815), and 'Philosophical Conversations' (1817), are the chief productions of this writer.

While the Brothers Schlegel and many other writers followed the tendencies of Herder in universal literature, a national German school of research and criticism was founded and supported by the Brothers JACOB and WILHELM GRIMM, with many able associates. Jacob, the elder brother, devoted his researches to the German literature of the Middle Ages, and collected the scattered remnants of old popular legends. In conjunction with his brother, he published his 'Children's Fables, or Household Tales' in 1812. These are marked by a style of great simplicity, and often convey pleasing sentiments and good morals, mingled generally with fantastic and supernatural adventures. Another collection of 'German Legends' was produced in 1816. Meanwhile Jacob Grimm studied industriously the old dialects and other antiquities of his country, especially the old system of laws. The results of these researches appeared in a profound and comprehensive 'Grammar of the German Language' (1818–1831), a work on the 'Legal Antiquities of Germany' (1828), and the 'German Mythology' (1835). These works have secured for the author the highest position among national philologists and antiquaries. Wilhelm followed the same course of studies. These brothers, indeed, may be styled intellectual twins, inseparable in their sympathies as in their literary pursuits; and all the characteristics of the elder, Jacob, may be also ascribed to the younger, Wilhelm. Their example gave a strong impulse to the study of German archæology, and many writers now entered the field of inquiry. The results of their studies have been hailed with enthusiasm; and it is only natural that exaggerated admiration has been excited by the recovery of many relics of old literature. These remains are now so abundant as to form a considerable library of literary antiquities.

LUDWIG UHLAND (1787—), who has been mentioned as one of the most national and popular of modern poets, is also well known as a student of old literature. He wrote an interesting book on the character of Walter von der Vogelweide, the minstrel and moralist of the twelfth century, of whom some account is given in the present work. Another writer, allied with Jacob Grimm in the national tone of his productions, was JOSEPH GÖRRES (1776–1848). He also resembled Friedrich Schlegel in his zeal for the Romish Church, but in every other respect was inferior as an author. He possessed neither the calmness nor the clearness of style which the historian requires, but wrote generally in a polemical tone. In his political and religious views he belonged to the Ultramontane party.

WOLFGANG MENZEL (1798), well known as a critical and polemical writer of the national school, has written a 'History of Ger-

man Literature' (1828), 'The Spirit of History' (1836), and 'Europe in the Year 1840.' As the editor of the 'Literatur-Blatt,' he has warmly opposed the extreme revolutionary tendencies of recent philosophical and social theories. It may be added that Menzel is one of the clearest and best writers of German prose. The writings and translations of HAGEN, LACHMANN, GRAFF, GRASSE, and many others, might be mentioned as important contributions to literature and archæology; but works in this department are peculiarly national in their interest, and too numerous to be specified. To mention one work by E. G. GRAFF will be sufficient to show that the philological works of this school are too comprehensive to be fairly described in a short treatise. Graff's 'Thesaurus of the Old High-German Language' (1830–1843) extends to six quarto volumes, containing all the words of this language, with numerous notes on the analogies found in the Gothic, Old High-German, Sanscrit, Greek, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and English languages. It is a valuable work. A 'History of the Poetical National Literature of the Germans' (1835–1841), by GEORGE GOTTFRIED GERVINUS, presents a remarkable instance of patience and industry. The author must have read not merely many volumes, but rather whole libraries of worthless books, in order to arrive at his results. To avoid the appearance of dogmatic assertion, he condescends to give details of works which he has pronounced to be generally contemptible. This minute and laborious style, which displays the sound learning of the author, is by no means attractive to the general reader, who wishes to arrive at results by a short and easy process. Yet Gervinus is no pedantic writer. His attention is not confined to the world of books, but he studies literature chiefly in its relations to the progress of society. His views on this subject are directly opposed to the doctrines of Friedrich Schlegel. The following short passage may indicate his opinions respecting the duties of critics and literary historians:—

CRITICISM.

'I cannot hope that my mode of treatment will please all readers. Many will say perhaps that my judgment is too severe, and my praise too scanty. This disagreement cannot be avoided; but I must request that the reader will not censure my judgment in any one particular point, until he has considered it in relation to the whole to which it belongs, as particular judgments ought to result from extensive comparison. While some may think that I have reduced the works worthy of remembrance in our literature to a scanty number, I am convinced that my mode of treatment is essential for the best interests of literature. In these modern times, which inherit the writings of thousands of years, we ought, I think, to become more

and more fastidious in our choice of books. As our time becomes scanty in proportion to the demands made upon it, it becomes us to take care that the hours of study are devoted to the works most suitable to improve and refine our minds. Why should we tolerate low productions, when there are works of excellence numerous enough to occupy the longest and most studious life? Who can tell into what degeneracy our literature may fall, if we regard quantity rather than quality, and care more about how *many* books we read, than how to secure a knowledge of the *best* books? Literature and the fine arts require the services of honest and severe criticism; for, as persons of accomplished and independent taste and judgment are few, if these neglect to distinguish between good and bad productions, public taste may become gradually, but entirely, depraved. With regard to poetry especially, I would fully maintain the assertion of Horace—that none but the best poetry should be tolerated. By this rule, I would not restrict all poetical writings to the highest order, but would demand that every production claiming public attention should be truly excellent in its kind.'

The 'Lectures on German National Literature,' by A. F. C. Vilmar (1844), are partly distinguished by a tone of enthusiastic admiration, but are written in a pleasing style, and are generally fair in the comparative estimates given of various authors. Some of Vilmar's sketches, however, remind us of a painter whose taste for beauty tempts him now and then to put ideal traits in his portraits of real faces. The following passage describes some of the characteristics of Goethe:—

GOETHE'S MODE OF STUDY.

'As one sign of the healthful character of Goethe's genius has been noticed in his openness to the manifold impressions of real life, so we may observe another, not less important in the instinct which led him to avoid all violent and injurious impressions which could not assist, but would rather disturb and perplex, the process of his mental development. Though he could sympathise in a wide variety of interests, he felt and knew well the truth, that every mind must have its limits, and that he must not bewilder his attention by devoting it to a multiplicity of objects, too numerous or too vast to be comprehended. He held, and often expressed, a strong conviction respecting the proper and necessary bounds of human nature, beyond which he would not be led into any vague speculations or hopeless endeavours. He called these reasonable limits "the fortification-lines of the human mind," as he believed that a strict attention in keeping within them is necessary to guard us against wasting our powers on objects which we can never master. His own practice in observing these "boundary-lines," in declining to enter into speculations or contentions for which he did not find himself prepared, has been represented by some writers who did not understand

it as a species of pride or self-sufficiency, though it arose from entirely opposite principles. Another sign of his healthful character as a literary man may be found in his delight in natural studies. He never lived in a monastic style, confined among books in a study; but found materials for thought and poetry in communion with nature, conversation with his friends, and observations on popular life. He knew how to shun an extremely sedentary life, and over-reflective studies, which tend to produce an unwholesome tone of thought. Thus, when he found that his long residence at the court of Weimar was likely to contract his views and observations, he regarded his journey to Italy as a necessary recreation. His studies of natural science were pursued on the same principle. In these he found a welcome refreshment and genial occupation of mind, when weary with attention to books and human life. And it is well for every literary man, when, after toiling amid the contradictions of human society and opinions, he can retire a while, and find solace, as Goethe said, in "genial and intimate converse with nature." It is good sometimes, after we have been long occupied with the thoughts and words of our fellow-men, to stray among the mountains, and enjoy silent discourse even with rocks and trees.'

As historians and critics of Ancient Classical Literature, German scholars have maintained the highest position in modern times, and their works are too comprehensive to be fairly described here, too numerous also to be even mentioned severally. The characteristics of many learned works in this department will be indicated by a definition of the object for which the study of ancient literature should be pursued. This definition is found in the 'Lectures on the Study of Antiquity' (1807), by FRIEDRICH A. WOLF (1759–1824), one of the greatest philologists of his times. He says—'Our object in the study of antiquity should be to gain a knowledge of men as they existed in ancient times. This knowledge must be founded on our study of literary and other remains of antiquity; and from this study we must induce general observations on the organic development and importance of ancient national culture.' This definition, which is generally received by the learned men of Germany, evidently opens a most spacious field for inquiry and speculation. The idea of classical erudition is extended far beyond its common limitation, and is connected with researches respecting not the languages only, but also the religion, philosophy, social economy, and arts and sciences of ancient nations. GEORGE F. CREUZER (1771—) is one of many scholars who have adopted the definition of Wolf, and is celebrated as the writer of a remarkable book on the 'Symbolism and Mythology of the Ancients, especially the Greeks' (1810). In this work the author maintains that the mythology of the

Greeks was a series of personifications of the powers and operations of nature, as they were understood in ancient times. A short extract will show the character of this writer's theory:—

GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY.

'All the various forms and symbols which we find in the mythology of the Grecian people, may be reduced to one simple principle —the deification of material nature. The "living elements," as the Greeks esteemed them—air, fire, earth, and water, with all their various influences on mankind, all the most remarkable creatures in the animal and vegetable kingdoms—the sun, the moon, planets, and some of the fixed stars; for instance, Sirius—these were the real objects of adoration among the Greeks, and were celebrated in a thousand fables. The public as well as the private religion of this people was founded on physical observations, and decorated by imagination. The times of light and of darkness, the seasons of the year, the periodic phenomena of the sun and the moon, with their effects, seed-time and harvest, these formed a cycle of religious festivals. This religion was physical in its origin, and the objects of worship were multiplied to thousands by poetical fantasy.'

Karl Ottfried Muller (1797–1840) must be mentioned as an accomplished scholar, and the author of an excellent work, a 'History of Grecian Literature to the time of Alexander the Great' (1841). This work was unfortunately left by the author in an incomplete state, but contains much information, conveyed in a popular style. Another work by the same writer, a 'Manual of Grecian Art and Archæology,' deserves similar commendation. Among many works which may be recommended to classical students, we may mention the writings of Friedrich Welcker on the 'Tragedies of Æschylus;' the 'Real Encyclopædia of Classical Antiquities,' edited by Pauly, Walz, and Teuffel (1841–1846); and the 'Life and Works of Sophocles,' by Adolphus Schöll (1842). Other works may be recommended to the general reader. For instance, 'Hellas and Rome,' by K. F. Borberg (1841–1844), is an excellent manual, containing good selections from Greek and Roman writers in prose and verse, with suitable introductions and critical notes. The 'Grecian Antiquities,' by Wilhelm Wachsmuth (1843–1846), and a 'History of Roman Literature,' by J. C. F. Bahr (1845), deserve praise. It may be generally remarked, with regard to these and many similar works, that while the greatest German scholars have extended their researches into the widest fields of classical antiquity, their works are less pedantic, in the strict sense of the term, than the writings of some English scholars, who seem to have studied nothing but words. As justice has required us to admit the inferiority of Ger-

man writers in several departments, it is a pleasure here to acknowledge the vast superiority of such men as WOLF, MULLER, WELCKER, and JACOBS, over all such verbal pedants as are represented by the once-celebrated JOSHUA BARNES of Cambridge. The object of classical erudition, as defined by Wolf, is something infinitely higher than 'turning the contents of a newspaper into Greek hexameters,' in the style of Barnes and others. It would be ungracious not to acknowledge—which we do with much pleasure—that not only Central Europe, but the world generally, has been prodigiously indebted to the erudite and patriotic studies of German scholars. Into the obscurities of Greek and Roman literature the Germans have made the most laborious researches, and their critical editions and recensions of the classics are a marvel of enlightened, and often poorly-rewarded industry. The enthusiasm with which this branch of learning has been pursued by them, bears a remarkable contrast to the generally calculating indifference of scholarship in Great Britain, where it may be said that little time is spent on what does not promise handsome pecuniary or professional rewards. The pursuit of learning for learning's sake is, in the present state of things, found scarcely anywhere out of Germany. The dealing in thoughts and words at second-hand, now so common in England, and much more so in Scotland, and the verbal and routine studies of our schools and universities, are spoken of by Germans under the contemptuous term *Philisterei*, a word not translateable, but implying every species of small confined pedantry and mechanical learning. Perhaps this is too strong a phrase, and yet where are we to find series after series of voluminous editions of the classics, based on original examination and criticism, except from the pens of the scholars of Germany? One of the latest of these great men was DR CARL G. ZUMPT, of the university of Berlin, who died in 1849.*

No German writer has excelled FRIEDRICH JACOBS (1764) in conveying in an elegant and pleasing style the information gathered by extensive classical learning. His writings show an enthusiastic admiration of the literature and fine arts of the Greeks, which he has studied in their relations to the social circumstances and natural characteristics of this people. He has especially described the cheerful influence of the fine arts on public and private life during the flourishing days of Athens, and has shown clearly that in these times literature did not exist in that state of abstraction from the general interests of the people in which we find it during the Middle Ages, and even in modern times. The value which F. Jacobs ascribes to the influence of Grecian philosophy is perhaps

* Zumpt's editions of the Roman classics have been reprinted in a form suitable for schools by the Messrs Chambers of Edinburgh.

too high, but many of his remarks on the union of literature and the fine arts with humanising cultivation are acute and valuable. The following passage is extracted from Jacob's 'Miscellaneous Works,' in five volumes (1823–1834):—

SOCIETY AND THE FINE ARTS IN GREECE.

'Many essays have been written on the influence of climate on Grecian art and taste, yet few have studied carefully how this influence was exercised; how the fine climate of Greece promoted the enjoyments of public life and society among the Athenians, and how their public mode of life proved favourable to the development of the fine arts. The clear sky invited the people to spend a great part of their time in the open air. It was their favourite roof. The pleasant breezes, the murmuring sea, and the bright sun, were the delights of the people. Through a considerable part of the year they enjoyed the luxury of living at once in the bosom of nature and in public society. Even during the flourishing time of Athens, the people who retained old customs regarded the city as a place for the transaction of business, a mere prison in which some portions of time must be spent, while for enjoyment they looked to the open country. But they also determined to make the "prison" as cheerful and beautiful as possible. Consequently no Grecian city was left without open places for public resort, spacious halls, airy colonnades, and shadowy groves. In such places the people assembled for public business, amusement, and conversation. As these localities became thus connected with the daily life and the most important interests of the Athenians, the fine arts were employed to decorate them. The habit of meeting and discussing openly the affairs of government nourished the public spirit of the Greeks. The private dwellings of the people, even of the higher order, were small, and sparingly decorated within. Complaints respecting the private luxuries of the rich in later times are testimonies of the simplicity and economy of private life in earlier days. The wealth which was never lavished on egotistic pleasures, was willingly bestowed on public decorations, religious festivals, splendid dramatic performances, and immortal works of art. To contribute money for such national objects was the glory of every patriotic Grecian; and thus great works were consummated by the united efforts of the people, as a great lake is fed by thousands of little streams. Patriotic artists often laboured gratuitously for the decoration of their city, contented with the enjoyment of their art, the applause of their fellow-citizens, and the hope of immortal renown. To use the words of Pliny, a great artist was here regarded as a part of the common property of the nation.

'This Athenian mode of life had a twofold good influence on the productions of art. In the first place, the popular taste was purified and elevated by constant intercourse with the beauty of surrounding nature; and in the second place, the artist, in working to gratify a

pure and noble public taste, was saved from the degradation of having to please the false and accidental tastes of mere individuals. Consequently, as long as this joyous public life of the Athenians flourished, the fine arts retained their excellence, but began to decay as soon as Grecian liberty suffered. The Macedonian princes respected the cities of Greece, as the former abodes of many virtues, and accordingly left them generally in the enjoyment of their own modes of government. Yet the defeat at Cheronea proved a fatal blow to Greece. The gladness and enthusiasm of public life vanished; the free spirit of the citizens was broken. Few sparks of hope now glimmered among the recollections of better days. The private characters of the people degenerated. The lower passions of human nature had been in a great measure overruled by the enthusiasm attending great national ideas, but as these decayed, the baser dispositions gained ground. As public virtue faded, poetry and the fine arts also lost their former lustre..... Mere riches could not supply that encouragement to noble productions which had been found in a free national spirit. Wealth alone never produced any truly great work. Even as a help, it is only valuable when subordinate to a noble purpose. The Thessalians were rich, but what great work did they produce?.... Yet, even in the declining days of Greece, the works of art, which had been produced by public spirit inspiring genius, were still sacredly preserved by the people as their dearest monuments of former glory. As Cicero tells us, "there was no instance of a Grecian city voluntarily resigning its sculptures and paintings." When Nicomedes of Bithynia requested the people of Gnidos to surrender the statue of Aphroditè, by Praxiteles, and promised to take off the burthen of public debt if they would comply, the citizens answered that "they would rather suffer the greatest inconveniences than resign their choicest treasure." Again, when Demetrius besieged Rhodes, the inhabitants of this place sent a message to their enemy requesting that he would allow them to preserve the picture of Ialysus, by Protogenes; and the besieger replied that "he would rather burn the portrait of his own father than destroy that beautiful work of art."'

Several works on the modern literature of France, Italy, and England, have been published recently in Germany; but these do not require particular notices here. A bibliographer and critic (SCHWAB) observes in a work, published in 1847, 'we have no complete history of English literature either in the English or the German language.' This shows that the writer was unacquainted with the work on that subject published in 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE' in 1835, or with the subsequent and larger work, 'Cyclopædia of English Literature,' prepared by R. CHAMBERS.

Industry and research are displayed in the numerous works produced in Germany on the Criticism of the Fine Arts. The

principles found in the writings of Winkelmann, and Lessing's 'Laokoon,' have been developed by later authors, who have written excellent historical and critical works on the progress of the plastic arts—architecture, sculpture, and painting. The writings of THIERSCH, HIRT, and SEMPER on ancient art, contain valuable notices. A 'History of the Plastic Arts,' by K. SCHNAASE (1843–1844), is distinguished by its comprehensive character and elegant style. This writer studies art, as Wolf and his followers studied philology, in connection with the physical, moral, and intellectual characteristics of various nations and epochs. The 'History of Painting,' by F. KUGLER (1837), is an able work, which extends its notices over the period from the time of Constantine the Great to the present century. A 'History of the Plastic Arts in Christian Nations,' by GOTTFRIED KINKEL (1845), is worthy of a place beside the work of Schnaase, on account of its information and clear language. With regard to Gothic architecture, the writings of KALLENBACH, HOFSTADT, MOLLER, BUNSEN, and especially SULPIZ BOISSERÉE, might be particularly described and commended; but our limits will only allow a general notice. The same remark will apply to the critical works on painting by PASSAVANT, WAAGEN, FERNBACH, HOTHO, and others.

Music is so far an object of sensation rather than intelligence, that all attempts to reduce it to scientific principles can only succeed to a certain extent. Yet, if it is to be ranked with the intellectual arts, it must submit to the philosophical analogies and laws which prevail in poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture. Some importance, therefore, must be ascribed to the endeavours of several writers who have subjected music to philosophical criticism. The 'Elements of a Universal Theory of Music,' by FRIEDRICH KRAUSE (1838), are worthy of notice. A 'History of European Music,' by R. G. KIESEWETTER, gives a clear account of the progress of the art through various styles of composition, from the first ecclesiastical music to that of the present day. A work by JUSTUS THIBAUT 'On the Purity of Music,' which was written in 1825, still deserves notice for its judicious remarks on the distinction between the secular and sacred styles of composition.

A considerable part of the literary criticism of Germany deserves high commendation for its candour, carefulness, and philosophical consistency. A German critic of the highest class generally writes with such a consistent adherence to certain principles of taste and judgment, that, while we may dissent from his conclusions, we cannot call them arbitrary. His first care is to understand fairly the meaning of an author, and to this task he will often devote an amount of attention which would be regarded by

a flippant or mercenary reviewer as wasted labour. The true critic will not condemn any work on the ground of mere individual taste or distaste, and therefore finds it necessary to have a basis for all his judgments in some consistent and comprehensive philosophy. His system of principles may be defective; but at least, as it gives reasons for conclusions, and is open to amendments, it is far better than dogmatism. In these respects the instances of learning and industry devoted to criticism in Germany cannot be estimated too highly as good examples which, if followed, may elevate the tone of general literature. If that order of literature which is the symbol of the best thoughts and the highest interests of men is to be preserved, as distinct from the ephemeral productions which surround it; if one of the highest occupations of mind and soul is to be distinguished from an idle and trivial pastime, the critic who undertakes the important task of making such distinctions, must be prepared for his duties by profound philosophical views.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Narratives of Voyages and Travels supply a considerable part of the light literature of Germany; but comparatively few productions in this department possess remarkable literary merit or permanent interest. Yet some German travellers, such as HUMBOLDT, MARTIUS, MÜHLENFORDT, and TSCHUDI, well qualified for their tasks by scientific attainments, have produced, as the results of their researches, works of considerable value; especially on the natural history and the social condition of various countries in South America.

CARSTEN NIEBUHR, the father of the historian of Rome, displayed in his enterprise as a traveller something of the same spirit which his distinguished son devoted to historical investigations. He published an interesting narrative of his 'Travels in Arabia and the Surrounding Countries' (1774–1778), and later researches in the same districts have confirmed his statements. GEORGE FORSTER (1754–1794) accompanied his father in Cook's voyage round the world. Afterwards he resided at Paris, and became involved in the events of the French Revolution. His travels, entitled 'Views in Holland, England, and France' (1792), still retain their interest, chiefly on account of their notices of works of art.

Qualities rarely united in one individual meet in the character of ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, born in 1769—an enterprising traveller, a man of extensive science, and a poetic writer. In 1799, accompanied by his friend BONPLAND, he left Europe to visit

the Spanish colonies in South America. After five years of adventurous research among the wonders of nature, he returned to Europe in 1804, and prepared for the press the interesting results of his travels. His 'Aspects of Nature' were published in 1808, 'Picturesque Views of the Cordilleras' in 1810, and 'Travels in the Equinoctial Regions of America' in 1815. This veteran student of nature has produced, even in advanced age, a remarkable work, entitled 'Kosmos' (1845—), containing the results of a long life of observation and contemplation. In the first part, it gives general views of the economy of nature; while in the second part we find ingenious speculations regarding the influence of nature on human society in its various stages of culture. Perhaps we may venture to say that sometimes imagination plays too prominent a part in these speculations; but even when we do not fully agree with the author, we find his observations remarkably suggestive. In one passage, speaking of the beneficial influence of natural studies, he suggests that, 'if spacious panoramic buildings, containing a series of landscapes from various regions of the earth, and various points of elevation, were erected in our cities, and, like our museums and galleries of paintings, thrown freely open to the people, it would be a powerful means of making the sublime grandeur of the creation more widely known and felt.' Humboldt's writings combine the investigations of a scientific mind with the style of a poetical imagination. The following passage is extracted from the 'Aspects of Nature:'—

THE DIFFUSION OF LIFE.

'When we explore the surface and the recesses of nature on every side, our wonder must be excited by the universal diffusion of life. The air, even around the frozen poles, resounds with the cries of birds and the murmurings of hosts of insects. And life is found not only in the lower and denser strata of the atmosphere, but also in its higher and more ethereal regions. If we climb to the loftiest ridges of the Peruvian Cordilleras, or to the snowy summit of Mont Blanc, we still find life surrounding us. Even on the summit of Chimborazo, nearly twice the height of our Mont Blanc, we found butterflies and other winged insects living. These had probably been carried to that elevation by an ascending current of air; but there they maintained their existence for a time, as a striking proof how the pliant powers of animal life can endure the rigorous climate which puts a limit to the spread of vegetation. And higher than the conical peak of Teneriffe would be, even if reared upon the frozen summits of the Pyrenees; higher than all the peaks of the Andes chain of mountains, that giant of the vultures, the condor, hovers in the cold, thin air, looking over immense tracts of snow and scanty herbage in quest of prey; while the young vicuma,

and other grazing animals, clothed with delicate wool, invite the appetite of the voracious bird. . . . . When we descend from these aërial altitudes, we find a difficulty in answering the question, whether the unfathomable depth of the ocean, or the surface of the land, contains the greater abundance of life. The waves of the sea are often lighted up, over a space of many square miles, with the sparkling phosphorescence of myriads of marine, gelatinous insects; so that the surface of the sea is changed into the appearance of an ocean of fire. I shall never forget the spectacle presented by this phenomenon during the tropical nights which I enjoyed on the southern ocean; when the constellations of the ship and the cross were radiant in the sky; while dolphins, shooting past, and playing around our vessel, left behind them long flashes of light on the foaming water. And not only in the sea, but also in our inland lakes and standing waters, we find countless insects marked by most singular forms. . . . . .

'But let us turn our attention for the present to the processes of vegetation, which furnish the support of all animal life. Even in the most minute lichens and mosses, we see the beginning of that organic process which draws from the earth and the air that nutriment which, in a more advanced stage of life, will circulate through the nerves and veins of intelligent beings. The covering which Flora draws over the earth, is richly varied in texture and colours: we find its greatest density beneath the unclouded sun glowing in the tropical sky; while it is scanty in the regions where polar frost imprisons or destroys the germs of vegetable life. But everywhere the endeavours of nature to extend life are manifested. If a submarine volcano suddenly throws up an island above the level of the sea; or (to employ a more pleasing phenomenon) when the myriads of coral insects, after the labours of thousands of their generations, have reared their structure above the waves, we find the powers of nature ready to propagate life on this new island of the South Sea, and to draw over its coral surface a covering of living green. Wandering sea-birds, the winds and the billows, are probably the agents employed to carry the germs of life to the barren island. Even in our northern climate, the surfaces of rocks exposed to the air are soon covered with small stains, which, on examination, are found to be delicate lichens, in several varieties; some having the most simple forms, while others show their forked branches. As they advance in age, their colours change from bright yellow to brown, or from a bluish-gray to a dusky hue. These spots and circles extend, and join each other; and now, upon this first covering, another variety of lichens grows up in shining white circles. And so we find successive orders of vegetation arranging themselves in strata, as in human life we find a new colony gradually peopled by various classes of society. Thus the primitive foundations of the loftiest trees that wave their crests over the forest may be found in tiny lichens, or scarcely visible specks of vegetation on stones. Between these two extremes, mosses, grasses, leafy plants, and

shrubs, have filled the unmeasured interval with their successive developments. In the tropics this process is carried on more rapidly by varieties of vegetable life not known in our northern climate; but everywhere the green covering of the earth has had its epochs, like the history of the latter human race..... Beneath the glow of the tropical sun the vegetable world unfolds its most splendid productions. Here, while in our cold north, the bark of trees is decorated only with lichens and mosses, beautiful flowers grow along the trunks of forest-trees; *cymbidium* and the fragrant *vanilla* deck the stems of the *anacardia* and the gigantic fig-tree; the fresh green of the leaves of various trees is contrasted with the many-coloured blossoms of the *orchideæ:* luxuriant climbing-plants, such as passion-flowers and yellow *banisteriæ*, are twined about the stems; and delicate flowers spring out of the roots of the *theobromæ*, and from the rind of the *crescentiæ* and the *gustaviæ*. And so dense is the intermingling of trees, shrubs, and climbing-plants in a tropical forest, that it is often difficult to discover to what stems the various flowers belong. Here plants and trees are fed with a more exuberant sap, and put forth more luxuriant foliage of brighter hues, than we see in the north. The uniform grasses which monopolise so much space in colder climates, are here lost amid richer varieties of vegetation. Trees rising to almost twice the height of our oaks are profusely garlanded with flowers. On the woody banks of the river Magdalene (in South America) the *aristolochia* luxuriates, producing flowers, each four feet in circumference, which the Indian boys, in sport, sometimes draw over their heads; and, in the Indian Archipelago, the flower of the *rafflesia* grows to be nearly three feet in diameter, and weighs fourteen pounds. Yet in the tropics some tracts of land are so elevated, as to suit the productions of our northern climate; so that while palms and Pisang-shrubs are flourishing in the valleys, cypresses, pines, oaks, and alder-trees wave their branches on the sides of the hills.'

PHILIPP MARTIUS (born in 1794) is a writer on the scenery of South America, who may be classed with Humboldt, on account of the scientific contents of his works, and the poetical style of his descriptions. He was associated with a friend, JOHANN VON SPIX, in the researches of which he gives the results in his 'Travels in Brazil' (1823–1828). A passage from this interesting work will be a pleasant sequel to the above quotation from Humboldt:—

LIFE IN A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

'The student of nature who enters one of the primeval forests of Brazil, is surprised by the countless varieties of forms, colours, and sounds of animal life which here surround him. Every hour of the day seems to call into activity some distinct class of creatures, excepting at noon, when all animals seek repose and shelter from

the heat, while a majestic silence rests on the tropical landscape, bathed in brilliant sunshine. As soon as morning dawns, the noises of companies of howling apes, the bass tones of the green frog, and the chirpings of innumerable grasshoppers, hail the approaching day. When the sun has dispersed the mists of night, all animal life in the forest is awakened and excited. The wasps leave their pendent nests on the boughs, swarms of ants issue from their mud houses, and begin their daily travels in their accustomed roads, and the formidable *termites* come out of their hillocks. Butterflies decked with all the hues of the rainbow, but especially countless *hesperides*, flutter from flower to flower, or along the sandy banks of some rivulet. The blue, glistening *menelaus*, *nestor*, *adonis*, *laertes*, the blue-white *idea*, and the large and curiously-painted *eurilochus*, among other butterflies, hover like birds in the moist valleys and among the green bushes. The *feronia*, with rustling wings, flies from tree to tree; while the largest of the moths, or night-butterflies—the hawk-moth—rests with outspread wings on the rind of a tree, waiting for his time of play in the evening. Myriads of beetles and cock-chafers, shining like gems among the green leaves and flowers, are buzzing in the air. Lizards of remarkable size, and of singular forms and colours; dusky and poisonous snakes, or bright-coloured and harmless reptiles, with painted skins surpassing all the surrounding flowers in brightness, come forth from their holes in the ground, or from hollow trees, to bask in the sun, and to prey upon birds and insects. As the morning advances in warmth and splendour, life awakens up throughout the forest. Squirrels leap from bough to bough; sociable apes swing from the branches, uttering their chattering and screaming noises, and then unite together in companies to go and commit their sly depredations in the neighbouring plantations; birds of the pheasant tribe, such as *jacûs*, and *hoccos*, and many doves, seek their food on the ground; while others, marked with brilliant hues, glance by hither and thither among the green foliage; blue, green, and rose-coloured parrots climb up the trees, and fill the air with their screams; while the *toucan* assists in the chorus by striking his large hollow bill on the branches, and uttering now and then his loud and melancholy note; the busy *piroles* leave their long pendent nests (which hang like large purses on the boughs) to visit the orange-trees; but some stay at home to watch over their young, and utter shrill angry cries when a human foot treads near their nests; the fly-catchers snap at the butterflies; the thrush is hidden in some thicket, but makes known his joy by pouring out a clear stream of melody; pipers are chattering now here, now there, so as to lead the most cunning sportsman astray; the "tap-tap-tap" of the woodpecker is heard distinctly among all the other sounds; but the loudest of all the musicians in this forest orchestra is the *uraponga*, who perches on the top of some high tree, and there produces his loud metallic notes, which sound almost like the strokes of a hammer on an anvil! Meanwhile the beautiful humming-birds are darting about

in the bright sunshine, among the gay flowers and green bushes, and glisten like flying diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires! Such is life in the forest until the sun goes down, when many creatures retire to rest. But still the slender roes, the timid *pecari*, the *argouti*, and the long-snouted *tapir*, continue feeding in quiet glades. And now several varieties of the feline race of quadrupeds come out to seek for prey amid the twilight. Again we hear the chatterings and screams of companies of apes returning from their predatory exploits in the plantations. The sloth, in the depth of the forest, cries as if for help out of some great difficulty; the tree-frog begins his evening croakings; and the hootings of many owls tell the approach of night. But still there is radiance in the forest; for now swarms of fireflies perform their brilliant evolutions; while large vampire-bats, like strange spectres, flutter through the dusk of the tropical night.'

Several other works by travellers in South America are worthy of notice, as containing interesting reading and valuable contributions to science. The 'Travels in Paraguay in the Years 1818–1826,' by J. R. RENGGER, were published in 1835, and give details on the zoology and botany, and also on the features of human society in that part of the new world. Other works on Paraguay contain instructive accounts of the temporary success and the ultimate failure of the missions established among the Indians by the Jesuits. The 'Travels in Chili and Peru,' and a 'Voyage on the River Amazon in the Years 1827–1832,' by EDUARD PÖPPIG, were published in 1835–1836, and are chiefly devoted to studies of natural science; but contain also many observations on the population of the countries described. The 'Travels in Peru,' by J. J. TSCHUDI, describe the adventures of some years of researches in the region of the silver mines, where material wealth and human misery are found together; on the sides of the Andes mountains; in the beautiful valleys, or the *Sierra* of Peru; and lastly, in its primeval forests. The various descendants of Spaniards and Indians are well described; and the work may be commended as a conscientious and interesting production. Similar praise may be bestowed on 'A Description of the Republic of Mexico' (1844), by EDUARD MÜHLENPFORDT, though the arrangement of this work in the style of a treatise destroys the narrative interest generally expected in a traveller's diary. It gives the results of seven years of careful observations on the geography, the natural resources, and other statistics of a very interesting but badly-governed country. The descriptions of the past history and the present low condition of various Indian tribes must leave a melancholy impression on the mind of the reader. The 'Travels in Mexico,' by J. BURKART, may be mentioned here.

'Travels in Kordofan,' by IGNATIUS PALLME, contain valuable contributions to our knowledge of interior Africa, and suggest a northern route of exploration of that continent, from Egypt through Kordofan and Darfûr; but the climate of these latter countries is enough to postpone such an enterprise for a long time. Another African traveller, HEINRICH LICHTENSTEIN, in his 'Travels in Southern Africa in the Years 1803–1806,' published in 1811–1812, gives valuable notices of the various tribes by which that part of the world is peopled. The 'Travels in Abyssinia,' by EDUARD RÜPPELL (1838–1840), 'Travels in Algiers,' by MORITZ WAGNER (1841), and the work of the CHEVALIER BUNSEN on 'The Position of Egypt in the History of the World' (1845), may be commended. The last work is not a book of travels, but a learned dissertation on the antiquities, and especially the primitive language, of Egypt. The learned chevalier is very hopeful respecting the discoveries which may still be made regarding this ancient language, as he believes that five hundred of its root-words have already been found. It may be added, that he rejects the theory, that the Coptic language was that employed in monumental inscriptions.

It might be supposed that England would have supplied a sufficient number of writers on the natural history, the ethnology, the languages, and the mythology of British India; but in Germany these subjects have excited more attention and study than among the people who possess and rule the country. It is a curious fact, that a sequestered student in Berlin or Bonn should possess more knowledge of the antiquities, the language, the laws and traditions of the *caste* of Brahmins, than the people who live near them, and see them daily; but that such is the case, a reference to such a work as the 'Indian Antiquities,' by C. LASSEN (1845), may prove. Other German writers have given the results of their travels in Hindoostan. The work of KARL VON HUGEL on 'Cashmere and the Country of the Sikhs' (1840–1843), is interesting, and full of good sentiments. Another work, 'Travels in the East Indies,' by LEOPOLD VON ORLICH (1845), merits similar but higher commendation.

Some German travellers have favoured us with their observations and opinions on England and the English people. The works of PRINCE PÜCKLER MUSKAU, J. G. KOHL, and DR CARUS, may be mentioned here, but do not require particular description, as they have been translated, and frequently reviewed. While their observations of facts are interesting, their speculations on English characteristics are sometimes amusing, on account of their incorrectness. A German is often disposed to theorise extensively before he has well examined his *data* or facts.

A great number of flippant tourists who have published trivial notes of adventures, sometimes real, and often fictitious, may be left unnoticed here. Such frivolous writers are as common in Germany as in England. It is a fact requiring especial remark in these times, that it by no means follows that because a gentleman has travelled through a country, he is qualified to write a book about it. Though the country may be as rich in curiosities as China and Japan, unless he carries to it scientific attainments and habits of true observation and reflection, he can bring back nothing worth reading.

This section may be closed by a reference to the great geographical work, 'A Universal Description of Countries and Nations,' by Dr Berghaus (1836–1846). German literature is also enriched with several extensive 'Libraries of Voyages and Travels,' including works translated from many languages.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

In every attempt to classify literature, we find many works which must be collectively styled miscellaneous. Thus, although Herder has been described as a poetical writer and a critic, several of his essays seem to belong to the present section. He must therefore be again noticed here, especially in connection with some other writers who are united with him by a common interest in the progress of general education. The following passage gives some of Herder's ideas on this subject:—

LEARNING FOR LIFE.

'What is the true meaning of this phrase, learning for life? It implies the direction of our attention to such studies as may be usefully applied to practical life. But this must not be understood in any narrow sense. Life is manifold in its requisitions, and none can tell exactly what aids his future circumstances will require. It must also be remembered that all knowledge is not immediately applicable, and that one portion of education must be founded upon another. He who would inquire of every particular study proposed to him, "of what use will this be to me in life?" would have a mistaken view of our meaning. The merchant, when he collects money for future outlay, does not ask of every dollar, "to what particular use shall I apply this coin?" The admonition—"learn for life"—must bear a wider sense than this. To develop our faculties in fair proportion one to another; to exercise, as well as circumstances will allow, the powers of body and mind with which we are endowed, so that the requirements of society may find us, as far as possible, prepared and educated for our duties, this is the mode of learning for life. . . . This true style of education may be easily illustrated by con-

trast with a partial and erroneous style. One student treats himself as if he was under a delusion, and imagined himself to be a pure, incorporeal intelligence; he bends over his desk, and reads old authors until he becomes an invalid, and perhaps a hypochondriac; another cultivates his memory and his imagination, but neglects the powers of understanding and judgment; a third becomes a great thinker, but during the process, appears to have forgotten that he once had a heart; another despises this cold mode of study, and prefers enthusiasm and fine sentiment, but has not one clear idea in his head: these varieties of error are all opposed to "learning for life;" for life requires the energy of the undivided man with heart and head, thought, will, and action, and these all exercised in no mere pastime, but in earnest occupation. Where is the man who does not feel his deficiency when tried by this standard of education? When we look back on our studies, how many necessary preparations for life have we neglected! Youth, be warned and instructed by our errors! The times in which you will probably live will require something more than merely nominal learning. *Men* will be wanted; men of true insight and sound understanding; scholars acquainted not only with books, but also with nature, the world, and the circumstances and necessities of society. The days when Virgilian pastorals or Anacreontic odes were accepted as proofs of consummate education have passed away.' . . . .

It is remarkable that in Germany, which is generally regarded as the home of abstruse studies, several modern writers have zealously contended in favour of a practical education with regard to the circumstances of actual life. Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi (1745–1827) applied to the education of the poor the principles found in our quotation from Herder. The writings of Rousseau first directed the attention of Pestalozzi to the necessity of an improved method of education; but it must be regretted that he founded his plans on some extreme doctrines respecting human nature, which excited opposition. He did not, however, rest long in theories, but proceeded to make an experiment in education, by taking the children of vagrants into his house in 1775. The results of the physical and mental discipline exercised on these unpromising pupils were so far encouraging, that Pestalozzi extended his educational institution in 1781; but the failure of his funds compelled him to abandon it in 1797. He afterwards found patronage, and united in an educational enterprise with Fellenberg, a man of congenial principles. The important maxim of this writer was, that a true education must include a training of the physical as well as the mental and moral powers, with a constant reference to the real circumstances of life. He says, with especial regard to the training of the children of the poor—'These children have no earthly possessions. Their own faculties of body and mind are

their sole property, and the only support of their future existence and welfare. These powers, therefore, should be well developed. Our pupils must be trained in early life to find delight in the exercise of those faculties on which their own welfare and that of society depends. Word-knowledge has no value for them, unless it is united with their duties and interests. The cultivation of the mind, therefore, must not withdraw attention from bodily labour. The heart must be trained to acquiesce in the necessities of real life, and to inspire the labour of the hands with noble motives. Discipline, study, and manual industry, must be united. And when the appointed tasks of the day have been duly fulfilled, then let harmonious songs and pleasant pastimes occupy leisure, and show that gladness may accompany labour.'

Soon after the decease of Pestalozzi, who had directed his attention chiefly to the education of the poor, FRIEDRICH JAHN (1778) became noted for his zealous endeavours to promote healthful physical education in all classes of society. His writings deserve notice for their practical value, though they have no great literary merit. He wrote a work on 'Gymnastic Training' (1816), opened grounds for physical games and exercises, and gained great popularity as the restorer of an essential and long-neglected part of education. He was suspected of having political designs in gathering together companies of young men, and was excluded from public activity for some time. This suspicion was, however, removed, and he continued to recommend his principles in an earnest and patriotic style. He says truly:—'However the fact may be neglected, man must have a healthy and powerful physical system, as well as an educated mind, in order to fulfil the duties of life in this real world. If his body is not trained to habits of activity and endurance, it will become a burthen rather than a helpmate to the mind. Gymnastics, therefore, must be an essential part of human education, and it is time to bring them again into general notice.' He then proceeds to argue that such exercises are not only important with regard to the physical welfare of individuals, but must also have a good influence in promoting health of mind, and may thus conduce even to the general welfare of a country. The arguments of Jahn deserve general attention, and we may extend this remark to another writer on the same subject, FRIEDRICH KLUMPP (1790). When THIERSCH, the classical scholar, produced his work on 'Education According to the Principles of True Humanity,' Klumpp replied to it in a book bearing a similar title, contending for physical training on Christian principles, which he opposed to the system that he styled 'the hyper-classical mode of education.' But he afterwards moderated some of the opinions contained in this book, and advocated a union of classical and

'humanistic' studies and exercises in all schools and universities. The writings and lectures of Jahn and Klumpp had considerable influence in extending wholesome views of the objects of education, and have contributed to reduce classical and verbal studies from their supremacy to a just and reasonable position in relation to human life. KARL VON RAUMER (1783), a writer in several departments of literature, produced a 'History of the Science of Education' (1843–1846). In the following passage, he characterises the tendencies of exclusive modes of education:—

SCHOLARS AND MECHANICS.

'After receiving a common rudimental education, our children are divided into two classes, destined to follow extremely opposite avocations. One class is devoted to mechanism, the other to scholarship. Pupils of the first class leave the elementary school, and immediately go into the workshop; while youths of the second class go to complete their studies in our universities. After this division, they meet no more, but proceed in opposite directions, one being devoted to practice, the other to learning. . . . . The youth who is to enjoy a learned education, neglects the training of his limbs and senses. He sits and reads books, or listens to lectures. He must derive his knowledge of the world from words, and therefore a great portion of his time is spent in the acquisition of languages. Geography and history give him a theoretical acquaintance with many nations. In pure mathematics he learns the laws of the material world, but is not required to practise the application of these laws. . . . . He lives chiefly in thought, and his study or library is the only world with which he is truly acquainted. Of the ideas and the progress of society around him he knows little, and, if required to take some part in its affairs, his theoretical training would exhibit its defects. He knows perhaps more of Athens and Rome than of his own native town, and understands the Attic, the Ionic, and the Doric dialects better than the distinctions between High and Low German. He could describe the retreat of Xenophon better than the way to some villages in his own neighbourhood. He has studied pure mathematics, and can give a fair account of the laws of mechanics, but cannot give directions for setting up a common hand-mill, to say nothing about making one.

'This is a description of our model man of learning. On the other side we may exhibit our model mechanic. He is entirely confined to present realities. He lives not in thought and intelligence, but rather as an animated machine for certain uses. Condemned to some monotonous toil for daily bread, he has no intellect to explore life beyond his immediate neighbourhood. His workshop, his cottage, and the town or village in which he lives, constitute his world. He has not learned to relieve the toil and care of common life by expanding his mind in the contemplation of higher subjects. He does not even inquire how the art which he practises originated, but

uses it as mechanically as if he was a part of a machine, and cannot even explain what he does in intelligible language. These are fair sketches of our exclusive men of scholarship and ignorant mechanics, but happily such extreme characters are now diminishing in number. Practical life now enforces its claims on the attention of men of learning. Men who leave our universities, and enter into actual life as doctors, or preachers, or local authorities, find a necessity of opening their eyes to present realities, and adapting themselves to the circumstances of the people. Our literary men have long neglected to cultivate the powers which practical society urgently demands; but lately there have been signs of an approaching union between learning and life. Even our mechanics have made some advances in intellectual culture, and we may now hope that the two extremes of education which we have described may be brought into a reasonable intercourse with each other.'

Among the letters of NIEBUHR, the historian, we find one on 'Education,' which contains such sound and valuable advice to a young student, that a portion of it well deserves a place here. It is one of the most sincere and benevolent reproofs of shallowness and presumption that can be found in literature. It may be premised that the 'student' had mentioned to Niebuhr two juvenile essays, one on 'Roman colonisation,' and the other on a philosophical topic. The historian refers to these essays in the following letter:—

TO A STUDENT OF PHILOLOGY.

'It is well that you have not forwarded to me the two essays mentioned in your letter, as it is impossible for one of your age to write anything of value on such subjects. There are many particular topics [in history] which cannot be understood without a comprehensive knowledge of the whole to which they belong. It is true that you must advance towards a knowledge of the whole by many careful studies of its distinct parts; but when you have thus studied all the particular periods of a history, you must not imagine that you know fully even one of them, until you comprehend all the mutual relations which unite them together in a system. If you keep this truth in view, you will not regard your particular studies as complete in themselves, but as conducing to a good final result. I began my own studies in ancient history by reading Polybius, and thus gained a considerable acquaintance with the era of Cleomenes before I understood much of the life and times of Pericles; but I did not fall into the error of supposing that I had gained from Polybius a fair knowledge of Grecian history, or even a full acquaintance with one portion of it. I knew that my knowledge was a mere fragment broken from a great whole, and felt convinced that I must not pretend to understand and criticise even this fragment until I had studied the whole. So I continued my reading, labouring on, and

learning more and more, as I still do every day (when I can find leisure), in order to gain a clear and vivid insight into ancient life and history. You tell me that you have commenced writing an "Essay on the Roman Colonies, and their Influence on the State." But you cannot have even half a right notion of such a subject as "Roman colonies;" and to write anything well about "their influence on the state," you must possess not only a deep insight into Roman institutions and history, but also a comprehensive knowledge of politics and political history. Such attainments are impossible at your season of life. I do not undervalue your talents, for I assure you that we of ripe years who now venture to style ourselves philologers—nay, even Grotius, or Scaliger, or Salmasius (though they were precocious in scholarship), could not have written well on such a subject as "Roman colonisation" at your age. With regard to your second [philosophical] essay, its subject is still more unsuitable for the pen of a neophyte. Your knowledge of history must contain the fact, that in ancient times the study of philosophy for youths, even beyond your years, consisted in silent and modest listening to the doctrines of their master. At your age I do not expect that you will understand fully even single facts. To measure degrees of probability, and to reason correctly on the analogies of facts, these are duties far beyond your present capabilities. To *learn*, my dear Marcus—to learn conscientiously, going on daily, patiently, increasing our knowledge, and carefully testing it also, this is the true vocation of our intellectual life, especially during youth, when we can devote ourselves to study without the interruptions of care and business. The youth who writes an essay steps out of his place as a learner, and assumes to teach. But the office of a teacher requires mature wisdom, which I neither expect nor wish to find in youth. Mature and sound philosophy is the precious recompense which God gives to industrious, striving students, but not before the days of youth have passed away. I do not wish to see such a prodigy as a mature philosopher and a youth in one person. . . . .

'Above all, let us maintain a strict conscientiousness in all our literary labours. Let us avoid false show and insincerity of every kind and in every degree. We must not write in a tone of certainty even one line of which we have any doubt. If we give a supposition, let it appear in its own true character, and let not a word be added to make it appear more than it really is. To be sincere, we must be ready not only to *admit*, but even to *point out*, defects in our own works, when it is not likely that others will discover them. If a writer cannot solemnly aver, when he lays his pen aside—"I have not written, knowingly, one untrue line: I have not represented the views of my opponent in any false style, which I shall regret in my dying hour"—if he cannot say this, all his studies and attainments in literature have served to corrupt, rather than to ennoble his moral nature. I would not recommend this strict test of honesty to others, if conscience could accuse me of having neglected to apply it to my own conduct. Conscientious self-suspicion, united with my views

regarding the attainments which one ought to possess before he ventures to appear as a writer, restrained me from authorship for many years. My regard for sincerity has also prevented my following the plan of some historical authors, who, in borrowing quotations which they have verified by reference to the originals, neglect to mention the works in which they found such passages. Though it is inelegant to cite two works instead of one, I always give the whole truth in such cases, as I do not wish to appropriate the learning of other authors. I strongly recommend my own practice in this respect to all young students, as a regular and wholesome exercise of honesty. . . . .

'I must now give a few hints respecting your reading. I do not wish you to show a partiality for such writings as the satires of Horace. These satires, which expose the mean and wretched side of human nature during a time of corruption, are not suitable reading for youth; and in ancient times such books would not have been placed in the hands of young men. Turn away from them to Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Pindar; to works which will make you an inmate of a superior world, and acquainted with great men and heroic deeds. Among prose-writers, devote yourself to Thucydides, Demosthenes, Plutarch, Cicero, Livy, Cæsar, Sallust, and Tacitus. Do not read their works to criticise them, but to fill your mind with their thoughts. Listen to them as you ought to listen to the voices of the great men of antiquity. This is the true philology which ennobles and refines the soul; and all our erudition should be regarded as a mere instrument devoted to a high purpose. We must study grammar (in its ancient, comprehensive meaning) and all other branches of classical learning; but even if we become so erudite as to make brilliant emendations in old texts, or explanations of the darkest passages, it is all nothing if our learning does not lead us to a genial acquaintance with the moral life and the intellectual power of the ancient world.'

A book written by a lady who devoted her studies to the science of education, Caroline Louise Rudolphi (1750–1811), may be mentioned here. It is entitled 'Pictures of Female Education,' and is written in an unassuming and pleasing style. Another work, the 'Doctrine of Education,' by Heinrich Schwarz (1835), is marked by religious purposes and liberal views.

Several writers of miscellaneous and moral essays may now be briefly noticed. Adolphus Knigge (1752–1796) is still remembered as the author of a curious book on 'Social Intercourse,' in which he gives prudent rules of conduct in the various relations of society, teaching his readers how to find friends, and avoid enemies. It may be remarked that this author was very unfortunate in the practice of his own maxims, as he was often involved in disputes and unpleasant circumstances.

Heinrich Zschokke, who has been described as the writer of

many didactic tales, wrote also, and published anonymously, a meditative work entitled 'Hours of Devotion,' which was exceedingly popular in Germany. The following may serve as a specimen of numerous miscellaneous essays by this writer:—

THE PERPETUAL PARTIES.

'The history of our own times is only a short passage in a great drama performed on the stage of the world, where humanity divides itself into two parties. The contentions of these two parties form the plot.... There are two great tendencies in humanity: one toward the earth, or, in other words, toward selfish and temporal possessions and enjoyments; the other toward spiritual and eternal truth, freedom, and justice. From these two tendencies two parties have arisen, and have maintained from age to age the same conflict under a variety of names, banners, and battle-cries. As far as we can carry back our researches in history, we shall find that the greatest events in all times have resulted from one perpetual conflict between the temporal and eternal, partial and general, earthly and spiritual interests. While one side has striven to defend and maintain such possessions as distinguishing vestments, stars of honour, mitres, bags of gold, and tables of ancestry, the other has contended for such seemingly abstruse matters as religion, truth, and universal equity. The temporal party would confine law within a few conventional rules, dictated in a great measure by selfish interests: the eternal party would see laws based upon such principles of justice as may be made plain to every conscience. In opposition to this party many dungeons have been built to imprison ideas; but in vain; for, even when its supporters have fallen, the idea has escaped unhurt by all the persecutions to which it has been exposed. Truth is a flame which will consume everything that is thrown upon it to quench it. The two parties are still engaged in open or secret contention at this present hour. In every age, some men of noble minds have devoted themselves to general and eternal interests, in opposition to the plans of the selfish and shortsighted mortals who have stigmatised the lovers of truth with such names as "visionaries," "heretics," and "dreamers." In ancient and barbarous times, the number of these so-called "visionaries" was small, but they increased under the influence of Grecian and Roman culture, and far more after the promulgation of Christianity. At present, their number is considerable, though they must still be accounted as a small minority when contrasted with the masses of earthly-minded men. They are scattered throughout all countries, yet they form a society bound together by invisible ties. When they meet, they can recognise each other as brother-spirits, without the use of any secret symbols. Their distinctions of native country, civil rank, and religious profession, do not divide the members of this society; for while each knows how to value his country, his station, and his creed, he also knows how to subordinate all other things to the interests of uni-

versal humanity. Though the men of this society have been trained in various schools, they are all studying the same questions, all pursuing the same objects. And what are these objects? The same in Germany, England, Spain, Italy, France, and America—the dominion of sound reason and eternal justice, instead of the cunning policy of convenience; fair contracts between people and governors, as also between various nations, instead of military or ecclesiastical despotism; a maternal state with no pets and no step-children—in short, no more selfish policy, but religious truth and justice in all public measures.'

KARL WANGENHEIM (1773) is the author of several educational and political essays of good purport. IGNATIUS WESSENBERG (1774), a vicar of the Romish Church, has written a calm and argumentative essay on the 'Moral Influence of the Stage,' in which some serious objections are raised against theatrical performances. The 'Views of Human Life,' and other essays and tales, by FRIEDRICH BUHRLEIN (1777), are good in style and tendency. KARL BARON VON RUMOHR (1785), author of a 'School of Courtesy' (1834), and KARL GRUNEISON (1802), may be numbered among the writers of pleasant essays.

Two or three writers of the Mystic or Visionary School may be noticed here, as some of their works have found many readers in Germany, and have been translated and circulated in England. JUSTINUS KERNER (1786) may serve as one example of several authors who have written on such topics as 'mesmerism' and 'somnambulism.' One of his books bears the title, 'Incursions of the Ghostly World on our World' (1835). Kerner also published a periodical styled 'Magikon' (1840), to explain his visionary doctrines. JOHANN KARL PASSAVANT (1790) may be classed among the advocates of Animal Magnetism, on which he wrote a book in 1821. He is also the author of an essay on the 'Freedom of the Will' (1835).

Germany has so long been noted for the production of mystical books, that a few remarks may be necessary here to explain the characteristics of such writings. The term 'mystic' is strictly applicable to the theological doctrines of such writers as TAULER in the fourteenth, and BÖHME in the sixteenth century; but many other works, including several on philosophy, and even on natural science, may be fairly described as mystical. Mysticism begins where inductive science ends; or, in other words, when a writer, not satisfied with the imperfections of reasoning from facts, endeavours to form theories on the ground of so-called 'intuitions' or sentiments. One example of this style will explain its nature better than any definition. HEINRICH STEFFENS, who has been mentioned as a writer of fiction, has also written on natural philo-

sophy. Though he is not generally esteemed as a mystical writer, a passage in one of his works will aptly illustrate the preceding remarks respecting unnumbered books marked by the mystic as opposed to the inductive style of reasoning. The object of the writer in the passage to which we refer is, to show that 'commotions or revolutions in human society have been frequently or generally attended with extraordinary phenomena in nature.' It may be observed by the reader that Steffens does not appeal to facts and chronology to support his theory, but to human belief and sentiments. He says, 'Every one must acknowledge the fact that man, as an individual, is intimately connected with the system of nature; that his existence, indeed, depends, as a part, on the whole to which it belongs. But we assert more than this. We maintain that history, as a whole, or as a total organisation of all human events and relations, and nature, or the external world, have always existed in mysterious and intimate union. And as man was ordained to be the regulative principle in nature, so when his influence has not been duly exercised, the restless and violent elements of nature have displayed their ascendancy. This assertion is founded on the general convictions of mankind, which remain even in the present age. . . . . That a general sentiment in accordance with our assertion has pervaded all nations, and that in every age of the world, during times of commotion in human society, the people have expected with dread some extraordinary or destructive movements in nature, is too well known to be denied.'* Steffens proceeds to argue on this hypothesis in a mode which would represent the superstition of *Norna* (in Scott's 'Pirate') as only a particular mistake of a general truth. It is remarkable that in Germany, where so many sceptical books have been written, the above style of reasoning has been very common. Many writers who are not styled 'visionaries' have shown a tendency in favour of mysterious guesses and theories. For instance, ZSCHOKKE, who has been generally described as a sober and utilitarian writer, tells us in his 'Autobiography' that he once was endowed with 'the power of seeing past and distant events.' In another passage in the same book he expresses a firm belief in the theory of the 'divining rod,'† as propounded by Dr Dousterswivel in the 'Antiquary.'

Among the writers of 'Political Essays,' few claim notice on account of literary merit. GUSTAVUS, Count of Schlabrendorf, who wrote an essay on 'Napoleon and the French People' (1804), was a man of remarkable character. He was born in 1750, lived

* Anthropology (1821), by Heinrich Steffens.

† A forked twig of hazel, which, when held in the hands of certain persons, has been supposed to indicate subterranean springs of water.

in Paris during the revolutionary era, and was connected with some of its events, but not with its crimes. Though all his sympathies were popular, he was arrested as an 'aristocrat' during the Reign of Terror, and passed eighteen months in a prison, daily expecting to be led out to the guillotine. He escaped from confinement with an unshaken mind, but with his hair turned gray; and though he found so many of his brightest hopes for society disappointed by the outbreak of evil passions, he persevered in his benevolent efforts to promote public education and other social improvements until his death, which took place at Paris in 1824.

The French invasion of Germany, which followed the Revolution, produced a national excitement which had a considerable influence on German literature. At this time, JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE, who has been described as a moral philosopher, produced his patriotic 'Addresses to the German Nation' (1809). The following passage is extracted from the peroration of these addresses:—

CONCLUSION OF AN ADDRESS TO THE GERMAN NATION.

'Germans! the voices of your ancestors are sounding from the oldest times—the men who destroyed Rome's despotism, the heroes who gave their lives to preserve inviolate these mountains, plains, and rivers which *you* allow a foreign despot to claim—these men, your forefathers, call to you, "If you reverence your origin, preserve sacred your rights by maintaining our patriotic devotion." .... And with this admonition from antiquity there are mingled the voices of patriots of a later age. The men who contended for religious freedom exhort you to carry out their conflict to its ultimate results.... And posterity, still unborn, has claims upon you. Your descendants must be involved in disgrace if you fail in your duty. Will you make yourselves bad links in the national chain which ought to unite your remotest posterity to that noble ancestry of which you profess to be proud? Shall your descendants be tempted to use falsehood to hide their disgrace? Must they say "No! we are not descended from the Germans who were conquered in 1808." .... And many men in other lands conjure you now to maintain your freedom. For among all peoples there are souls who will not believe that the glorious promise of the dominion of justice, reason, and truth among men, is all a vain dream. No! they still trust in that promise, and pray you to fulfil your great part in its realisation..... Yea, all the wise and good in all the past generations of mankind join in my exhortation. They seem to lift up imploring hands in your presence, and beseech you to fulfil their ardent desires and aspirations. May I not say even that the divine plan of Providence is waiting for your co-operation? Shall all who have believed in the progress of society and the possibility of just government among men, be scouted as

silly dreamers? Shall all the dull souls who only awake from a sleepy life, like that of plants and animals, to direct their scorn against every noble purpose, be triumphant in their mockery? You must answer these questions by your practical career. . . .

'The old Roman world, with all its grandeur and glory, fell under the burthen of its own unworthiness and the power of our forefathers. And if my reasoning has been correct, you, the descendants of those heroes who triumphed over corrupted Rome, are now the people to whose care the great interests of humanity are confided. The hopes of humanity for deliverance out of the depths of evil depend upon you! If you fall, humanity falls with you! Do not flatter yourselves with a vain consolation, imagining that future events, if not better, will be not worse than the events of past ages. If the modern civilised world sinks, like old Rome, into corruption, you may suppose that some half-barbarian, but energetic race, like the ancient Germans, may arise and establish a new order of society on the ruins of the old. But where will you find such a people now? The surface of the earth has been explored. Every nation is known. Is there any half-barbarous race now existing and prepared to do the work of restoration as our ancestors did it? Every one must answer "No." Then my conclusion is established. If you, who constitute the centre of modern civilised society, fall into slavery and moral corruption, then humanity must fall with you—and without any hope of a restoration.'

Johann Gottfried Seume (1763–1810) was remarkable in his day as a soldier, a warm patriot, a political writer, and a cynical satirist. As a soldier, he narrowly escaped the punishment of death for desertion. He travelled in a lowly pedestrian style through Italy and Sicily, and published, in 1803, an account of his tour, which was well received; but it contains chiefly descriptions of himself and his opinions, for which Italy and Sicily serve only as suggestions. As a satirist, Seume was too bitter to be amusing. His temper may be indicated by the following recipe for satire, which we find among his aphorisms:—'With regard to many of the phases of society, I would say, describe them carefully exactly as they are, and you will surely produce a good satire.'

Karl Zachariä, born in 1769, acquired reputation by his work on 'The Unity of the State and the Church' (1797), and has also written 'Outlines of a System of Penal Law' (1826), and 'Forty Books (or Chapters) on the State' (1820). In the second edition (1839–1843), this work extends to seven volumes. It has been regarded in Germany as a work of considerable value.

Friedrich von Gentz (1764–1832) was a political writer, who earnestly opposed the tendencies of the French Revolution. His 'Letter to Frederick-William III. of Prussia,' contains the

following passage on a topic which has excited many discussions in Germany:—

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

'One fact, without reference to any other, is sufficient to condemn the law of censorship of the press: and it is this—such a law can never be fairly administered. It would require a tribunal like that of the Inquisition to maintain the consistency of such a law. The publication of opinions has such facilities, that all attempts to prevent its free course must appear idle and ridiculous. In short, a law against the freedom of the press may be vexatious, but cannot be effectual. It cannot prevent evil, but it is sure to excite bad feelings, and even to produce the mischief which it is intended to counteract. The poorest productions of the press, which have scarcely a two hours' vitality in their contents, become prodigies of genius and boldness when they appear in opposition to royal authority! Tame writers and shallow thinkers become "martyrs for the truth," and have to thank the censorship for all their fame. A thousand noxious insects, which might be destroyed by one sunbeam, creep forth in the darkness. In plain words, the most frivolous and worthless books, are piquant, just because they are contraband articles; while better books are neglected, because they do not possess the attraction of illegality. It is a matter of slight import to determine that the press shall produce some thousands, more or less, of books and pamphlets in these times; but it is a subject of serious regret that your majesty should condescend to carry on an ineffectual warfare, and therefore I would earnestly recommend that perfect freedom of the press should be established as one of the principles of your government.'

Friedrich Kölle (1781), a writer who has been employed in several political offices, has gained some reputation by his work entitled 'Considerations on Diplomacy' (1838). Two satirical writers who meddled with political topics may be mentioned here, as their productions once enjoyed notoriety, though they have no permanent value. Ludwig Börne, the son of Jewish parents (1786–1837), wrote many satirical and political essays, marked with bitter humour. He ridicules the slowness and patience of some of his countrymen by saying—'If a German is required to act, he first goes back to the creation of the world, and studies the relations of the proposed action with all the facts of history; but before he has completed his great theory, the opportunity of action has passed away.' Heinrich Heine (1799), the son of Jewish parents, is well known as a satirical writer of prose and verse. His humour is often coarse and licentious. The notoriety which the productions of Börne and Heine once enjoyed amply confirms the remarks of Gentz on the censorship of the press.

Among the more important political and statistical works lately published, a few may be noticed. The 'Political Cyclopædia' (1846—), edited by KARL VON ROTTECK and THEODORE WELCKER, extends to twelve volumes, containing articles by several writers on various political topics, all treated in a liberal style. The 'German Political and Legal History,' by KARL FRIEDRICH EICHORN, which was first published in 1808, is still esteemed as a valuable work on political science. The 'Results of Moral History,' by H. L. VON GAGERN (1835–1837), contains comparative estimates of the influences of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, founded on extensive historical knowledge. Many other works in this department have merits, but can hardly claim a place in general literature. While some political writers show a polemical spirit, others, prepared for their task by a comprehensive study of history, earnestly endeavour to introduce the rules of strict science into the discussion of political and social questions.

While many works on the Physical Sciences are disfigured by ungrounded speculations and hazardous conjectures, others display industrious observation, and sound, inductive philosophy. Alexander von Humboldt, already described as a scientific and enterprising traveller, has given some of the most interesting results of his travels and studies in his work entitled 'Views of Nature,' containing animated descriptions of natural phenomena with scientific explanations.

Several German writers on Astronomy have mingled vague speculations with the results of this sublime science. As a specimen of this unhappy confusion of truth with dreamery, we may point to a 'Natural History of the Starry Heavens' (1836) by FRIEDRICH GRUITHUISEN. This work is written in a popular and interesting style, but contains, instead of astronomical facts, mere speculations on the origin and formation, the meteorology, the vegetation, and even the zoology of the stars and planets! Whatever the ingenuity of the author may be, it is obvious that such a work should be classed rather among dream-books than works on science. Yet it deserves a notice here, as a fair specimen of many similar works.

Hundreds of volumes are produced in Germany upon controversies which arise out of unfounded theories. The well-known anecdote of a discussion on the false supposition that a living fish, if put into a bowl of water, would not change the level of the fluid, is a good exposure of many so-called philosophical disputes. Even in cases where theory begins on the ground of certain facts, we often find, instead of a careful appreciation of these facts, and a patient scientific waiting for further disclosures

of nature, that the theorist hastens on, by the help of imagination, to conclusions far from being implied in his premises. A specimen of this rapid process may be found in a work on 'The Central Sun' (second edition, 1847), by Dr Mädler. The speculation contained in this work rests upon certain astronomical observations which deserve attention, though they are not sufficient to support the author's hypothesis. Dr Mädler professes to have discovered that the constellation of the 'Pleiades' is the central group of the whole system of fixed stars; and he proceeds even further, and states that the star 'Alcyone,' in the Pleiades, is in all probability the central sun around which our solar system and all the fixed stars revolve. From this theory some curious speculations have been deduced. For instance, it has been calculated, on Dr Mädler's suppositions, that thirty thousand times the space of time occupied by the history of the earth from the date of the Mosaic account must be required to make one revolution of our solar system around 'Alcyone;' or, in other words, to make one year for the supposed inhabitants of the sun. Thus, if these inhabitants enjoy the longevity of threescore years, the whole history of our globe must appear to one of them as an episode of existence comprised in a quarter of an hour, while the life of an earthly patriarch will be proportionately measured in a second. This is one instance of many flights of imagination which may be found in works bearing scientific titles. On the other side, some German writers have contended, with considerable ingenuity, against the hypothesis of rational inhabitants in the planets and fixed stars. It may be remembered that this hypothesis was once regarded so favourably, that a Scotch divine, Dr Chalmers, wrote a series of eloquent discourses to reconcile it with his religious doctrines. The writers who oppose this theory argue that, as man is the only rational being with whom we are acquainted by actual observation, and as we only find him in certain conditions which meet on the earth, but not in any other star or planet, the hypothesis of rational inhabitants of the stars must be rejected, as having no correct analogies to support it.

Turning from Astronomy to Chemistry, we find some works of remarkable merit in the latter science, and which may claim a place in general literature on account of their popular and interesting style. Justus Liebig has gained a wide reputation as one of the most acute and practical chemists of modern times. His work on 'Chemistry in its Applications to Agriculture and Physiology,' and his 'Letters on Chemistry,' have been widely circulated, and have already produced important practical results. The great

value of Liebig's application of chemical processes to agriculture is universally acknowledged; but against some of his explanations of physiological processes by chemistry several serious objections have been raised, especially in an 'Essay on Physiological Chemistry,' by G. J. MULDER, a Dutch chemist. It is allowed that Liebig has thrown light on some processes of animal life; for instance, the support of vital warmth by carbonised diet; but, on the other side, it is maintained that the animal system modifies or suspends the processes of chemistry, as chemistry modifies the operation of the mechanical laws; and that, therefore, such processes as digestion, respiration, and circulation, cannot be fully explained by chemical laws. The controversy of Liebig and his opponents on this interesting subject has been carried on with a warmth of temper which should be avoided by men of science. The 'Physiological Letters for General Readers' (1845), by KARL VOGT, may be commended here as popular and interesting.

The geological works of FRIEDRICH HOFFMANN, a 'Physical Geography' (1837), a 'History of Geognosy and Volcanic Phenomena' (1838), and 'Lectures Delivered in Berlin' (1834–1835), may be noticed, as they combine scientific information with popularity of style.

Every department of literature and science is represented in periodical publications. Among journals of general literature, the 'Literary Times' of Halle, the 'Literary Times' of Jena, and another journal bearing the same name, and published at Berlin, may be mentioned. Several periodicals are devoted to historical researches. Theology is represented in the 'Literary Advertiser,' edited by Dr Tholuck, the 'Ecclesiastical Times,' edited by Bretschneider and Zimmermann, and several other journals. The 'Orient' represents Jewish history and literature. Even such an abstruse topic as speculative philosophy is periodically discussed in the 'Journal of Philosophy, and Speculative Theology,' edited by Dr Fichte. Political economy, jurisprudence, the physical sciences, architecture, archæology, and music, have their respective periodicals. The organists of Germany have a journal devoted to their interest; and the chess-player has his chronicle of games and problems. For further accounts of periodical literature, we may refer to the 'History of Journalism in Germany,' by R. C. PRUTZ.

A brief analysis of one of the quarterly bibliographical catalogues of Leipsic, the great book-market of Germany, will give some notion of the literary productiveness of this country. In the following estimate, periodicals, new editions and collections of

works, are included. The first section of the quarterly catalogue of new publications is devoted to 'Encyclopædias' and 'Collected Works,' and contains about fifty new books and new editions. The second section, 'Theology,' contains about three hundred works, of which upwards of a hundred, or nearly half the number, are Roman Catholic publications. In this section some curious contrasts may be observed in the titles of books which stand together in alphabetical order. For instance, a Roman Catholic book, containing a narrative of some supposed modern miracle, such as 'The Appearance of the Virgin Mary to Two Shepherd-Boys on a Hill in France in Autumn 1846,' may be found near some neological work of an extremely sceptical character. It may be observed, generally, that while Protestant works are chiefly critical and argumentative, writings of a devotional tone prevail among the works distinguished by the Romish sign—†. The next section, on 'Politics' and 'Social Economy,' generally comprehends about three hundred books. This large number seems to confirm the statement of a German writer, who says of his countrymen that they will not make one movement in politics until they have written a whole library about it. In the section on 'Medicine' and 'Surgery' we find upwards of one hundred publications; and about one hundred and forty are devoted to 'Natural History,' 'Chemistry,' and 'Pharmacy.' It is rather singular that books on 'Philosophy' are classed in one section with books on 'Freemasonry,' as if these two subjects had been associated in the mind of the bibliographer under the common idea of mystery. This mysterious section contains about twenty works. In the next section, works on 'Education,' 'School-books,' and 'Juvenile Works,' amount to about one hundred and fifty. The eighth section contains about one hundred philological works on the ancient 'Classical' and the 'Oriental Languages,' 'Mythology,' and other 'Antiquities;' while another hundred books are devoted to the study of 'Modern Languages.' 'History' and 'Biography' are represented by about one hundred and fifty publications; and a similar number will be generally found in the section of 'Geography,' including 'Voyages and Travels;' 'Mathematics and Astronomy' produce about forty or fifty publications; and nearly an equal number may be sometimes found in the next section, which is devoted to 'Military Science, or the Art of War.' Here we find such titles as 'Instructions for the Use of Shells and Rockets;' or 'Ernst-Feuerwerkerei,' which means literally, 'Fireworks in earnest.' It is pleasant, after noticing such formidable productions, to find that the next section on 'Trade and Manufactures' contains nearly a hundred works, devoted to peaceable and useful occupations, while some

forty or fifty books represent the interests of 'Machinery' and 'Railways.' The next section contains about twenty publications on 'Forest-Management,' 'Mining,' and 'Field-Sports.' (The extensive forests of Germany form an important part of the wealth of the country, and their preservation employs many officials.) About fifty or sixty books appear under the titles of 'Domestic Economy,' 'Farming,' and 'Gardening.' We pass, rather abruptly, from books on cookery and the growth of potatoes, to the section of 'Belles Lettres,' including all original works of fancy and imagination, novels, romances, and poetry, with a considerable number of translations from French and English authors. The publications in this division generally amount to two hundred and upwards. About one hundred and fifty books are devoted to the 'Fine Arts.' After this enumeration, it might be supposed that the public must be well supplied with reading for one quarter; but the 'people' have still to be provided with suitable books, of which we find a list in the last section, entitled 'Popular' and 'Miscellaneous Works.' Here, among several useful and entertaining books, we find some indications of the low literature of Germany in such titles as the following: 'The Whole Art of Fortune-Telling, by the Countess of B——;' or, 'The Dream-Interpreter, by Jamin Benaral-Tamir.' Here one author, with excessive benevolence, offers to the public, for half a dollar, 'a number of important recipes, by the use of which he (the author) has already realised a large fortune.' Here we find collections of 'jokes, conundrums, and riddles, for children of all ages,' 'anecdotes to beguile time on the railway,' and other specimens of literature so light, as not to oppress the most feeble mental constitution. Or we observe some republications of curious old books; for instance, 'How to Live to the Age of One Hundred and Fifteen Years;' or, 'On the Use of the Whip in the Cure of Certain Disorders.' Under the title of 'The People's Library,' cheap translations of the novels of Eugene Sue and other French writers are widely circulated. However severe the German censorship of the press may have been in political affairs, it has overlooked, or regarded very leniently, many of the productions advertised as 'books for the people.'

The literature of the world, ancient and modern, passes through the book-fair of Leipsic. Here may be found translations not only of the best works of all countries and ages, from the days of Homer to the present time, but also of the lightest modern productions. We may especially notice that translations of recent French fictions, of questionable tendency, have been very widely circulated; while the English novelists, from Fielding

down to the popular writers of the present day, have found translators and numerous readers. Yet it cannot be said that German readers have a fair and general knowledge of English literature. Even a critic will mention Pope, Byron, and Bulwer, as three of the chief poets of England, while he appears to be unacquainted with such names as Cowper, Wordsworth, and Crabbe.

The preceding short notices may suffice to show that any attempt to characterise the literature of the present time would be hopeless. Germany is now a magazine of the productions of all nations, and the world of books which it contains resembles a republic during a period of anarchy. Every class of contending tastes and opinions is now represented in the field of literature, and it is impossible to foretell to what party the victory will belong. All the contrasts of thought which have been developed in the course of many ages, meet in the Leipsic book-market. Here works of profound philosophical inquiry are ranged beside the most frivolous fictions; while books written to maintain the faith of past ages are found near others containing the boldest innovations of opinion, and advocating the overthrow of all existing social, religious, and political institutions Moral philosophy and criticism vainly issue their censures, and attempt to exercise authority; for these sciences are themselves involved in doubt and strife, and how can they reduce other discordant elements to order until their own disputes are adjusted? It is evident that the present condition of literature must have important effects not only on public opinion and taste, but also on the state of society; but it is vain to speculate on the particular nature of these results. These remarks especially apply to a large number of productions of the press which have not been distinctly noticed in this treatise, but might be classified under the title of 'revolutionary literature.' Few English readers have any just notions of the extreme tendencies of these publications which appear under the various forms of philosophy, poetry, prose-fiction, and political discussion. While, in Germany, the progress of society has been in many respects slower than in England, the progress of theories has been far more rapid. These theories, favourable to the most extensive changes in society and government, have been founded in certain abstruse philosophical systems, but are now rapidly translated into a popular style, and thus widely diffused not only in Germany, but in several other parts of Europe.

The following comparative estimate of the literary productiveness of several states of Germany is made with reference to about one hundred and seventy modern authors; and the period to

which we refer extends from 1740 to 1840. Of these writers who have acquired general reputations in literature, the Duchy of Baden has produced four or five. Bavaria may be represented by about the same number, including RICHTER the novelist. The free city of Frankfort is the birthplace of eight authors, including GOETHE. Other states may be represented in literature by the following numbers:—Hanover = 4; the Hanseatic Towns = 4; Hessen-Darmstadt = 3; Mecklenburg = 2; Nassau = 1; Oldenburg = 2; Saxony = 8; The Duchies of Saxony = 6; Switzerland = 6; Würtemberg = 19. It is a remarkable fact that Austria, with its numerous and diversified population, has not produced one great writer, or even a modern author of established reputation in any department, if we except HAMMER-PURGSTALL, the Oriental historian. Modern German literature is chiefly the produce of Prussia, which is represented by *sixty* authors of considerable celebrity. Among the few foreigners who have been included in our notices of German writers, we may mention two natives of France, HUBER and CHAMISSO; one Norwegian, STEFFENS; and three Danes, CLAUDIUS, COUNT STOLBERG, and NIEBUHR the historian. Some brief notices of the professions of authors may present a contrast with English literary annals. Among the same one hundred and seventy modern writers, we find three of the rulers of Germany, KARL FRIEDRICH, the 'good Duke' of Baden; JOSEPH II. of Austria; and KARL AUGUST of Weimar, the patron of Goethe and Schiller. Twenty-two statesmen may be numbered among authors.* Thirteen clergymen, including three Romish priests, have obtained reputations in general literature. The remaining number comprehends eight schoolmasters, or private tutors; thirty-one authors by profession, including such names as SCHILLER, RICHTER, TIECK, UHLAND, and MENZEL; six librarians; three or four medical men; three artists; ten inferior officers of government; nine diplomatists; and nine military men. MENDELSSOHN, the Jewish philosopher, and NICOLAI, the satirist, were booksellers. The greatest number of authors is found among academical professors. In this department we find forty-two remarkable names, including the principal historical and philosophical writers. This fact may serve to indicate the important influence which the universities of Germany exercise on its national literature.

* We use the word 'statesmen' in its German sense, denoting all the superior officers of government, among whom we find the names of Goethe, Jacobi, Möser, Müller (the historian), Vom Stein, Alexander von Humboldt, and Niebuhr, as distinguished from the names of such writers as Rabener, Claudius, Wagner, Wackenroder, and Novalis, who held inferior offices under government.

The following brief notices of the parentage of authors may serve to confirm certain views of an interesting branch of statistics. About twenty modern authors are the descendants of aristocratic families, while we can hardly find a dozen who have immediately arisen from the ranks of peasants and mechanics. Among these few we may mention WINKELMANN, the son of a shoemaker; FICHTE, the son of a weaver; and TIECK, whose father was a mechanic. The greatest number of authors, including the best, has been produced by the middle-classes. It may be added that, although Jews are numerous in Prussia and other parts of Germany, we find hardly more than half-a-dozen Jewish names among celebrated modern writers. The lives of literary men in Germany have been seldom marked with many interesting incidents. The path from obscurity to eminence has been so uniform, that the following outline of biography might serve for many authors:—'M. N., the son of a country clergyman, was born in the village of H., and received the first elements of education from his father, afterwards, at the school in the neighbouring town of H. At the age of eighteen, he went to the university of L., where he studied philosophy and law. Afterwards, he was engaged for four years as a private tutor in the family of Herr B., a gentleman holding an office under government. During this time he wrote his work on ———, and gained such notice, that he received an appointment as extraordinary professor at the university of W., where he was afterwards appointed as professor of philosophy. He soon became celebrated by his work on ———, and was promoted to the office of privy-councillor.' It may be noticed here that literary men have, in Germany, opportunities of rising in society far more numerous than are afforded to the same class of intellectual labourers in England.*

We have noticed in this brief history of German literature three principal epochs of intellectual excitement. The first, or the era of the Crusades, was marked chiefly by its imaginative and poetical character: the second, or the Lutheran era, was chiefly occupied with political, religious, and ecclesiastical interests: the third, or the Modern Period (1770–1848), has been more productive than all preceding times, and has united the literature of Germany with the general literature of the world. While we may understand the past, we are unable to give a clear and fair analysis of the present; and still more hopeless would be the task of forming just opinions of the future. A few important facts are evident. The present age is marked by a decay of originality and

* This remark does not apply to wealth, but to recognised rank or station.

power in poetry. Imaginative literature is still very voluminous, but it grows rather in width than in height. It may be questioned whether a great poetical genius, if he appeared in the present time, would devote his powers to poetry. Germany is full of undetermined questions of the highest importance respecting society, religion, and government. Materials for long controversies are abundant, and many symptoms would lead us to suppose that the next period must be an age of newspapers. Yet, as we have been able to trace a sure progress in the intellectual life of the past, we have reason to hope that, in some way which we cannot understand, the movements of the future will be favourable to the progress of a sincere and elevating literature.

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